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ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

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ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

Editor
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Vol. 4 APRIL, 1931 No. 1

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GEORGE W. P. HUNT

Who, on January 5, 1931, began his seventh term as Governor of Arizona

NOTES

The Arizona Historical Review announces the appointment of John P. Clum and Will C. Barnes as associate editors of the Review.

* * *

"Some Unpublished History of the Southwest" has its inception in Virginia, whence it shifts to Arizona and old Mexico. The author, Col. Cornelius C. Smith, is a direct descendant of the protagonists, the Oury family of Virginia and Arizona. Col. Smith, veteran of several wars, among them the last, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor gained in a fight with Sioux Indians, was born in Arizona and is now on the retired list, living in Riverside, California. An army officer born in Arizona and now on the retired list, has seen much of the state's beginnings.

Included in the book, which the Review will publish in sections, is a diary written in Mexico, which Col. Smith describes as comparable to that concerning the same country, of Madame Calderon de la Barca, which the historian Prescott highly commended. It was written by Col. Smith's grand-aunt, Mrs. Granville H. Oury. It is the story of the flight into Mexico after the Civil War of herself and her husband, who had been first Confederate territorial delegate from Arizona, and an officer of the southern army. Such an historical find is rare indeed. The introduction by Will C. Barnes details some of the personal history of Col. Smith. Dr. Claud M. Moore of Phoenix, who during the World War was a company officer in the 341st Infantry of the 86th Division, which regiment Col. Smith commanded, describes Col. Smith as a fine and gallant gentleman, popular with his soldiers, and one of the excelling horsemen of the army.

* * *

Effie Robinson Keen, state historian, who took office Jan. 5, 1931, is the only woman ever to hold such office since Arizona became a state.

* * *

Col. Robert F. Hunter and his heirs laid claim to some 25,000 square miles in southern Arizona. In fact, Col. Hunter had ceded to him the entire Gadsden Purchase by Jose Maria Ochoa, Head Chief or Captain of the Papagos of Arizona and Clemente, Captain of the village of Anaca, etc., etc. In May,

1924, the supreme court decided the matter. Evan S. Stallcup, attorney with the Coggins Title Insurance and Trust Co., is an authority on title and tax practice.

* * *

General Nelson A. Miles, in his book, "Serving the Republic," rewards Lieut. Charles B. Gatewood, capturer of Geronimo, only with this sentence: "When he was sufficiently recovered, I sent him, under charge of Lieutenant Gatewood, to the hostile camp with a demand for its surrender." The recovered man was an Indian of Geronimo's band who had been wounded, and who had returned to the reservation. The Indian thus appears as the messenger, and Gatewood as a kind of chaperon. This vindicatory account is by Lieut. Gatewood himself, and is compiled by his son, Col. Charles B. Gatewood.

* * *

Con P. Cronin is state legislative librarian. John P. Clum's article will be continued in the next issue, as will Frank Mitalsky's. Dorothy Challis Mott is the wife of a Phoenix newspaper man. Elizabeth S. Oldaker contributes museum notes regularly. Sidney Kartus is the new secretary to the state historian and is managing editor of the Review.

* * *

Historical Note: Oklahoma City, Okla., March 24th. A. P. —The razor that slipped and cut the face of Governor W. H. (Alfalfa Bill) Murray, resulting in the removal of C. H. "Red" Riggs, from the Capitol Barber Shop, will be offered to the State Historical Society, Riggs said today.

"I believe it is of historical value," said the ousted barber.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

Foreword

It is indeed a privilege to be asked to write an introduction to this interesting story of Arizona's early days.

Col. Cornelius C. Smith, who has preserved, arranged and edited this material covering the activities of two illustrious brothers and Arizona pioneers, William S. and Granville H. Oury, has rendered a distinct service to the people of his native state.

He is the grandson of William S. Oury, the elder brother who, in Durango, Mexico, married Inez Garcia, whose parents came from Spain to Mexico about 1828. Oury and his wife came to Tucson from Mexico in 1856, from which time he was a resident of Arizona.

His brother Granville H. Oury arrived in Tucson about the same time.

Col. Smith, the son of William S. Oury's daughter, was born in Tucson, April 7, 1869. Measured by the lapse of time he himself is something of a pioneer. His father was Col. Gilbert C. Smith, who enlisted in Company B 5th California Volunteers in September, 1861. Soon promoted to be a second lieutenant, he served in Arizona during the troublesome years following the opening and ending of the civil war, during which time he courted and married Oury's daughter.

The son of this union, Cornelius C. Smith, grew up amid the activities of early military life in the southwest, and it is not at all singular that we find his mother endeavoring, but without success, to have her son appointed to a cadetship at West Point. However, the youngster pluckily decided that the path his father trod was good enough for him. Just as he came of age—on April 9, 1890—young Smith enlisted as a private in the regular army. He was assigned to troop K of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry (The Galloping Sixth).

His advancement was extremely rapid. The army records show that he passed through the grades of corporal, sergeant, and first sergeant of his troop within the first year. On June 1, 1891, a little over a year from his enlistment, he was awarded the coveted "Congressional Medal of Honor," than which there is no higher decoration in our army and navy; the equivalent of the famous Victoria Cross of the British soldier.

The official War Department record reads:

> "Near White River, South Dakota, on June 1, 1891, Sergeant Smith with four men of his troop, fought a superior force of Sioux Indians, holding their position against repeated efforts of the Indians to capture it and subsequently pursued them a great distance."

The Oury brothers were Virginians by birth and southerners by sentiment. Both at once became leaders in the new territory. William S. was a member and for some time secretary of the first constitutional convention that met at Tucson on April 2, 1860, sheriff of Pima county for two terms, 1873-77, one of the three men who met and organized the Arizona Pioneers' Society at Tucson in 1884, and always a civic and social leader. He died at Tucson on March 3, 1887, seventy years old.

Granville H. Oury, his brother—or Grant, as he was best known—was the politician of the family. It was his wife who wrote this diary here published. Grant succeeded his brother, William S., as secretary to the first constitutional convention in April, 1860. He took part in the unfortunate Crabb Expedition which went into old Mexico on a land grabbing excursion, in the winter of 1856-57, was elected on the democratic ticket for two terms as delegate from Arizona in Congress, 1880 and 1882.

He lived for several years at Florence where he practiced law with great success. He died at Washington, D. C., in 1891.

Colonel Smith's story of his famous relatives is a welcomed addition to the written history of Arizona's early days.

Phoenix, March 6, 1931. WILL C. BARNES.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

By COLONEL C. C. SMITH, U. S. Army, Retired

CHAPTER I.

Activities of William S. Oury

Certain papers, letters, documents and newspaper articles, which bear on the pioneer history of the southwest, have come to my hands. This material is from relatives and their friends, some more or less prominent but all respected citizens in their day, in the region here written of. The substance of these papers is of such nature, it is believed, as will be taken note of by those of pioneer ancestry—and some others—in our southwestern states, those devoted to the early history of this section of our country. The segregation and arranging of the data into a readable sequence has been a task requiring considerable time and study, but a labor full of interest. It is given to the reader in the hope that he, or she, may find it entertaining.

History is made up of the deeds of men—this history—for such it is—deals with the activities of certain men fairly well known in their time in the southwest, men whose work has never been fully recorded; and, because of this, more about them is not known to present day southwesterners. A few of these old timers are still living, but they have passed beyond the age, or the inclination, to be intrigued into recording what they and their deceased companions did; and this is where some of the papers now in my possession enter—they give us some history that ought to be recorded.

To properly grasp how and why the characters of this story happen to contribute to southwestern history, it is essential to know what impelled them to action. This is found in varied interests, and in the insistence of these men, along with others, to uphold certain territorial boundaries contested by opponents —for instance, after Texas independence (1836), to and beyond the time of the Mexican War (1846-48), the Texans claimed not only what is now Texas, but as far west as the entire course of the Rio Grande. Both the New Mexicans and the Mexicans contested this claim, which resulted in the ill-fated Santa Fe expedition in 1841; and in 1846, the Mexican War. New Mexico

was not satisfied with the claim of Texas; and when Arizona, in 1861, attempted a territorial government, under the Confederate States, with the capital at Mesilla, on the Rio Grande, New Mexico, again objected. Nor was Texas in those times—as shown by John R. Baylor's expedition to New Mexico—considerate of either New Mexico or Arizona. These disputed boundaries caused, at different times, much bitterness as will be shown later.

Now we will take up the men who figured in these disturbances, and who contributed to the southwest some history which has not been published before this time. These men lived in stirring times, took part in what was going on actively, and lived to see the country they settled in change from a "wild and woolly west" to a land of peace and prosperity.

As stated before, the papers from which this story is compiled came to me from relatives and their friends. The most entertaining, to my notion, are those of my mother's father, the late Wm. S. Oury, of Tucson, Arizona. The reader will please understand that this is not a family history, in spite of the fact that biographical sketches of the characters (who are my kin) are given. These sketches are presented simply to round out the authenticity of history.

William Sanders Oury, whose life was truly a subject for literature, romance and history, was born in Abingdon, Washington County, Virginia, on the 13th of August, 1817. His father was Augustus Oury, of the third American generation of a Scotch family which settled in Virginia early in the 18th century. Wendel and George Oury, the great-grandfather and grandfather of William, fought in the Revolutionary War under Washington. As a young man he attended Georgetown University. In 1833, with his father and family he moved to the town of Louisiana, Pike County, Missouri; and in the same year, leaving home, he went to Texas. His going to Texas came about through previous importunities of Stephen Fuller Austin, known to history as "The Father of Texas."

The Austins and the Ourys were neighbors and friends in Virginia, Stephen Austin and Augustus Oury, who were about the same age, being boyhood companions. After Austin obtained from Mexico (1821 to 1823) confirmation of the grants in Texas, his father (Moses Austin) had negotiated for in 1820, he set about looking for families as colonists, and approached Augustus Oury on the subject. Oury did not respond, but, as above stated, later went to Missouri. Here, William Oury, hav-



Wm. Sanders Oury

ing often heard his father talk of his friend Austin and Texas, made his decision to leave home and join Austin in his colonization project at San Antonio. Young Oury at this time was nearing seventeen, but was precocious, as were many of his time, and filled with the spirit of adventure of his Highland forebears. From the time he joined Austin's colonists in 1833 to February, 1836, he was in various parts of Texas, engaged in different callings, principally as interpreter, having acquired a good knowledge of Spanish. In February, 1836, he was with the force of Col. Wm. B. Travis fighting for Texas liberty, and when that force went into the Alamo, Oury was with it.

The history of the Alamo is known, so that will not be repeated here, but Wm. S. Oury's part in that history is here pertinent. When Travis saw that he must have aid, he sent forward messengers on different days. Before he went into the Alamo he sent messengers for re-enforcements on February 12, 13 and 16; and after he went in, on the 24th and 29th, and on March 3. The names of all the dispatch carriers are known excepting those sent out on February 12 and 29. Oury was selected to carry out the appeal of February 29. He told my mother, his daughter, "I know that dispatches were carried from Travis on the Colorado; from his camp at San Antonio; and from the Alamo; and I was sent out with one a few days before the massacre." On April 21, 1836, he was with Sam Houston at the battle of San Jacinto, where Santa Ana was captured.

After Texas independence, he was with the Texas Rangers, under Col. Jack Hays, fighting the Indians. He took part in the battle of Plum Creek where Hays with 200 Texans defeated 600 Comanches. This was in 1840. In 1842 he again fought the Comanches with Hays at Bandera Pass. These campaigns, and association with Hays, resulted in a life long friendship between the two men, of which more will be said later.

Late in 1842 and early in 1843, he was a member of the Mier Expedition. This expedition is famous in the history of Texas. On December 21, 1842, Capt. Wm. S. Fisher, and Capt. Ewing Cameron, with 259 men, attacked the town of Mier, in the Mexican state of Tamaulipas, six miles from the right bank of the Rio Grande, opposite the Texas town of Roma. At first they were successful, but Gen. Ampudia coming up with 2000 men prevailed on the Texans to surrender on honorable terms. Captain Fisher (himself wounded) having a considerable number of wounded, and believing he could not get back to Texas without the loss of two-thirds or more of his command, decided to surrender on the terms proposed.

On the last day of December, General Ampudia set out with his prisoners for Mexico. They passed through Matamoras, Monterey and Saltillo. One hundred miles beyond Saltillo, they came to the Hacienda Salado, where they arrived February 10, 1843. During the march the prisoners had been hatching up a plan to escape, and it was decided to make the attempt just before sunrise on the 11th. Captain Cameron and Captain Sam Walker (afterwards Lieutenant Colonel under Hays as Colonel, and who was killed at the battle of Huamantla), were prime movers in this adventure. Big Foot Wallace, famous in Texas as a scout, and a friend of Oury's, was also with Fisher and Cameron.

The plan succeeded—that is the escape—but the Texans apparently jumped from the frying pan into the fire. They were now in the heart of the enemy's country, and would soon be surrounded by hundreds of Mexicans eager to recapture them.

On February 12, the Texans marched fifty miles toward Saltillo, and after grazing their horses set out again that night, leaving the main Saltillo-Monclova road and going into the mountains to the west. From the 13th to the 18th inclusive, they spent trying to make their way through the barren mountains, during which time they suffered intolerably from the lack of food and water. They killed and ate some of their horses, and a number of them, becoming exhausted and deranged through hunger and thirst, wandered off and got lost. I recall, as a boy, hearing Mr. Oury tell how he and some others of his companions, while trying to make this escape, came upon a large rattlesnake which they killed, cooked, and ate with avidity.

It appears that when the attack was made on Mier there were 261 men. Of these 68 were casualties in and around Mier, and 193 were started on the march for Mexico as prisoners. These 193 effected their escape at the Hacienda Salado on February 11, but only 160 had been recaptured up to February 27, the other 33 having been killed, died or were lost in the mountains.

The 160 recaptured Texans reached the Hacienda Salado, the place of their late escape, on March 24, where they received the news of the order of Santa Ana that every tenth man should be shot. On the morning of the 25th, they drew beans from an earthen jar, or olla, held high above their heads so they could not see into it—black beans meaning death. In the jar were 17 black and 143 white beans. Both Oury and Big Foot Wallace were among the 143 to draw white beans. They, with

all the other prisoners not shot, were taken to the City of Mexico and put in prison, where they remained for some time, but were finally liberated. Madame Calderon de la Barca, in her "Letters on Mexico" speaks of seeing the Mier prisoners in their prison in the City of Mexico.

On being liberated, Oury returned to San Antonio where he acquired a farm outside of the city; the old mission of San Jose de Aguayo being on his land. In 1846 he was with the Texas Rangers under Colonel Hays, at the battle of Monterey, being personal interpreter for General Taylor. In this battle his captain, Gillespie, was killed. In 1848 William Oury's father, and his family, moved to San Antonio, but remained only eight months when they returned to Missouri, William staying in Texas.

In 1849, when the gold rush to California was on, Oury, with his two friends, Jack Hays and John McMullen, left for the gold fields going through Mexico by way of Durango and Mazatlan, taking ship at the latter place for San Francisco.

Hays and McMullen became prominent in California; and Oury, later, attained prominence in Arizona. In 1880, when Jack Hays, Jr., married one of McMullen's daughters they spent part of their honeymoon with Mr. Oury and family in Tucson. I believe that John Hays Hammond, the famous mining engineer, is related to the Hays family. In 1880-81 I attended the same school in California as did John McMullen, Jr., and, because of the friendship of the McMullens and the Ourys, spent many happy times with John at his father's fine residence on California Street in San Francisco, where the McMullens were social leaders. In their fine mansion was a splendid ball room, and I can recall vividly the New Year's ball they gave in 1881, at which was the elite of San Francisco; and many army and navy officers in full dress uniform. John McMullen, Jr., and I were boys at that time, about 12 years of age, but we enjoyed all that was going on, particularly the refreshments.

In 1856, Mr. Oury left Sacramento, California, with his family, in a covered wagon, bound for Texas, there to reside. At Yuma his second child, Louise, was born; my mother, then four years old, being the first. Louise Oury as a young woman married Lieut. J. B. Girard, a surgeon in the army. On arrival in Tucson Oury decided to settle there. Being a man of energy, determination and character, he at once became prominent in this new community. The type of man that he was is described by Chas. D. Poston in his "Apache Land," a work on Arizona written in verse, where a tribute to both William and Granville

Oury, brothers, appears; and by his obituary as published April 1, 1887, by the Arizona Daily Star of Tucson. Poston says—page 63—in connection with the capture of the nun, Sister Seraphine, by the Apaches:

"Oh! for a magic telephone
To communicate with old Tucson;
Her chivalry would quickly arm,
And never let me come to harm.
The Ourys' brave as lions cubs,
And dare-devil as Beelzebubs;
Pete Kitchen on his skew-bald horse,
With Papago auxiliary force,
Would make pursuit with bated breath,
To rescue, or meet their death."

His obituary reads, in part: "The deceased was a remarkable man, a Virginian by birth and education, a strong physical constitution, a clear discerning mind, a close observer of men and events, with a good memory, strong convictions and indomitable will.

"He was a natural leader of men, and as such always stood in the front rank; he commanded the respect of all, and notwithstanding he was a strong partisan Democrat, he commanded respect of his political adversaries, who gave him the credit of honesty in his convictions."

When he arrived in Tucson he found a small adobe town surrounded by a wall for protection against the Indians. He established a cattle ranch on the Santa Cruz, about half a mile south of what was later called Silver Lake; that is about two miles from town. The Indians were in the habit of coming on moonlight nights and killing his cattle. He determined to move to the ranch for the protection of his stock. He was told by the people of Tucson that this would be suicidal, but he knew Indians, and that if he could make an example of a few of them he would be bothered no more by their cattle stealing.

He employed four or five good men to stay with him and one night, after he and his men had posted themselves in hidden locations in the brush fence about the corral, they heard the hoot of an owl which was the call of an Apache scout to his companions to let them know that there were cattle in the corral and no one was about.

Oury had instructed the men to allow the Indians to kill a beef, and while they were in the act of skinning it, to fire, as in

that way they could kill more Indians since he calculated they would be bunched around the carcass. It turned out just as he had planned, and when the firing ceased, the Apache tribe was minus three warriors. He never had any trouble with cattle stealers after that; and other ranchmen—principally Mexicans, for there were very few Americans in Arizona at that time—began to leave the walled town and live on their ranches nearby.

It was Mr. Oury who brought the first American cattle—from Missouri—to Arizona. This was in 1868, when he brought his daughter, my mother, home from school, the Sacred Heart Convent in St. Louis. The Oury herd, because of its contrast with the Sonora long-horns, up to that time the only cattle in Arizona, was much spoken of in the early days around Tucson. It is said that Father Kino, the apostle to the Papagos, brought the first cattle (and horses) to Arizona in 1700—these were Spanish long-horns from Sonora, but to Oury belongs the credit of bringing in the first cattle of a finer breed. This in itself is one bit of heretofore unpublished history.

Mr. Oury was shortly after coming to Tucson, placed in the office of sheriff. One of the arrests he made is worthy of mention here. Two Mexicans killed and robbed a tendejon (small store) keeper, known as Piernas Negras (Black Legs), and wife. The murderers had come up from Sonora and one night forced an entrance into the room where Piernas Negras and his wife were sleeping and stabbed them to death, after which they went to an irrigation ditch and washed their bare feet, having stepped in the blood of the poor unfortunates murdered. In the morning when it was learned what had happened, the suspects in town were rounded up—it was none too safe to leave town because of the Apaches—and forced to submit to an examination of their feet, the scheme being Mr. Oury's. One of the men was discovered by a tiny bit of blood under a toe nail. A grilling brought about a confession, and with it information on the partner in crime. These men were publicly hanged.

A man of strong convictions—with views always of a decided nature, as were Oury's, and living in the time he did—at times found opposition. Such opposition was publicly expressed by a man named Flournoy who concluded that Tucson was not big enough to hold him and Oury, the result being a duel in which Flournoy was killed. This affair was in 1860, and the field of honor was just to the south of what in later years was the site of the Eagle Flour Mill.

In 1871 Mr. Oury was the leader of the expedition which went to the Apache Reservation, at the junction of the Arivaipa Creek with the San Pedro, near old Camp Grant, to punish the Apache raiders who killed a ranchman and his wife named Wooster; and for other raids traced to these Indians. This affair caused considerable stir in the East, as well as in Arizona, in that it had both its partisans and those who condemned it. Certain misguided individuals—far away from the scenes of Apache savagery—have called the result of this expedition the "Camp Grant Massacre." But that Oury, and the others with him, was justified is shown in an honorable acquittal by a federal court which tried them. General Sherman, at that time commanding the U. S. Army, was highly condemnatory of Oury, and was instrumental in having him brought to trial. But judging from the General's action in a somewhat similar case in Texas, a little later in the same year, he appears to have had one set of views for Arizona and another set for Texas. This was the case where Satanta, a famous—or infamous—chief of the Kiowas attacked a wagon train between Jacksboro and Fort Griffin, killing six of the seven teamsters, one finding his way back to Jacksboro with the news. From the Frontier Times (a magazine published in Bandera, Texas, devoted to frontier history, border tragedy and pioneer achievement) of April, 1930, I quote from an article entitled, "Satanta and His Trial:"

"General Sherman had seen and heard enough. His report to Washington, written at this time, summed up the failure of the Indian experiment: 'The benevolent, civilizing peace policy, so urgently advocated by a class of people in the eastern states, has received a long and fair experimental trial with these Indians. They have been regularly fed and the kindest treatment accorded them by our authorities, but it has not had the slightest effect upon them. They have no more conception of gratitude than so many wolves, and they have not only acknowledged their atrocities, but have boasted of them. There was scarcely a day during our trip through the frontier settlements of Texas that we did not see or hear of some persons who had suffered Indian raids, and there seemed no prospect of their ceasing. The question has resolved itself into this: That the border settlements of Texas must be annihilated or the Indians chastised and disarmed.'"

In all probability it was General Sherman's idea that the army should do the chastising and disarming of the Indians, but Mr. Oury, as the reader will see later, tells why the men of Tucson and vicinity took the matter into their own hands.

The late Chas. F. Lummis in his "Land of Poco Tiempo" condemns expeditions like Oury's, but in opposition to that I will quote again from "Satanta and His Trial," and from Captain Price, in his "Across the Continent with the 5th Cavalry:"

"Moreover, the situation was complicated by the interference of certain sentimentalists in the eastern states. These self-appointed champions of the Indian were not blameless for what happened upon the frontier of Texas. Many generations removed from contact with savagery, they pictured the southwestern red man as a victim of the frontierman's brutality, and exerted pressure upon the Grant administration which cost many a life, created violent distemper upon the border, and all but checked the civilization of the new country."

Captain Price says, "The California Volunteers were dispatched to Arizona in 1862 to check the operations of a Confederate force and hold the country. The settlers followed the troops as military stations were established and engaged in the pursuits of a new country. The few troops stationed in Arizona from time to time endured many hardships and encountered many dangers in efforts to subdue the savages, who delighted to revel in carnivals of crime. They murdered farmers in their fields, miners at their claims, and freighters beside their teams. Promising settlements were abandoned and mining industries were paralyzed. Marauding bands were frequently pursued from the scenes of their outrages directly to the shelter of the reservations where they could draw supplies to equip themselves for another raid."

Mr. Oury's part in the "Camp Grant Massacre" is shown below by extracts from a paper read by him in April, 1885, before the Society of Arizona Pioneers. He was the first president of this society.

"Having been chosen by our worthy President to give a paper upon some incident connected with the early history of Arizona, the writer has elected as his theme the so-called Camp Grant Massacre, believing it to have been one of the events most important in its results to the peace and progress of our Apache cursed land. To give a mere recital of the act of killing a few, more or less, of bloodthirsty savages, without a detail of the causes and provocations which drove a long suffering and patient people to the adoption of remedial measures so apparently cruel in their results, would be a gross wrong and injustice to those of our friends and neighbors who in various ways gave sanction and aid to the undertaking, and would fall far short of the object and aim of the writer to give fair and impartial history.

"In the year 1870, in accordance with the peace policy which had then been decided upon by the U. S. Government, the Pinal and Arivaipa bands of Apache Indians were collected together and placed upon a reservation around Old Camp Grant, at the junction of the San Pedro and Arivaipa creeks, about 55 miles from Tucson. * *

"The Indians soon commenced plundering and murdering the citizens of Tucson, San Xavier, Tubac, Sonoita, San Pedro and every other settlement within a radius of 100 miles of Old Camp Grant, in the confidence that if they escaped to their reservation they reached a secure haven. During the winter of 1870-71 their murders and depredations were so numerous as to threaten the abandonment of nearly all the settlements outside of Tucson, especially that of San Pedro the most numerous and important of all. In the meantime, the citizens of Tucson were aroused, meetings were held upon the occurrence of each new murder and outrage * * * until the slaughter of Wooster and wife on the Santa Cruz, above Tubac, so inflamed the people that an indignation meeting was held in Tucson. A great amount of resoluting and speechifying was indulged in, and it was determined to raise a military company at once, for which a paper was drawn up and signers called for, to which 82 Americans signed their names. The writer was elected captain, and all hands pledged to eat up, blood raw, every Apache in the land immediately upon recurrence of a new outrage.

"A committee was appointed to visit the Department Commander, General Stoneman, at the time, on the Gila, near Florence, consisting of S. R. DeLong, J. W. Hopkins, and the writer —the remaining names not now remembered—which committee started at once for its destination. The result of the conference with that august personage, General Stoneman, was that he had but few troops, and could give us no aid; that Tucson had the largest population in the Territory, and he gave us to understand that we must protect ourselves. With this cold comfort, we returned to our constituents, and although no public demonstration was made, at a quiet assemblage of some of our oldest and most substantial citizens, it was resolved that the recommendation of General Stoneman should be adopted, and that to the best of our ability we would endeavor to protect ourselves.

"A few days afterwards, in the beginning of April, 1871, the arrival of a courier from San Xavier brought the sad intelligence that the Indians had just made a descent upon that place, and had driven off a large number of cattle and horses. The alarm drum (the usual way of collecting our people) was

beat—a flaming cartoon, carried by a man who accompanied the drummer, was displayed with the following inscription: 'Injuns! Injuns! Big meeting at the Court House, come everybody—time for action has arrived.'

"This device had been so frequently resorted to, and the result obtained so unsatisfactory that it failed to draw. Meanwhile, a party of citizens had saddled their horses, and learning from the San Xavier courier the direction the marauding Indians had taken, made off, hoping to intercept them before they reached the Cebadilla Pass. In this they were disappointed, for the Indians had gone into the pass before they arrived, but they met the pursuing party from San Xavier, and the whole party followed the trail through the pass and overtook the rear Indian, driving the stock on a tired horse, and killed him, and recovered some of the cattle, other Indians escaping with the horses and the freshest cattle.

"Upon the return of the party to Tucson, I hunted up one of them—Jesus Maria Elias, and had a long conversation with him, in which he told me, 'Don Guillermo, I have always been satisfied, and have repeatedly told you so, that the Camp Grant Indians were the ones that were destroying us. I now have proof positive. The Indian we killed, I will swear, and others will swear, is a Camp Grant Indian. I have frequently seen him there, and know him well by his having a front tooth out, and as further proof, when we overtook the Indians, they were making a direct course for Camp Grant. Now it devolves upon you, as one of the oldest American residents of the country, to devise some means of saving us from the total ruin which the present state of affairs must inevitably lead to, if not remedied. And your countrymen; they are the only ones that have the means to furnish the supplies necessary to make a formal and effective campaign against our implacable enemies. I know my countrymen and will vouch that if arms, ammunition and provisions, however scant, are furnished them, they will be ready at the first call.'

"I replied, 'Don Jesus, for myself I will answer that I will at all times be ready to do my part, and will at once issue a call for the assemblage of my people at the courthouse, where you can publicly state what you have just told me, and some concerted plan can be adopted, which may give the relief desired.'

"With a sad shake of the head he answered, 'No, Don Guillermo, for months we have repeatedly held public meetings at which many patriotic speeches have been made and many glowing resolutions passed. Meanwhile, our means of subsistence have

been rapidly diminishing and nothing accomplished. We cannot resolute the remorseless Apache out of existence—if that could have been done, every one of them would have been dead long since. Besides, giving publicity to the course we might determine to pursue would surely defeat any plan we might adopt. You are well aware that there are wealthy and influential men in this community whose interest it is to have the Indians at Camp Grant left undisturbed, and who would at the first intent to inquire seriously into their operations, appeal to the military (whose ear they have) and frustrate all our plans and hopes.'

"I saw at once the truth and force of his argument, and replied, laying out the plan of action, and saying, 'I will aid you with all the zeal and energy I possess.'

"He then developed the following plan: 'You and I will go first to San Xavier, see Francisco, the head Papago there, and have him send runners to the various Papago villages, notifying them that on the 28th day of April, we want them to be at San Xavier, early in the morning, with all the force they can muster, for a campaign against our common enemy, the Apaches; Francisco to be prepared to give them a good breakfast on their arrival, and to send a messenger to meet me at once. I will see all the Mexicans who may desire to participate in the campaign and have them all ready to move on the day fixed. You make the arrangements with the Americans you can trust, either to take active part in the campaign, or render such assistance in supplies, arms, ammunition and horses as will be required to carry out the expedition, and on the day fixed (April 28) news of the arrival of the Papagos at San Xavier having first been received, all who are to be active participants in the campaign will leave town quietly, and singly, to avoid giving alarm, and rendezvous on the Rillito, opposite San Xavier where the Papagos will be advised to meet us, and where, as per arrangement, the arms, ammunition and provisions will be delivered and distributed.'"

* * * * * * * * * *

"Here you have the plan of the Camp Grant campaign, as proposed by Mr. Elias.

"As soon as the writer was convinced (after concentration at the rendezvous) that no further increase was to be expected, he proceeded to take account of stock with the following result —Papagos, 94; Mexicans, 48; Americans, 6; in all 148. * * *

"Just here it occurred to me that we had neglected a very important precautionary measure, and I penciled the following

to H. S. Stevens, Esq., Tucson: 'Send a party to the Canada del Oro, on the main road from Tucson to Camp Grant, with orders to stop any and all persons going towards Camp Grant until 7 o'clock A. M. of April 30, 1871.'

"This note I gave to the teamster who had not yet left our camp, who delivered it promptly, and it was as promptly attended to by Mr. Stevens. But for this precaution our campaign would have resulted in complete failure, for the fact that so many men absent from so small a population as Tucson then contained, was noted by a person of large influence in the community, and at whose urgent demand the military commander sent two soldiers, with dispatches to Camp Grant, who were quietly detained at Canada del Oro, and did not reach that post until it was too late to harm us. * * *

"They (the Indians) were completely surprised and were sleeping in absolute security in their wickiups, with only a buck and a squaw as lookouts on the bluff above the rancheria, who were playing cards by a small fire, and who were both clubbed to death before they could give the alarm.

"The Papagos attacked them in their wickiups with clubs and guns, and all who escaped them took to the bluffs and were received and dispatched by the other wing, which occupied the position above them. The attack was so swift and fierce that within a half hour the whole work was ended, and not an adult Indian left to tell the tale. Some 28 or 30 small papooses were spared and brought to Tucson as captives. * * *

"Here might your historian lay down his pen and rest, but believing that in order to fully vindicate those who were actors in this drama, and others who were aiders and abettors, he craves your indulgence, whilst he gives a brief summary of the causes which drove a long suffering people to such extreme measures. Through the greater part of 1870 and the first part of 1871, these Indians held a carnival of murder and plunder in all our settlements, until our people were appalled and almost paralyzed. On the San Pedro, the bravest and best of its pioneers had fallen by the wayside—instance, Henry Long, Alex McKenzie, Sam Brown, Simms and many others, well known to all of you; on the Santa Cruz, Noble Wooster, his wife, Sanders, and an innumerable host slept the sleep that knows no waking. On the Sonoita, the gallant Penningtons, Jackson, Carroll, Rotherwell, and others, slain without a chance of defense, and our secretary, Wm. J. Osborn, severely wounded. In the vicinity of Tucson mail drivers and riders, and almost all others whom necessity caused to leave the protection of our adobe walls were pitilessly

slaughtered—the array is truly appalling. Add to this the fact that the remaining settlers on the San Pedro, not knowing who the next victim might be, had at last resolved to abandon their crops in the fields and fly with their wives and little ones to Tucson for safety, and the picture of misery is complete up to that memorable and glorious morning of April 30, 1871, when swift punishment was dealt out to these red-handed butchers, and they were wiped from the face of the earth.

"Behold now the happy results immediately following that episode—the farmers of the San Pedro return with their wives and babes to gather their abandoned crops. On the Sonoita, Santa Cruz, and all other settlements of Southern Arizona, new life springs up, confidence is restored, and industry bounds forward with an impetus that has known no check in the whole fourteen years that have elapsed since that occurrence. In view of all these facts, I call on all Arizonians to answer on their consciences—can you call the killing of the Apaches at Camp Grant on the morning of April 30, 1871, a massacre?"

Mr. Oury declined honors at the hands of the people of Arizona, excepting at one time the office of sheriff; that of first president of the Arizona Pioneers Society; and in 1921, he was acclaimed by the Daughters of the Revolution the first pioneer of Arizona, which fact is recorded in the annals of that society at their headquarters in Washington.

Mr. Oury died in the spring of 1887, at his home in Tucson.

(To be continued.)



EFFIE ROBINSON KEEN, State Historian

EFFIE ROBINSON KEEN STATE HISTORIAN

By SIDNEY KARTUS

Effie Robinson Keen was born of southern descent on a farm twenty miles from Jackson, Tennessee, on January 17, 1884. Her father, William L. Robinson, a school teacher, was a native of Alabama, and the mother, Martha Westbrook, a native of Tennessee. The history of the family is that of the thousands who made the hegira from the south toward the Pacific. It is largely their descendants who populate the southern tier of the western states. Jack Swilling—who with Darrell Duppa, an Englishman—founded and named Phoenix, was born in Georgia. The present governor of Arizona, George W. P. Hunt, is of a Virginia family which removed to Missouri.

William L. Robinson first took his family to Fort Worth. After remaining in Texas a year, they went to the Indian Territory. Here Robinson remained nine years. Stricken again with the urge for greener pastures, he made his final change, to Arizona. With his wife and three children, he located in Globe during September, 1900, for a year. From there the Robinsons moved to Cochise County, living in that county twenty-five years, in the towns of Bisbee, Naco, Douglas and Benson. Meanwhile Effie Robinson was receiving her education in public and private schools, for the most part in the latter.

Her first employment was in 1902, as deputy postmaster of Naco, Arizona. Serving in that capacity until 1904, she then assumed a position in the auditing department of the Copper Queen Store, Douglas. She was there for two years, resigning in 1906 to be married. She accompanied her husband, James C. Keen, a native of Arizona and son of a pioneer Tucson family, to the state of Sonora, Mexico, where Mr. Keen worked for one of the Phelps Dodge companies. The Keens remained there only briefly, moving back to Douglas. Here Mrs. Keen became reporter and society editor, from 1907 to 1910, on the Douglas Daily International, then owned by the Consolidated Printing and Publishing Co., of which Geo. H. Kelly was president.

In 1910 they settled in Benson, where they lived fourteen years. James C. Keen held the managership of the Maier Brothers Wholesale and Retail concern. His wife took a prominent part in social and club life of the community. The secure and established routine in which the daughter of William L.

Robinson, late of Tennessee, Texas and the Indian Territory, now discovered herself, had, by one of the obscure decisions of nature, an abrupt termination. James C. Keen, on August 19, 1924, died suddenly of spinal meningitis in a Tucson hospital.

In June, 1925, Mrs. Keen matriculated in the secretarial department of the Armstrong School of Business, Berkeley, California. After six months' training, she went to Tucson to be employed by Dr. B. Wrenn Webb, synodical executive of the Presbyterian churches of Arizona. Her remuneration was thirty-five dollars a month. She kept this place, however, only three months. In the spring of 1926, Effie R. Keen returned to Douglas as secretary of the Borderland Climate Club and assistant secretary of the Douglas Chamber of Commerce and Mines, of which she also later became secretary. In September, 1926, her former employer, Major George H. Kelly, then state historian, drafted her for the secretaryship in the Arizona State Historian's office. She acted in that capacity three years, until Major Kelly's death in 1929, and under Dan R. Williamson, whom Governor John C. Phillips appointed as Major Kelly's successor. Williamson's term expired January 5, 1931.

Shortly after the arrival of the Robinson family in Globe, Arizona, September, 1900, the little business which Effie Robinson's father had opened, burned with all contents, injuring severely William Robinson himself. The hard-hit family went to George W. P. Hunt at the Old Dominion Store. "Buy what you want," said Hunt, instantly. "Buy carefully. Pay when you can." On January 5, 1931, thirty years later, George W. P. Hunt, the merchant who had become governor, promoted the daughter of William Robinson to the post of state historian, a distinction held by no other woman since Arizona became a state.

THE HUNTER CLAIM

By EVAN S. STALLCUP

The opinion of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in the case of "The Pueblo Santa Rosa against Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, et al., settles finally and definitely that the so-called "Hunter Claim," which has clouded the title to all of the property included in the Gadsden Purchase, namely, all lands south of the Gila, east of the Colorado River, and west of the Santa Cruz River, which runs a little west of Tucson, is without merit, the decision recently handed down having been on the merits of the case. The litigation is of long standing, the Supreme Court of the United States having, in 1919, handed down a decision favorable to the alleged representatives of the Indians on appeal from the decision of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, which in turn had rendered a decision on an appeal from the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

Although no charges whatsoever of fraud or dishonesty are existent in this case, the cloud on the title to the land covered by the Gadsden Purchase is suggestive of the old Peralta-Reavis claim of ownership to the Salt River Valley. Peralta-Reavis it will be remembered, conducted a land office in Phoenix, and for a substantial consideration, gave deeds to land covered already by U. S. Patents. He was convicted and served a term in the penitentiary, and on his being released was joined by his wife, whom the romance makes a very beautiful and loyal character.

Under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo—under which Mexico ceded to the United States the southern part of Arizona, which treaty is also referred to as the "Gadsden Treaty"—the property rights of Mexican citizens were agreed to be respected by the United States. The United States set up the Court of Private Land Claims to adjudicate claims of ownership under the terms of the treaty. Under the old law of the state of New Mexico, a pueblo of Indians had the right to maintain litigation under the name of the pueblo, and to a great extent was the same as a corporate entity. The Supreme Court of the United States held, in its decision, that this old law of New Mexico, passed in the '50s, was still a part of the law of Arizona, Arizona having been cut out from the original territory of New Mexico. In

1880, Colonel Robert F. Hunter secured from the head chiefs of fifteen Indian villages deeds covering about two and a half million acres. These Indian villages were known as:

> San Xavier, Santa Rosa, Cacca, Coyote, Anaca, Quitacca, Quajate, Bajio, Tecelote, Tesote, Comobabi, Pissenemuch, Cnupo, El Vaji and Chune, Kakachemouk, Cubo-Ajo, Perina-Cupo-Vache and Quajuata.

The descriptions in these fifteen deeds refer to mountains, wells, rivers and the like, and cannot be said to be definite. Probably for the purpose of avoiding any legal technicalities, Hunter, at the same time, took a deed from Jose Maria Ochoa, the head-chief of all the Papago Indians, covering the whole of the Gadsden Purchase. At the same time he took from Ochoa powers of attorney, which in form were irrevocable, and gave Hunter the power of substitution. Under these powers of attorney, Hunter was to prosecute litigation establishing the title of the Indians and secure a segregation of the Indian lands from the lands of the United States. In some cases, the Indians retained a part ownership.

In 1911, Hunter made an agreement with R. M. Martin, under which Martin, as attorney, was to carry on the litigation to a successful consummation. Martin paid Hunter one hundred dollars a month for a long period of years, and a division of the land and profits was agreed upon. In 1914, the fifteen separate deeds, covering separate Indian villages, were recorded in the county recorders' offices in the counties in which the lands were situated, viz: Pinal, Pima and Maricopa. Hunter died in 1912, leaving a will and several heirs. Probate proceedings are pending in Los Angeles and in Phoenix. The heirs are not harmonious, and in a hostile proceedings in 1919, the executrix was ordered by the court to place of record the deed referred to above from Ochoa to Hunter, which described all of the Gadsden Purchase. It was this blanket deed, together with the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which gave some considerable credence to the idea that the titles to any land in the Gadsden Purchase were defective and subject to the demands of the Indians working through Hunter and his assigns. Real estate transactions were held up because attorneys hesitated to approve of titles based on the United States Patent.

The case of the Pueblo of Santa Rosa was taken as a test case, and the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, as well as the prior litigation which went to the Supreme Court of the United States, is confined to the

Pueblo of Santa Rosa. On behalf of the General Land Office, the contention was made that the so-called Pueblo of Santa Rosa was not really a "pueblo" and did not comply with the requisites of qualifying it as a pueblo. The answer of the land commissioner was that the Papago Indians were illiterate, wholly unfamiliar with legal forms or procedure, had no definite organization nor generally recognized chief nor council nor governing body, but that the Indian villages were what is known in the Spanish law and language as "rancherias," and in the Mexican law as a "temporale." The Indian term which applies it is contended, is "ooitak." It was also contended by the land commissioner that the Indians had not authorized the prosecution of the proceedings, that the powers of attorney and deeds made in 1880 were unauthorized and illegal, and that the present inhabitants had no knowledge of the litigation. The decision adverse to the Indians was based on the proposition that the plaintiff pueblo, or its Indian inhabitants, had never given authority for the institution of the suit, and further, that assuming —but without deciding—that the plaintiff is a pueblo, and assuming—but without deciding— that it did own the said lands under the Mexican Government, that it did not possess under any law, Spanish, Mexican or United States, or by any custom, usage or tradition, the power to either made a covenant, such as Luis, the head chief of the so-called Pueblo of Santa Rosa, made to Hunter, or the power to clothe Hunter with the authority to bring any kind of a suit in its name.

The "Motion to Dismiss," being a 109 page printed pamphlet, and the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, consisting of 19 typewritten pages, include many interesting references to the nature of the Indian villages and their government, comparing it with that of the true pueblo. The description in the deeds are also of interest. Papago Indians had no written language, and there is great confusion in the spelling of the names. Some of the affidavits of the representatives of the Indian service show that meetings of the Indians were called in its investigation of the merits of the litigation, and that the village known to the white employees of the Indian Service as "Santa Rosa," has, with the Indians, the name "Kiacheemuk," which interpreted means, "where the cactus seed was burned." The name "Santa Rosa" was adopted to cover three villages, the other two besides Kiacheemuk being Ak Chin, meaning "where the water spreads out," and Ku Archi,—Ku meaning "big," and Archi meaning "point of big peak."

The affidavit of Frank A. Thackery shows that neither the Papago tribe, nor the individual villages, had any elected or even generally recognized chief or head man, nor any officials. Generally, each village has some one man who, by heredity or by the possession of unusual ability, is regarded as "chief." The function of such head man, or chief, is that of a leading citizen whose influence is large and whose advice is likely to be followed.

The below are exact copies of Hunter's deeds:

QUIT CLAIM DEED

Jose Maria Ochoa, Head Chief or Captain of the Papagos of Arizona and Clemente, Captain of the village of Anaca and Poso Solado in Arizona Territory, for themselves and the inhabitants of said villages,

to

Robert F. Hunter, Trustee

Rec: June 6, 1914 at 9:32 P. M.
Book 110 of Deeds, page 54
Dated: December 17, 1880
Cons: $1 and certain other valuable and sufficient considerations
Words of Grant: quit-claim, release grant, bargain, sell, and convey

DESCRIPTION: The true and lawful owners of certain grants and tracts of land situate in the Territory of Arizona, to-wit:

Commencing at and inclusive of the Poso Solado in the Sierra Hui-Moj; thence running south a distance of 18 miles; thence west a distance of 10 miles; thence north a distance of 18 to said Sierra; thence east along the Sierra a distance of 10 miles to the point of begining; and containing 180 square miles, more or less; reference being made to the location of said villages and the Poso Solado.

Do quit-claim, etc., the undivided one-half of all said grants and tracts of land.

To have and to hold unto the second party in trust; and to give legal force and effect to an agreement in writing, etc.,

That on demand of second party, first parties will make all and singular, such other conveyances, deeds and instruments in writing, with respect to the said grants and tracts of land hereby conveyed, as may be required by said second party, to separate and distinguish the same from all other land to whomsoever belonging; and to complete and perfect the title of the said second party.

WITNESS:

Andrew Broulet

S. Ainsa

his
Jose Maria X Ochoa
mark

his
X Clementi
mark

Acknowledged December 17, 1880, by Jose Maria Ochoa and Clementi, jointly before Santiago Ainsa, Notary Public, Pima County, Arizona Territory (Seal) "and for the uses and purposes therein mentioned."

QUIT CLAIM DEED

Jose Maria Ochoa, Head Chief of 17 villages of Papago Indian citizens of the United States and Juhan, Captain of the village of Pueblo of Cacca, in the Territory of Arizona, for themselves and the inhabitants of said village and the village of Sancita,

to

Robert F. Hunter, Trustee

Rec: June 6, 1914 at 9:30 A. M.
Book 110 of Deeds, page 55
Dated: December 7, 1880
Cons: $1 and certain other val. and sufficient considerations
Words of Grant: quit-claim, release, grant, bargain, sell, convey

DESCRIPTION: The true and lawful owners of certain grants and tracts of land situate in the Territory of Arizona, to-wit:

Known as the lands and grants of Cacca, commencing at a point 18 miles South of the Gila River and 21 miles from the center of said village in a northeasterly direction; thence from said point in a southerly direction 27 miles; thence west a distance of 10 leagues, or 30 miles; thence north 27 miles; thence east to the point of beginning 30 miles; containing 810 square miles, more or less and being the land owned and occupied by said Pueblo of Cacca, at the date of the cession of the Territory of Arizona, and since owned by them.

Said lands and grants being more specifically determined by the location of said village.

Do quit-claim the undivided one-half of all said grants and tracts of land, together with all easements, etc., and all the estate, right, title and interest, claim and demand whatsoever of the first parties in and to said premises. The fields under cultivation at the date hereof being excepted. TO HAVE AND TO HOLD unto the second party in trust; and to give legal force and effect to an Agreement in writing made, etc., that on de-

mand of second party, first parties will make, such other conveyances, deeds and instruments in writing with respect to the said grants and tracts of land hereby conveyed as may be required by said second party to separate and distinguish the same from all other land to whomsoever belonging; and to complete and perfect the title of the said second party to the same.

WITNESS: S. Ainsa
P. R. Tully

Jose Maria his X mark Ochoa

his X mark Julian

Acknowledged December 7, 1880 by Jose Maria Ochoa and Julian, jointly, before Santiago Ainsa, Notary Public, Pima County, Territory of Arizona, (Seal) "and for the uses and purposes therein mentioned."



Lieut. Charles B. Gatewood, 6th U. S. Cavalry—1895

LIEUT. CHARLES B. GATEWOOD

6th U. S. Cavalry

and

THE SURRENDER OF GERONIMO

(Compiled by Col. C. B. Gatewood, U. S. A., Retired, son of Lieutenant Gatewood)

Copyrighted, 1929, by Col. Charles B. Gatewood
Edited by Brig. Gen. Edward S. Godfrey

Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood

Charles Baehr Gatewood was born April 6, 1853, of a family whose successive generations have nearly all been represented by one or more members in our Army or Navy ever since the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Appointed to the United States Military Academy from Virginia, he was graduated and commissioned a second lieutenant in the Sixth Cavalry in 1877.

From then until the fall of 1886, he was on active duty in Arizona and New Mexico, in command of Indian scouts and in the field almost constantly throughout most of the Apache campaigns and disturbances of any importance during that period. For some years he was also the acting Indian agent with full powers in charge of the White Mountain Apaches and others with agency headquarters at Fort Apache.

He was with Colonel A. P. Morrow in the critical fighting with Victorio around the Lakes Guzman, Mexico, in the fall of 1879, and was specially commended by that officer. During the remainder of that year and in 1880, he and his scouts took an active part in several of the major engagements, and many of the lesser ones, with Victorio's forces, including the bitter fight under Captain C. B. McLellan in rescuing Captain Carroll and his troops of the Ninth Cavalry from the clutches of Victorio. He was a member of General Crook's historic expedition in 1883 into the unknown recesses of the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico; and he initiated the surprise attack on the camps of the Chiricahua chiefs, Bonito and Chatto, defeating the Indians, rescuing a number of captives, and paving the way to the final submission of all the renegade Chiricahuas. For this he was mentioned in war department orders. He took part in many other campaigns and scouts up to and including the Geronimo

campaign; again being mentioned "for bravery in boldly and alone riding into Geronimo's camp of hostile Apache Indians and demanding their surrender."

It was published in General Orders of 1885, Department of Arizona, that "Lieutenant Gatewood has probably seen more active duty in the field with Indian Scouts than any other officer of his length of service in the Army." His knowledge of the Apache character was deep and practical; his acquaintance with individuals of the different tribes was extensive; and his reputation among them became widespread from the Mescaleros of New Mexico to the Yumas of the Colorado River.

In May, 1885, a minor portion of the Chiricahua tribe, under Natchez, Nana, Geronimo, Mangus and Chihuahua, broke from their reservation near Fort Apache, and started what is usually referred to as the "Geronimo Campaign." With a detachment of his scouts, Gatewood accompanied Captain Allen Smith's command of two troops of the Fourth Cavalry from Fort Apache, in the first pursuit of the renegades to be organized. At Devil's Park Canyon, New Mexico, the Indians' rear guard suddenly drove back the pursuing scouts and sharply attacked the troops in bivouac. They were repulsed, but meanwhile the main body of Apaches, who had that day traveled from ninety to one hundred and twenty miles, escaped. During the next twenty-three days, the renegades successfully eluded the many commands sent after them—except for a few minor engagements —then crossed unseen into Mexico and disappeared among the inaccessible canyons of the Sierra Madres.

There were still persistent rumors of hostile Indians in the Black Range and the Mogollons of New Mexico; and General Crook hesitated to follow the main body of renegades south until assured that none was left to commit outrages in his rear. He sent Gatewood with one hundred scouts to search those mountain ranges thoroughly and expel any hostiles found therein. None was found. Crook then started his operations into Mexico, under Captains Crawford, Wirt Davis and others, which finally resulted in the surrender of Chihuahua and the major portion of the renegades to General Crook and their deportation by him to Florida. Geronimo and Natchez, with twenty-two fighting men, continued the war against General Miles, who meanwhile had relieved Crook.

General Miles had hoped to run down and capture or kill Geronimo and his band, but four months of the most strenuous campaigning with a fourth of the whole regular army afield

failed to do this. In July, 1886, General Miles decided to send Gatewood, then at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, with two Chiricahua scouts to the hostiles with a demand for their surrender.

Gatewood traveled several hundred miles into Mexico, found and entered the hostile camp alone, argued with the Indians for a day and a half, and finally received the promise from Natchez and Geronimo that the entire band would go and meet General Miles in the United States and surrender to him, provided: that their lives be spared; that they be sent out of Arizona until the sentiment against them had abated; and that they be reunited with their families. Also, they would keep their arms until the formal surrender; Gatewood must accompany them on their march to the United States; and the command of Captain H. W. Lawton, which was nearby, should protect their flank and rear, at a distance of several miles, however, during the journey. These terms were agreed to between Lawton, Gatewood, Natchez and Geronimo. The program of march, the meeting with General Miles and the surrender to him were carried out as had been agreed, though not without difficulty; and the band was sent to Florida. The subsequent history of these as well as the other Chiricahuas is recorded in Senate Executive Documents No. 117 of 1887, and No. 35 of 1889, and in other official publications, all of which will well repay their reading.

After the surrender, Gatewood, presuming upon his ten years of unbroken Indian service and the impairment of his health due thereto, applied for a staff corps appointment, but this was denied, and he was detailed instead as an aide to General Miles. Upon release from four years of this duty, he rejoined his troop at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and was almost immediately ordered with his regiment to the Dakotas to take part in the Sioux War of 1890-'91. But his health, already undermined, broke down after a few weeks of the severe winter campaign and he was practically an invalid for a year. Recovering sufficiently to report for duty at Fort McKinney, Wyoming, he saw a bit more field service when the military quelled the so-called Cattle War in the Big Horn and Jackson's Hole country. Shortly afterward, he was seriously injured in leading the fight against a fire which destroyed nearly half the post. With health gone and body crippled, he was ordered home for retirement and died in May, 1896.

His reward, for services that have often been described as unusual, was like that of many another soldier who has given his all that his country might grow and prosper: for himself a free

plot of ground in Arlington Cemetery, and to his widow a tardy seventeen dollars a month.

For several years there was an unfortunate controversy as to the bestowal of credit generally in the Geronimo campaign, but in this Gatewood took no part. But finally, he was prevailed upon by the editor of a leading magazine to write his story of the surrender of Geronimo. He died before final arrangements for publication could be made; but his story was written; and his manuscript, just as he wrote it, has been preserved all these years. Proofs of every essential statement contained therein have been painstakingly collected and assembled, and they are now complete. General Lawton, himself, gave to Gatewood the credit for having effected the surrender of Geronimo.

Lieutenant Gatewood's narrative follows, preceded by his citation for the capture of Geronimo.

General Orders,
No. 39.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY
Adjutant General's Office,
Washington, April 9, 1891.

The Major General Commanding takes pleasure in publishing in orders to the Army the names of the following officers and enlisted men who, during the year 1886, distinguished themselves by 'specially meritorious acts or conduct in service:'' . . .
. Apache Indians under Geronimo to September 4th, though his physical condition entitled him to relief from duty.

August 24, 1886. 1st Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, 6th Cavalry, commanding Chiricahua Indian scouts: For bravery in boldly and alone riding into Geronimo's camp of hostile Apache Indians in Arizona and demanding their surrender.

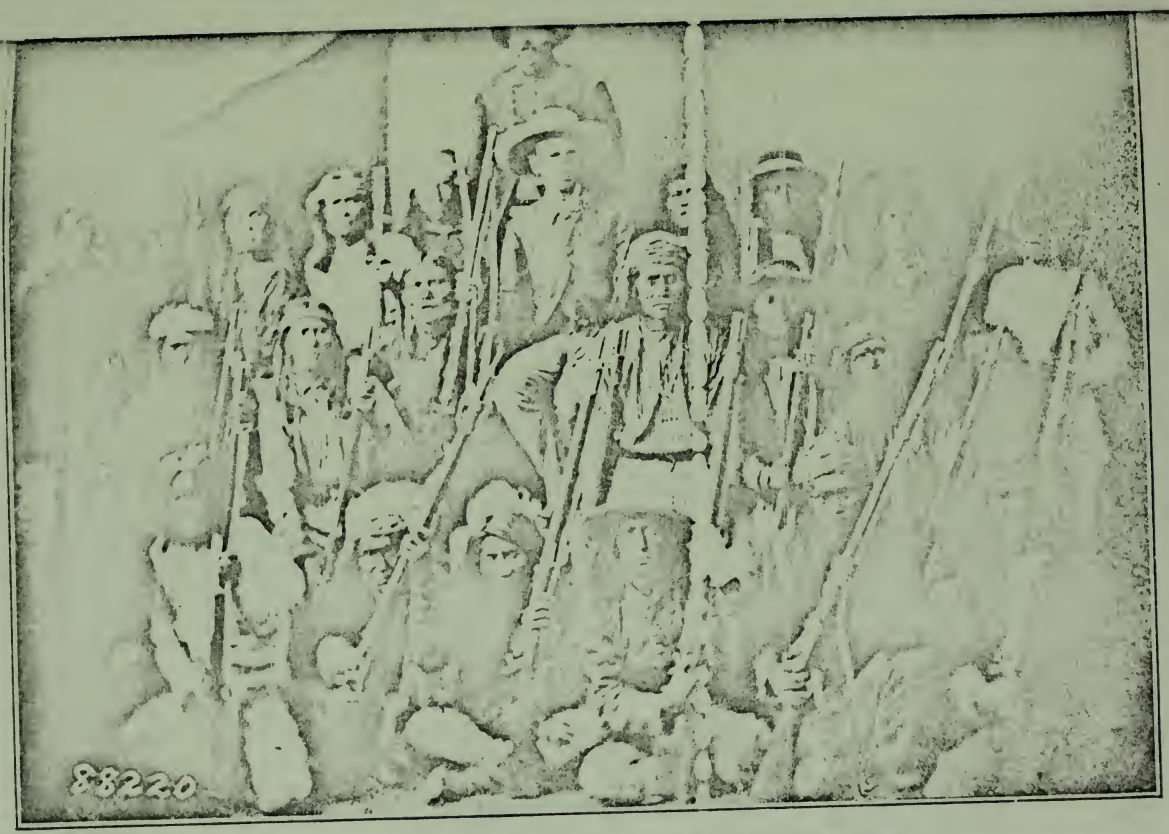
October 18, 1886. Captain Charles L. Cooper, 10th Cavalry: For gallantry and great energy and rapidity of movement by which, after a forced march through a most difficult country with a small detachment of troops, he intercepted the hostile Apache Indians under Chief Mangus and forced them to surrender in the Black River Mountains and brought them prisoners to Fort Apache, Arizona.

By command of MAJOR GENERAL SCHOFIELD:

J. C. KELTON,
Adjutant General.

Official:

J. V. EILMUR,
Assistant Adjutant General.



Company "A" Apache Indian Scouts of Fort Apache, Arizona

Lieut. C. B. Gatewood, 6th Cavalry Commanding (upper center) Alchesay, 1st Sergt. and White Mt. Chief
(face just to left of Lieut. Gatewood's hand) Sam Bowman, Interpreter (behind Lieut. Gatewood)
Lieut. T. Cruse (extreme left, rear line) Dr. McPherson (to right of Lieut. Cruse)

Taken at Fort Apache, October, 1880, just as the Company had returned from the "Victorio" Campaign

THE SURRENDER OF GERONIMO*

(By LIEUTENANT CHARLES B. GATEWOOD,
6th U. S. Cavalry.)

I

In July, 1886, General Miles, after an interview with some of the friendly Chiricahuas at Fort Apache, Arizona, determined to send two of them, Kayitah and Martine, with myself to the hostiles under Natchez and Geronimo, with a message demanding their surrender and promising removal to Florida with their families, where they would await final disposition by the President. General Miles gave me written authority to call upon any officer commanding United States troops, except those of a few small columns operating in Mexico, for whatever help was needed. And, to prevent my possible capture as a hostage, he particularly warned me not to go near the hostiles with less than twenty-five soldiers as an escort. He ordered the soldiers to be furnished me by the commanding officer of Fort Bowie.

Our party was organized at Fort Bowie, Arizona: the two Indians; George Wratten, interpreter; Frank Huston, packer, and myself. Later, "Old Tex" Whaley, a rancher, was hired as courier. We were furnished with the necessary riding and pack mules; but upon mention of our twenty-five soldiers, the commanding officer showed so little desire to part with so large a portion of his command that we forbore to insist. Whereupon he seemed much relieved and promised cordially that my escort should be supplied from the command of Captain Stretch, south of us at Cloverdale near the Mexican line.

We set out, and in three days arrived at Cloverdale. There we found that a company of infantry at very reduced strength, ten broken-down horses and a six-mule team comprised the whole outfit. Captain Stretch having been my instructor at West Point, it did not seem right that I should rob him of his whole command. Instead, we merely accepted his invitation to dinner, and then journeyed on into Mexico.

Soon after crossing the line, we fell in with a troop of the Fourth Cavalry under Lieutenant James Parker, with Infantry detachments under Lieutenants Richardson and Bullard, a total of some thirty to forty men—again too few to furnish my escort without disrupting the command. We went on together to Carretas, Mexico, and, as Parker had no news of the hostiles, I

(*Copy slightly condensed from the original manuscripts and notes.)

waited there five days with him, for news and to recuperate from old injuries revived by the ride from Bowie.

I decided to get in touch with the command of Captain Lawton, who had excellent facilities for gathering information, in the hope that he knew where the hostiles were. We started out, accompanied by Parker's command, and on August 3rd arrived in Lawton's camp on the Arros River, high up in the Sierra Madre Mountains, some two hundred and fifty miles by trail below the border. Lawton had no information of the hostiles' whereabouts, nor any news of them within two weeks. Having no escort—which I should of course have taken from Bowie—I put myself under Lawton's orders, with the distinct understanding, however, that when circumstances permitted I should be allowed to execute my mission. Parker with his command returned north.

While on the Arros River, news came that the hostiles were far to the northwest. We moved in that direction, and about the middle of August learned that Geronimo's party was near Fronteras, Mexico, making some overtures to the Mexicans on the subject of surrender. My little party, with an escort of six men that Lawton gave me, left the command about two o'clock that morning and at night camped near Fronteras, having marched about eighty miles.

The next morning at Fronteras, we learned that two squaws from the hostile camp had been there with offers of peace to the Mexicans, and had departed, going east, with three extra ponies well laden with food and mescal, the strong drink of Mexico. Lieutenant Wilder, of our army, had talked with them in regard to their surrendering.

II

In the meantime, the Prefect of the district had secretly brought about two hundred Mexican soldiers into Fronteras and was planning to entice the Apaches there, get them drunk, and then kill all the men and enslave all the women and children. Geronimo told me later that never for a moment had he intended surrendering to the Mexicans, but wished merely to deceive them for a while so that his band could rest, buy supplies and have a good drunk. The Prefect did not suspect that; and he was much annoyed at the presence of the American troops and tried to get them to leave; but, since the treaty between the two republics gave them the right to be there, his request availed him nothing. But he demanded that the Americans should not follow the squaws, with implied threats if we did.



Kayitah (left) Martine (right) about 1905—Apache Scouts who guided Gatewood in 1886 to Geronimo's camp

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Taking an escort of six or eight men that Wilder gave me from his troop, and Tom Horn and Jose Maria as additional interpreters, I started as though for Lawton's camp, twenty miles or more to the south; but after going about six miles we quickly darted up a convenient arroyo and circled around toward the north, so as to strike the trail of the squaws. We picked it up about six miles east of Fronteras. Then, from time to time, members of the escort were sent back to tell Lawton where the trail was leading.

Slowly and cautiously, with a piece of flour sacking on a stick to the fore as a white flag, we followed the squaws for the next three days, over rough country full of likely places for ambush. By the third day the trail was very fresh; and we found where it joined that of the main body. It entered the head of a narrow canyon, leading down to the Bavispe River about four miles away—a canyon so forbidding that our two Indians, who were ahead, stopped to consider the situation. Hung up in a bush just before us was a pair of faded canvas trousers, which might be a signal for us to go forward without fear, and again might not. Everybody gave a different opinion of what should be done, and we finally went on all together—an unwise formation—but that canyon proved to be harmless, and then I was sorry I had not been brave and gone ahead.

A few miles farther, we reached and crossed the Bavispe River, near its most northerly sweep where, after flowing north, it makes a wide bend and flows south. Here we made our camp for the night in a cane-brake just under a small, round hill that commanded the surrounding country for half a mile. With a sentinel on the hill, with the two Indians scouting the trail several miles beyond and with the hiding places the cane-brake afforded, we felt fairly safe; though this peace commission business did not at all appeal to us. The white flag was high upon the stalk of a nearby century plant, but we all felt that it took more than any flag to make us bullet proof. As it turned out, Geronimo saw us all the time but never noticed the flag, though he had good field glasses; and he wondered greatly what fool small party it was dogging his footsteps.

About sundown that day Martine returned and reported that the hostiles occupied an exceedingly rocky position high up in the Torres Mountains in the bend of the Bavispe, some four miles from our camp. Both Indians had been there and had delivered General Miles' message; and Geronimo, keeping Kayitah with him, had sent back Martine to say that he would talk with me only, and that he was rather offended because I had

not come straight into his camp myself. Knowing Geronimo, I had my opinion of that; but Natchez, the real chief if there was any, sent word that we would be safe as long as we started no trouble, and he invited me to come up right away. His influence among the band being greater than any other, I felt much easier; especially since Lawton's Scouts, thirty in number, under Lieutenant R. A. Brown, had arrived in camp, and Lawton, with the rest of his command, was supposed to be near. It was too late to visit the hostiles' camp that night, so we remained in the canebrake.

III

The next morning, August 24, 1886, we moved out on the trail with Brown and his detachment. Within a mile of the hostile camp, we met an unarmed Chiricahua with the same message for me that had been delivered the night before. Then, shortly, three armed warriors appeared, with the suggestion from Natchez that his party and mine should meet for a talk in the bend of the river, that Brown and his Scouts should return to our camp, and that any troops that might join him should remain there too. These conditions were complied with. Our little party moved down to the river bottom, after exchanging shots and smoke signals with the hostiles to indicate that all was well.

By squads the hostiles came in, unsaddled and turned out their ponies to graze. Among the last was Geronimo. He laid his rifle down twenty feet away and came and shook hands, said he was glad to see me again, and remarked my apparent bad health, asking what was the matter. Having received my reply, and the tobacco having been passed around—of which I had brought fifteen pounds on my saddle—he took a seat alongside as close as he could get, the revolver bulge under his coat touching my right thigh; then, the others seated in a semi-circle, he announced that the whole party was there to listen to General Miles' message.

It took but a minute to say, "Surrender, and you will be sent with your families to Florida, there to await the decision of the President as to your final disposition. Accept these terms or fight it out to the bitter end."

A silence of weeks seemed to fall on the party. They sat there with never a movement, regarding me intently. I felt the strain. Finally, Geronimo passed a hand across his eyes, then held both hands before him making them tremble and asked me for a drink.

"We have been on a three days' drunk with the liquor the Mexicans sent us from Fronteras," he said. "But our spree passed off without a single fight, as you can see by looking at the men in this circle, all of whom you know. There is much wine and mescal in Fronteras and the Mexicans and Americans are having a good time. We thought perhaps you had brought some with you."

I explained that we had left too hurriedly to bring any liquor, and he seemed satisfied. Then he proceeded to talk business. They would leave the war-path only on condition that they be allowed to return to their reservation, reoccupy their farms, be furnished with the usual rations, clothing and farming implements, and be guaranteed exemption from punishment. If I were empowered to grant these modest demands the war could end right there!

I replied that the big chief, General Miles, had told me to say just so much and no more, and it would make matters worse if I exceeded my authority; this would probably be their last chance to surrender, and if the war continued they would eventually all be killed, or if they surrendered later the terms would not be so favorable. This started an argument, and for an hour or two Geronimo narrated at length their many troubles—the frauds and thievery perpetrated by the Indian agents and the many injustices done them generally by the whites. Then they withdrew to a cane-brake nearby and held a private conference for an hour or more.

When their caucus had adjourned it was noon, so we all had a bite to eat. After lunch we reassembled. Geronimo announced that they were willing to cede all of the southwest except their reservation, but that to expect them to give up everything, and to a nation of intruders, was too much; they would move back on the little land they needed, or they would fight until the last one of them was dead. "Take us to the reservation—or FIGHT!" was his ultimatum as he looked me in the eye.

I couldn't take him to the reservation; I couldn't fight; neither could I run, nor yet feel comfortable.

IV

But Natchez, who had done little talking, here intervened to say that, whether they continued the war or not, my party would be safe as long as we started no trouble. We had come as friends, he said, and would be allowed to depart in peace.

His words greatly reassured me, as well as gave me the opportunity to tell them that the rest of their people on the reservation, between three and four hundred, the mother and daughter of Natchez among them, were being moved to Florida; and therefore if they went back to the reservation it would mean living among their enemies, the other Apaches. This piece of news was an unexpected blow. Geronimo asked me sternly if it were true or if it were only a ruse to get them into the clutches of the White Man. I convinced him that it was true. This put an entirely new face on the matter; they went back to the cane-brake for another confidential session.

For an hour they talked together, then reassembled. Geronimo announced that, although they would continue the war, they wished to discuss the matter further. and if they could find a beef for a barbecue they would talk all night. But a search of the neighborhood revealed no beef, and, as they did not see how they could hold a night conference without the barbecue, I was greatly relieved that I did not have to talk all night as well as all day.

After much smoking and general conversation, Geronimo harked back to the main subject. They knew General Crook, he said, and might surrender to him but they did not know General Miles. "What is his age, his size, the color of his hair and eyes; is his voice harsh or agreeable; does he talk much or little, say less or more than he means? Does he look you in the eyes or not? Has he many friends? Do people believe what he says? Do officers and soldiers like him? Has he had experience with other Indians?" These, and many other keen and searching questions did he ask; and finally, "Is he cruel or kind-hearted?"

His questions required a full description of the General in every respect. They all listened intently to my answers. After a pause, Geronimo said, "He must be a good man, since the Great Father sent him from Washington, and he has sent you to us."

Towards sunset I suggested that I return to my camp, where Lawton had arrived that day and had remained at my request. But Geronimo asked me to wait to listen to a request they wanted to make. After some preliminaries, he said, "We want your advice. Consider yourself not a White Man but one of us; remember all that has been said today and tell us what we should do."

As earnestly and emphatically as possible I replied, "Trust General Miles and surrender to him."

They stood around looking very solemn. Then Geronimo said they would hold a council that night, and he would let me know the result the first thing in the morning. But again before I got away, they reopened the subject of getting better terms; and they wanted me to go alone, or with one of them, across country to the nearest American post, to get in touch with General Miles and ask him to modify his terms. They promised that a number of their warriors would guard me from harm on the journey, though I might never see them, and they would all wait nearby to hear what decision I brought them from the General. But I replied that it would be a useless journey; that General Miles had already made up his mind and nothing I could say would make him change it.

Then, after shaking hands all around, my little party started for camp. On the way, Chappo, Geronimo's son, overtook us and, after riding for awhile, in answer to my question said that he had his father's permission to stay close by me that night. But our scouts and Chappo's people had never been friendly. There was great chance of his getting a knife in him during the night; and as that would never do I explained the matter to him and bade him return, telling his father why he was sent back. I found later that my action had a favorable effect on the band.

Arrived at our camp, I narrated to Lawton all that had happened that day.

V

The next morning, the pickets passed a call for "Bay-chen-day-sen," my pet name among the Apaches, meaning "Long Nose." With the interpreters, I met Natchez, Geronimo and several of the band some hundreds of yards from camp. Geronimo wanted me to repeat at length my description of General Miles. When I had done so he stated that their whole party, twenty-four men, fourteen women and children, would go and meet the General and surrender to him. They asked that Lawton's command act as a protection to them from other troops during the journey. Other conditions were that they should retain their arms until the formal surrender, that individuals of either party should have the freedom of the other's camp, and that I should march with them and sleep in their camp. These terms were agreed to between us; and then we all entered the camp where, upon explanation of the whole matter to Lawton, he approved the agreement.

The rest of the hostiles moved down near us, General Miles was informed of the situation and a place of meeting designated; and we started for the United States that same day, August 25th.

The next afternoon, as we halted to camp, the disappointed Mexican commander from Fronteras suddenly appeared very close, with about two hundred infantry, and created a stampede among our new friends. While Lawton's command remained to parley with the Mexicans, I fled with the Indians northward for eight or ten miles; then halted to observe developments behind us. Soon a courier arrived saying that Lawton had arranged a meeting between Geronimo and the Mexican commander, so that the latter could assure himself that the Indians really intended to surrender to the Americans.

It was only with great difficulty that we persuaded the Indians to a meeting; they wanted nothing to do with the Mexicans; but finally arrangements were agreed upon. A new camp was established near where we were, and soon the Prefect, with an escort of seven armed men, arrived. Then, Geronimo, with his party, came through the bushes, all heavily armed, very alert and suspicious.

As I introduced Geronimo to the Prefect, the latter shoved his revolver around to the front. Instantly, Geronimo halfdrew his, and a most fiendish expression came over his face—the whites of his eyes at the same time turning red. But the Mexican put his hands behind him; Geronimo let his revolver slide back into its holster, and the danger of serious trouble was past.

The Prefect asked Geronimo why he had not surrendered at Fronteras. "Because I did not want to be murdered," retorted the latter.

"Are you going to surrender to the Americans?"

"I am; for I can trust them not to murder me and my people."

"Then I shall go along and see that you do surrender."

"No," shouted Geronimo, "you are going south and I am going north."

And so it was; except that a Mexican soldier came with us, and returned eventually to his superior with official notice from General Miles that the much dreaded Chiricahuans had been sent to Florida.

VI

A day or two later—our party had been marching several miles ahead of Lawton's command—we halted early for camp and waited for the pack train to catch up with our supper rations. But hour after hour went by and no pack-train—nor command. Lawton, who was with us that day, became anxious



GERONIMO

and went back to hunt them up, leaving Lieutenant T. J. Clay, Surgeon L. Wood and a soldier with us.

Dinner time came and all we had for us four was one small can of condensed milk. Wandering about camp, I saw the squaw of Periquo, brother-in-law of Geronimo, preparing a tasty meal of venison, tortillas and coffee. I entered into conversation with Periquo and presented his squaw with the can of milk; and I must have looked hungrily at the food, for, with much dignity and grace, Periquo invited me to partake. Then, motioning to Clay, Wood and the soldier, he invited them also. We needed no second invitation. The dinner was well cooked and everything was clean; our host gave up his own table-ware for our use and waited on us himself, and his squaw was pleased to see us eat so heartily.

Next morning there was still no pack-train, and we learned it had wandered off many miles on a wrong trail. But our Indian charges again saw to it that we did not go hungry.

We reached Guadalupe Canyon on the boundary line. Some months previously the hostiles had killed three or four troopers of a detachment stationed here. Both parties started to go into camp near the springs which are the only water within several miles when, suddenly, our Indians, who had manifested uneasiness since their arrival, began to mount their ponies and leave camp, women and children going first. Then I learned that some of the command had become inflamed with angry desires for vengeance for the killing of their comrades and were proposing to attack the Indians. Lawton was temporarily absent.

Seeing Geronimo going up the trail, I immediately rode after him; but out of the canyon they all took up a lively trot, and I had to gallop my mule to overtake the old man. The troops having followed slowly without any hostile move, we came down to a walk. After some conversation, Geronimo asked me what I would do if the troops fired upon his people. I replied that I would try to stop it, but, failing that, would run away with him. Natchez, who had joined us, said, "Better stay right with us lest some of our men believe you treacherous and kill you."

I cautioned them to keep the best possible look-out for any of the numerous bodies of troops in that region. We went a few miles farther, and, Lawton having returned, camped, but spent an uneasy night.

Through all this, as well as previously on several occasions, the Indians had been urging me to run away with them into the

mountains near Fort Bowie, to get into communication with General Miles direct. But I knew the General was not at Bowie, and I feared that if I left them to locate him they might easily be attacked by one of our many columns or by the Mexicans and run out of the country; so I argued strongly against their plan.

Our troubles were not over, for the next day there was again some hot headed talk of killing Geronimo. Present conditions were difficult for me, if not impossible; so I told Lawton I wished to join another command, that I had been ordered simply to deliver a message, and had done that and more was not required. He stressed the necessity of my remaining, spoke of the "trouble" we would both be in if the Indians left, and wound up by saying that he would if necessary use force to keep me. I stayed.

VII

About the last of August, we arrived at Skeleton Canyon, Arizona, and General Miles came September 3rd. Geronimo lost no time in being presented; and the General confirmed the terms of surrender. Geronimo turned to me, smiled, and said in Apache, "Good, you told the truth!"

Then he shook hands with General Miles and said that no matter what the others did he was going with him.

But in the meantime, Natchez with most of the band was several miles out in the mountains, mourning for his brother who had gone back to Mexico a few days before for a favorite horse and who, he feared, had been killed. Since Natchez was the real chief, and Geronimo only his Secretary of State, his presence was necessary to complete the surrender. At Geronimo's suggestion, I took the interpreters and the two Scouts and accompanied him to Natchez' camp. There I explained to Natchez that the big chief, General Miles, had arrived and that, among the Whites, a family affair like a brother's absence was never allowed to interfere with official matters. He said that, although it was hard for him to come before he knew his brother's fate, he wished to avoid any seeming disrespect to the big chief and therefore would come at once. He gathered his people together, came in and was as much pleased with General Miles as was Geronimo.

General Miles wanted to take the two leaders on ahead with him to Bowie, thus separating them from their band. But they were still very suspicious, or had been up to that time, and it required no little diplomacy to get them to consent, which they finally did. They made the trip in one day—the rest of us tak-



NATCHEZ AND WIFE

ing three. The surrender of Geronimo and his band was complete!

From Bowie the Indians were sent to Florida, after a delay in Texas; and finally were removed to Alabama—for them a grimly suggestive name, for it means, "Here We Rest."

Postscript

Lieutenant Gatewood's narrative, written before 1896, ends here.

All of the Chiricahua tribe, the loyal and peaceful as well as the recalcitrant, were sent to Florida. For a long time, the men were confined separately from their families. Their meager wealth brought from Arizona was soon dissipated, without provision for them to acquire more or to do honest labor. Used to long sustained marches across vast stretches of territory, they were cooped closely in restricted quarters without sufficient natural exercise. Their light and scanty clothing received but few additions, and they suffered from cold and attendant sickness in the damp chill of the Gulf Coast winters. In that moist climate, so different from that of Arizona, they readily contracted pulmonary diseases from which in about three years a fourth of them were dead. Misfortune and tragedy fell heaviest upon the little children. If this was just retribution to some, it was injustice for many who had long been peaceful and had helped ably to bring the war to an end. It should be said that those charged with their immediate care did all for their miseries that the means provided would allow.

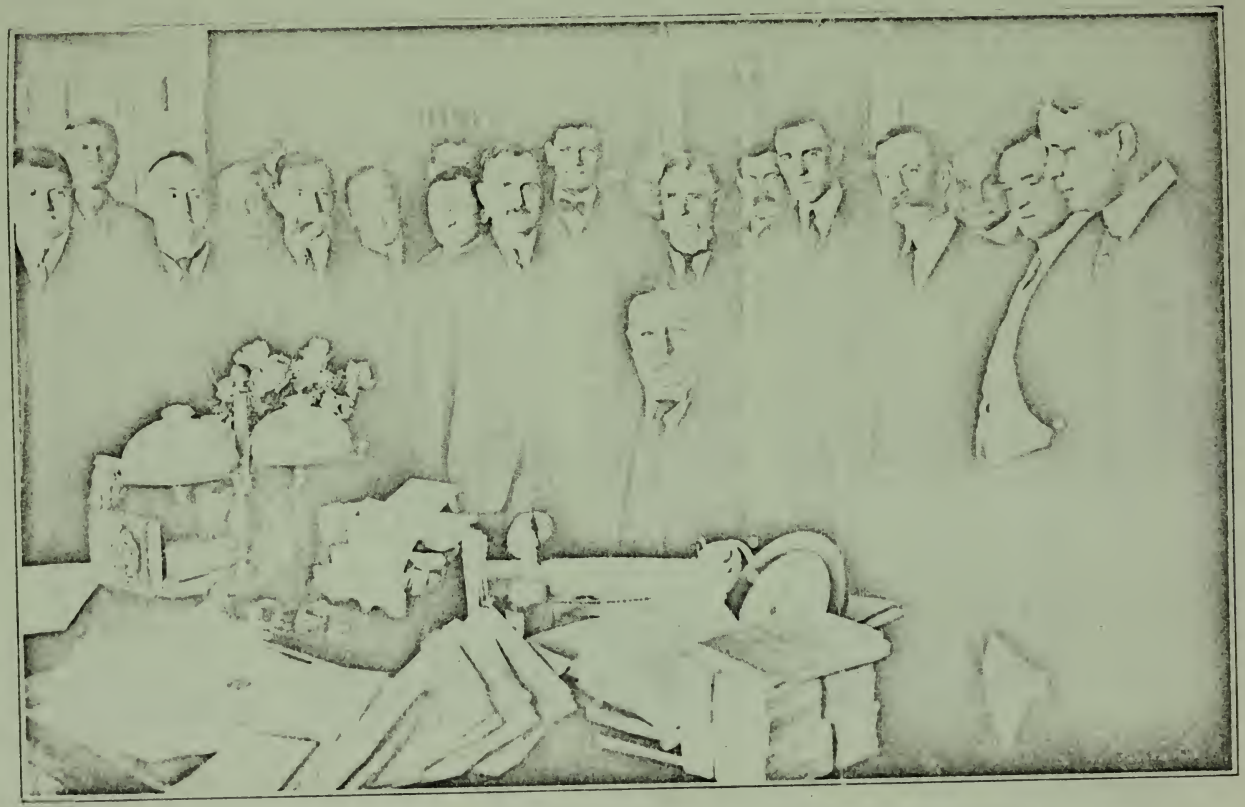
At length, their condition prompted one or more Congressional investigations which finally secured for them more humane living conditions, and later a removal to Oklahoma. In 1914, some were allowed to return toward their old homes as far as the Mescalero Reservation in New Mexico.

The two faithful scouts, Martine and Kayitah, without whose services the surrender might not have been accomplished, were sent to Florida with the men they had hunted. In 1927, after waiting forty-one years for any sort of reward or recognition for those services, they were finally granted the small pensions to which their military enlistments had long entitled them.

George Wratten died several years ago, after many years' service as interpreter for the exiled Apaches. Frank Huston, at last accounts, was still living, as were several of the old troopers who were temporary members of Gatewood's expedition.

It has required time and labor to obtain separate and independent proofs of all the principal happenings told of in this narrative of Gatewood's—a narrative at variance with many accounts of this same incident that have been published—but finally all such proofs have been assembled complete.

Our Apaches of today are submissive, law-abiding and industrious where once they ruled practically supreme by terrorism and robbery. For three hundred years and more, they defied the advance of civilization and maintained against all comers their arrogant dominance over an immense country.The surrender of that last little band under Chief Natchez (erroneously spoken of as Geronimo's band) extinguished the last flicker of effort on the part of the Apache nation to regain that proud position.



President Taft signing Arizona Statehood Bill. Don Lorenzo Hubbell standing just back of the president

DON LORENZO HUBBELL OF GANADO

By DOROTHY CHALLIS MOTT

The most picturesque of the pioneers of Arizona, the greatest of its Indian traders, beloved by Indian and white man alike. John Lorenzo Hubbell, "Don" in tribute to his gentle courtesy, was born in Pajarito, New Mexico Territory, November 27, 1853. His father was James Lawrence Hubbell and his mother was Julianita Gutierrez. On his father's side, he traced his ancestry to the stalwart Danes of the time of Alfred the Great. The name was then Huba. Huba with his followers crossed to England and there fortified himself upon a hill which became then Huba's hill. Time has done the rest until today the name is Hubbell.

On his mother's side he was Spanish, his mother having been the daughter of an aristocratic Spanish family. The mixture of the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon accounted, to those who knew Don Lorenzo intimately, for the seemingly irreconcilable characteristics of his nature. He was a worker and a doer, yet he possessed that easy graciousness so inate in the gentlemen of the old world.

Heavy with the spirit of adventure, his nature shot through with wanderlust, Don Lorenzo was nevertheless the builder, for he settled, finally after many journeys across Northern Arizona and adjoining country, at the cross roads which eventually became Ganado, his home for many years. Here was the rambling old hacienda, famous among kindred wanderers as the seat of hospitality. Here was the trading post, known to all of Navajoland as the center of trade and the resting place of honesty and fair dealing in trade between Indian and white man. Here were the few dwellings of those who helped to make the little town something more than just a tiny spot in a desolate waste.

In 1879, Don Lorenzo was married to Miss Lina Rubic, daughter of Cruz and Tafoya Reyes Rubic, who in turn were descendants of Spanish-American pioneers, natives of the southwest since the sixteenth century. To them were born four children, two boys, Lorenzo, Jr., who makes his home at Oraibi, and Ramon, who lives at Ganado; and two girls, Mrs. Barbara Goodman, of Ganado, and Mrs. Adele Parker, of Ganado. There are several grandchildren.

Lorenzo, Jr., and Ramon carry on. Both are traders, building friendships with the Navajo just as their father did before them. They are loved as he was loved, because of him and because of themselves and those principles of fair dealing which were inculcated in them by their father.

Don Lorenzo's life was, in many respects, a saga of the Old West. It began when he set out from Albuquerque on horseback for Utah Territory. He had learned Spanish before English, but had been sent to school in Santa Fe, to Farley's Presbyterian School, where he stayed four years. Following that, he held a clerkship in the Albuquerque postoffice. From his salary of $40 a month, he saved, and with these savings bought the horse with which he started for Utah.

His first stop on this westward journey was Kanab, Utah, some 500 miles from Albuquerque. Those miles were beset with dangers. There were very few settlements and those were small. There was little water and practically no place where diminishing supplies could be replenished. Indians were everywhere. But Don Lorenzo got through in the same manner in which in later years he "got through" other difficult things.

He met, not long after, John D. Lee, of Lee's Ferry fame, and presently drifted back to Kanab where, in 1872, he was employed as a clerk in a trading post. It was here that his first knowledge of the Navajo was gained, that insight on which was founded the success of his later years. Here, at this outpost of civilization (for it was then the end of the telegraph line), he learned his first words of the Navajo language.

Soon the tempestuous side of his nature involved him in difficulties, and it became necessary for him to leave. He had several bullet wounds in leg and body when he set out for parts unknown. Sick with fever, foot sort, and weak with wandering, he stumbled one day into the camp of Piute Indians. They nursed him back to health.

This act of kindness was one which Don Lorenzo never forgot. He cherished always a kindly feeling for these red skinned brothers and their squaws who saved his life.

His restless spirit would not let him stay with the Piutes, although urged to do so. So he set his face southward into the Hopi country. Before reaching Hopiland he had to cross the dangerous Colorado River and the only way it could be crossed was by swimming—a feat which few if any would attempt today.

After careful calculation, Don Lorenzo plunged his horse into the swirling waters, grasping its tail. The two swam to

the opposite shore, landing almost exactly where Lorenzo calculated. After riding through the barren but beautiful country surrounding Hopiland, he finally came upon their mesas, made friends with them, learned a word or two—enough to make himself understood—and won their complete confidence. This was in the spring of 1873. In August of that year, he witnessed the Hopi snake ceremonial, their prayer for rain most sacred of their rites. He saw them wash the snakes in the kiva; he saw their incantations; he saw them loose the snakes to the four corners to carry the messages to the rain gods. He was, probably, the first white man to witness the complete ceremonial.

This in itself is indicative of his way with the Indians. For, in 1873, there were still turbulent times with the Navajo, and the Apaches were still unsubdued. Since Father Garces and his immediate followers, there had been little trouble with the Hopi but they are inately an esoteric tribe and for Don Lorenzo to have won his way to their hearts was a feat.

From 1873 to 1876, Don Lorenzo wandered back and forth across the Indian country, learning the ways of the Hopi, learning more of the language of the Navajo. Finally he returned to New Mexico, bought a trader's stock and set forth again for Arizona. Then began the legend of the mesquite tree.

While crossing the country, at the exact spot where his hacienda stands, he was attacked by a band of hostile Navajo. They had been on the warpath, more or less, for some time, but their attack on the trader was more in the spirit of a lark. Here were goods to be had for the taking, for no armed guard accompanied this trader. They swooped down upon him, and powerless to prevent it, he was made prisoner. After examining his wares, the Indians decided to make a full day of it and burn him at the stake. There being nothing more suitable at hand, they tied him to a mesquite tree, piled the fagots at his feet and were making ready to burn him when another band of marauding Navajo approached.

Shouts of greeting were exchanged and the newcomers joined in the merrymaking. Suddenly, without warning, the rawhide thongs which bound Don Lorenzo to the mesquite were slashed, and to his amazement, a stalwart Indian buck stood in front of him and said:

"You no kill him. He my brother."

For the moment Don Lorenzo, though grateful for his release, could not understand.

Then the Navajo told his story, an incident which Don Lorenzo had all but forgotten.

It seemed that some time before, Don Lorenzo had saved the Indian from drowning in the Colorado River. The Indian, with friends, had attempted to swim the river—and Indians are notoriously poor swimmers. In mid-river, after the others of the group had crossed, the buck's horse had slipped and fallen, then floundered about on the rocks until he had broken his master's arm. The Indian was powerless. Don Lorenzo, on the bank, plunged in, swimming quickly and deftly to the Indian's side, and dragged him ashore.

That was all. But the Indian never forgot this act of bravery and kindness; his own people would have let him drown rather than attempt the precarious rescue.

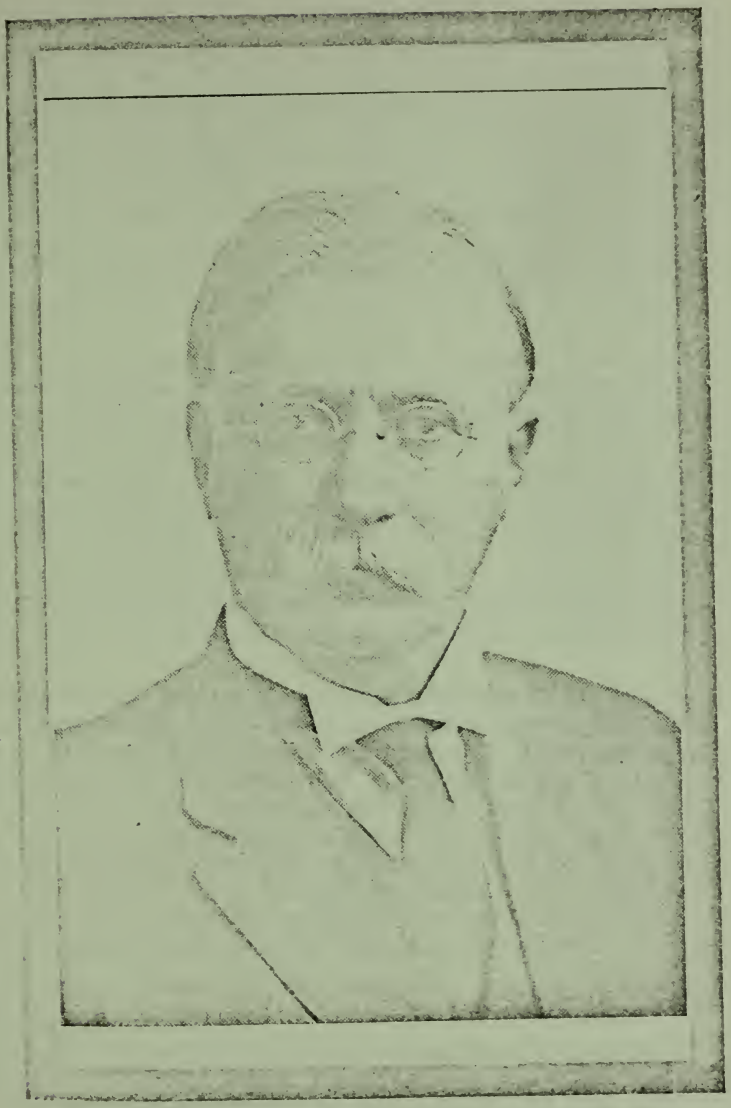
"He my brother. Look well at him. Always, he my brother. He your brother. What is yours is his."

After many grunts, the Indians, one by one, filed past the amazed man, peered deeply at his face, returned what of his wares they had stolen from him, helped repack them, and sent him on his way. This was the foundation of Don Lorenzo Hubbell's friendship with every Navajo of the tribe. Fathers told sons, and sons told their sons until each knew that he "my brother."

So he settled at the spot of the mesquite tree. It was a convenient location, too, being at the cross roads, so to speak. When he came to it, it was known as "Lu-ka'nt-quel," later as Pueblo Colorado, and then by its present name, Ganado.

So far as is known, Don Lorenzo was the only land-owner on the Navajo Indian reservation. He homesteaded the land before the limits of the reservation were extended, but as no provision was made for him at the time of the extension, he had some difficulty in establishing claim to his land. It was finally accomplished after many trips to Washington, and his life-long friend, Theodore Roosevelt, signed the bill—for it took an act of Congress to clear the title—which made his homestead safe.

Following the firm establishment of his business came his marriage and activity in political life. He was elected sheriff of Apache county in 1882 and spent many harrowing months in that office. He has related many times how for a year or more his whole family slept only behind barricaded doors and windows for fear of being shot. He was ambushed many times, but never seriously hurt. Following his two terms as sheriff, he served in the territorial assembly as assemblyman from his coun-



Don Lorenzo Hubbell

ty. He was elected senator from his county to the first state legislature of Arizona, which convened in 1912.

The first home to which Don Lorenzo brought his bride was built of logs as was the fashion then. Later was built the famous, rambling old ranch house of stone with its huge dining room which has been the meeting place for rich and poor, Indian and white man for more than fifty years. The roll of those who have dined with Don Lorenzo and his family sometime during those years reads like a catalogue of the greatest painters, sculptors, writers, scientists and statesmen of the age. Those seeking information of the Navajo knew no better place to go, for here was a man who could tell them accurately all they wanted to know.

There were never paying guests at Ganado. Those who came were the guests of Don Lorenzo. Many times there have been forty or more who sat at table with him and his family. He fed as many as 300 Indians who came to consult with him.

To the white man he was a charming host, a dispenser of hospitality and information. To the red man he was counsellor, guide, judge and friend. All their troubles they brought to him.

He learned Navajo so that he spoke it as one of them. There was never need for an interpreter, never a chance for misunderstanding. Their troubles were his troubles and he aided them with his advice.

Whenever the federal government, through ignorance, issued an order which was contrary to Navajo custom, Don Lorenzo was given the task of straightening it out. This happened once when an order was issued that all Navajo bucks must cut their hair. They were caught by the Indian agents, tied with bailing wire and their locks forcibly cut with sheep shears. To the Navajo, this was nothing short of sacrilege, as his hair is a part of his religion. Don Lorenzo understood. He wired to Washington to the Great White Father who was also his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, and the order was quickly rescinded.

This is one example. Many times Don Lorenzo so served his friends.

His home is a veritable museum. Some of the finest works of the world's best known artists hang upon its walls, for never did one depart without leaving a gift, a tribute to this man's generosity and kindness. Always, too, they went away with some priceless bit of Indian work, a blanket, a bit of jewelry, a piece of pottery, a basket, for the Indians gave him much.

This same home houses what is perhaps one of the finest collection of Indian handicraft in the whole state—blankets which are now almost priceless, baskets whose makers are long dead, pottery of exquisite workmanship, silver jewelry set with turquoise, delicate and beautiful in its design and workmanship. He also made a collection of prehistoric handicraft of the Pueblo Indians which is to be envied.

The Indians of Navajoland owe much of their present prosperity and happiness to Don Lorenzo for it was he who taught them that their wares had a marketable value. He rode from one end of the reservation to the other gathering rugs, bracelets, and other articles of their making, took them to Ganado and shipped them by ox team to Fort Dodge, Kansas—the nearest railroad point in early years.

Finally, they understood that these goods could be traded for other things which they needed in their lives, so they brought him all their surplus stocks, knowing that for a dollar's worth of wool they would receive a dollar's worth of trade. The secret of Don Lorenzo's success as a trader was his scrupulous honesty. Full value and often a little more, the Indians received from him. On wool and hides and perishables, Don Lorenzo always took the risk of spoilage himself, never making the Indians pay for goods that reached their destination unsalable.

He was friend to all the Indians, not only the Navajo. He knew Geronimo intimately and Victorio and Mangus Colorado, all of them renegades, but who at one time or another stayed their raiding because of counsel from Don Lorenzo.

Among the Navajo, his closest friend was Chief Many Horses who loved him as a brother. Chief Many Horses sat long and often with him, silently, over a pipe.

Chief Many Horses died a few years ago, and his dying wish was that he be buried on Hubbell Hill, not far from the hacienda, and that Don Lorenzo come to rest, some day, beside him, so that those long silent watches together might continue.

And so it was.

Don Lorenzo rests now, beside Senora Lina on one side and beside Chief Many Horses on the other.

Three years ago, the long and active career of this noble gentleman came to a close as he suffered a stroke of paralysis. He partially recovered but never to the point of activity he had previously known. He watched and waited, for he knew his years were numbered, and he was happy to travel the path so many had trod before him.

His death was hastened by a second stroke, and so, on November 11, 1930, the last page was written. As the news spread, drums were heard in every part of the reservation, sounding the funeral dirge of the Navajo, for all mourned him. Soon they began to gather, one by one, two by two, in larger groups, to pay the last tribute to their dead friend and leader.

Don Lorenzo was a devout Catholic, but there was no church at Ganado. The nearest priest was 40 miles from Ganado, at St. Michaels, but he was summoned and made the torturous journey over the rough country between St. Michaels and Ganado.

The children and friends gathered, the last rites were said, and at St. Michaels the church bells told of his departing.

As if rebelling against the death of one so loved, the elements gathered together in mighty protest, for Don Lorenzo was buried in the first and worst storm of the winter season. But, mindful of their duty, the little group filed out of the home Don Lorenzo loved so well, past the walled mesquite tree and up the rocky path to the place that Don Lorenzo's eye had marked so many years.

A few simple words, a prayer, and he was left to rest peacefully beside his loved ones.

When the little company filed back to the long living room to stand before the great log fire and try to recover from the chill which was on their hearts and their bodies, a Navajo, long a friend of Don Lorenzo's, came and stood before them. He said simply:

"You wear out your shoes, you buy another pair;
When the food is all gone, you buy more;
You gather melons, and more will grow on the vine;
You grind your corn and make bread, which you eat;
And next year you have plenty more corn.
But my friend Lorenzo is gone, and none to take his place."

THE TWENTY-DOLLAR DUMMIES

A TRUE STORY OF AN EARLY DAY ARIZONA HOLD-UP.

As Related to the Writer by One of the Victims.

By CON P. CRONIN

It was one of those soft, drowsy nights in middle June, in the early nineties, all the joints were full, and the Plantation, "Honest John" Shanssey's saloon and gambling house in Yuma, had a big play. The bar was right off the street, about twenty feet long, and immediately in the rear and separated by a slight frame partition, was the gambling room. Along the west wall were two windows, wide open, the weather being warm. The faro layouts were side by side, and next to them was a Klondyke game. Across the room was the roulette wheel, and a regulation crap table. All the games were well patronized, as were also the three card tables down through the middle of the room. Four of us were playing solo at the last table, I was dealing, when suddenly sounded a sharp cry,—"Hands up you —— — ——!" followed by an earthquake stillness. Harry Carpenter, opposite me, apparently did not hear until "You too, Harry!" brought him up. One man with a blue polka dot handkerchief covering his face from the eyes down stood right in the doorway from the bar, with the Kid, the early shift bar-tender, in front of him, reaching for the ceiling. The second man, masked in a similar manner, and with a new meal sack in his left hand, gun in his right, made for the nearest faro table, where "One Eye George" Lanham was dealing. He cleaned that quickly, pushing the layout into George's lap, with the injunction to keep them up. The second faro table was as quickly cleaned, the number one man in the meantime having lined all the players up and down the center of the room. The clean-up man was stepping toward the Klondyke table when things happened, happened so quickly that of the fifty or sixty men present no two told the same story in the days that followed. The Klondyke dealer's name I have forgotten; anyway he was an old timer, well past seventy, a real gentleman of the old school, refined and scholarly and a student and constant reader of the old testament. He was a mystery to everyone who knew him, had drifted into Yuma a few years before, banked his own game, associated with no one, never drank, opened his game at four in the afternoon and no matter how heavy the play closed his game on the dot of two A. M.

regularly. This was all that was ever known of him excepting that he was never without a G. A. R. button.

It looked to me like one of those eighteenth century derringers, one that you poured the powder into and packed down before you put the ball in. Anyway, the clean-up man was not more than five or six feet away, headed directly for him and his game, when from somewhere he pulled this old-fashioned gun of his and fired and seemingly all in one movement did a back turn out of the open window behind. It sure sounded like a cannon,—and like the echo the hold-up man got into action. I forgot to relate that the only man in the house not in the attitude of higher elevation was old Harry Leonard, sleeping off an early jag, back of the Sibley stove that hadn't been removed for the summer. The clean-up man was surely a novice with a gun as Harry was sitting at almost right angles from where the dealer went through the window. Harry was fat, hog fat, at the time, which added to the spice of comedy I have noticed always accompanied any kind of vigorous action in the early days. The bullet from the hold-up man's gun struck Harry about two inches below the shoulder blades and plowed a furrow right under the skin right across his back. Harry hit the floor bellowing like a bull, and I always thought it was his action and voice that stampeded the pair. Anyway, they quit right there, their job only half done, leaving a thousand dollars or more on the wheel, which always had a good play and carried a good bank roll. They backed out the way they came in and although the entire play didn't take three minutes 'twas a wonder that some one of the boys did not get them as all the old timers packed guns in those days and came piling in both the front and back ways by the time the bunch that was held up commenced milling. They made a clean get-away.

Well, it wasn't long until all the peace officers of the town and the sheriff's office were on the job, and about a half hundred volunteer deputies besides. The round up brought in about the sorriest assortment of bums and 'boes that the old jail ever saw. There was not one of the twenty-five or thirty gathered in that had the nerve to hold up a bucket of suds, let alone a gambling house full of he-men! The hold up occurred as I remember it now, about eleven o'clock in the evening and the word went out to bring in every stranger overtaken, whether he could account for himself or not. Along towards two in the morning a couple of the boys picked up two men that answered the descriptin as to "the tall man and the short man," near the coal bins, just as a local freight was going east. They were just

ready to swing under when stuck up and pretended much surprise at their rough usage. Hogan and McCann, hard rock miners from Fortuna, who had been in town for a week, had blown their wad, and were, they explained, on their way back to the fifteen hundred foot level for another stake.

* * * * * * * * * *

The trial of Hogan and McCann was the feature of the fall term of court. The evidence disclosed that the men had been pals and had worked at Fortuna Mine for nearly a year, that they had been saving up for months for a trip outside and had come to Yuma about a week before the hold-up well fixed in cash. Both had drunk heavily and had played the wheel and faro bank steadily until the evening before the incident at the Plantation, and the wheel man at the Place testified that when Hogan lost his last bet he remarked to his side-kick, "There's only one way to win from these guys!" Archie Priest, the outside guard at the county jail testified under oath that he had listened at the bull pen, where the men spent their evenings on account of the intense heat of the long summer, and had heard McCann remark to Hogan one evening, "'Twas a lucky thing we cached those guns, or they'd a hung it on us!" The prisoners accounted for their time between nine o'clock on the evening of the hold-up and the moment of their arrest by stating that they were both soused and had crawled into the coal bins at the freight yards to sleep it off and were preparing to beat it out to camp when arrested. The district attorney admitted that their smutty appearance would indicate personal contact with the coal bins but argued that the coal bins was their hide out after the hold-up. The prisoners were lucky in having one of the best criminal lawyers in the territory at that time to defend them, old Sam Purdy. Sam took the stand as a witness for the defense and testified that he would not believe Archie Priest under oath. "Honest John" Shanssey testified that his losses were between twenty-four and twenty-five hundred dollars, stating the approximate sums in gold and silver. When he stated his total losses Sam Purdy flashed a look at his clients that I afterwards interpreted to mean "are you fellows holding out on me?" A dozen witnesses who were present at the hold-up testified that the prisoners answered the general appearance of the robbers but old Sam Purdy was at his best, put everything he had on the ball and after being out about ten hours the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

* * * * * * * * * *

If Bob Hathaway had remained sober and kept out of the pen the identity of the hold-up men would always have remained a mystery. Bob was also a deep-sea miner and a sidekick of McCann and Hogan at Fortuna. On his way to Yuma to attend the trial of his pals he tanked up too much at Blaisdell, got on the train going east instead of west and when he woke up at Tucson was so peeved that he tried to clean up on the train crew, working over one of the brakemen so thoroughly that he was laid up for several weeks. An unsympathetic judge gave Bob one year in the pen at Yuma, at about the same time that McCann and Hogan were being released from durance. So Bob finally landed in Yuma but not as an aid and ally to his friends and pals.

Bob had been "in" about four months, was a trusty and the boys were circulating a petition for his pardon when McCann and Hogan quit their jobs at the mine and stopped over a day at Yuma on their way to the coast and found no difficulty in effecting a visit with Bob. Things were free and easy, even in the pen, those days. They left town on number nine that night not, however, without visiting the Plantation and setting them up for about a dozen bar flies present.

A kind-hearted governor turned Bob loose about six weeks after the visit of his former pals, after his promise to abstain from red eye and to make it back to the mines on the first train out. After six months in the territorial penitentiary, however, Bob just had to have some little relaxation. Along towards nine o'clock in the evening he wound up at the Plantation and insisted that "Honest John" Shanssey relate to him the particulars of the hold-up.

"And how much did these guys get?" says Bob casually.

"A little over twenty-four hundred dollars," says John.

"You're a dam liar, John!" says Bob. "Ye lost about eight hundred dollars, 'cause ye carried four twenty dollar dummies!"*

"I knew it! I knew it all the time!" roared "Honest John." "I knew it was those two —— — ———! George Lanham and myself were the only two men in the world that knew we carried dummies, until McCann and Hogan got 'em!"

* * * * * * * * * *

*—"Dummies. $20. Cylinder stack representing in size and shape, with milled edges, a stack of twenty dollar gold pieces. With a real $20. gold piece on top cannot be detected from a real stack of twenties." (From an old Will & Fink Sporting Goods Catalog.)

APACHE MISRULE

A Bungling Indian Agent Sets the Military Arm in Motion

By JOHN P. CLUM, Copyright, 1930

The official records heretofore quoted show that the SAN CARLOS APACHE police force had proved itself efficient and sufficient in the matter of the enforcement of order and discipline within their reservation from 1874 to 1880; that the great body of Apaches on that reservation were quiet and obedient during said period; that the troops were removed from the reservation in October, 1875, and were not recalled at any time up to or during 1880.

There was, however, one serious affair that occurred during the period above referred to, the exact cause of which I have not been able to ascertain. This was the breaking away from the reservation of more than half of the 453 Indians whom I brought over from Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, and located in the Gila Valley near the San Carlos sub-agency in May, 1877.

In his annual report for 1878, Agent H. L. Hart mentions this outbreak briefly as follows:

> "On September 2, 1877, about 300 of the Warm Springs Indians left the reservation, taking with them a number of animals belonging to other Indians. They were followed by the police and Indian volunteers, and nearly all of the stock they had was captured, and 13 Indians killed, and 31 women and children brought back as prisoners by the different parties that went in pursuit. The Warm Springs Indians shortly after surrendered to the military authorities at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and have since been fed as prisoners of war at Hot Springs, New Mexico."

This record is supplemented by Brig. Gen. John Pope in his annual report dated October 4, 1878, as follows:

> "The Apaches, who broke away last year from the San Carlos Agency, in Arizona, and were recaptured by the troops from this Department, are now in process of removal again to the San Carlos Agency. They have given no trouble since they have been recaptured, and I think will give none at the agency to which they are now en route."

*(Note: See pages 44 to 47, Arizona Historical Review for July, 1928.)

Agent Hart does not give any reason why these Indians left the reservation; neither does he intimate that the truants resisted their pursuers, nor that they committed any depredations prior to their surrender at Fort Wingate, New Mexico.

General Pope says these Indians were "recaptured," but he does not give any details concerning this achievement by his troops. He simply says that after the "recapture" they did not give anyone any trouble, and he did not think they would give anyone any trouble in the future—thus recording his official declaration that these Indians were peaceable, orderly and obedient, and that he believed they would remain so.

I have already presented an account of my removal of these Indians in 1877.* At that time they readily agreed to go to San Carlos, and their conduct during the progress of that removal was peaceable, orderly and obedient. Then why did a majority of this tribe break away from the reservation on September 2, 1877? It will be remembered that I discovered a severe case of smallpox the morning we left Ojo Caliente, and that other cases developed while en route to Arizona, and I recall that the disease persisted with more or less fatal effect among this band for some time after their arrival at San Carlos. Inasmuch as these Indians fled from the reservation less than four months after their arrival, and only two months after my retirement as agent, it is not improbable that they grew restive because of the direful effects of the smallpox and a belief that their new location was unhealthful, and taking advantage of the unsettled conditions incident to the change of agents, that a majority of the Warm Springs band fled from the reservation in the hope that they might thus escape from the ravages of the dreaded disease.

The fact that the Warm Springs Apaches were removed to San Carlos in the spring of 1877 without the slightest difficulty, and the further fact that "about 300" of these same Indians gave no trouble while under the surveillance of the New Mexico troops from September, 1877, to October, 1878, would seem to justify General Pope's opinion that they would give no trouble in the future—provided, of course, that they were given firm, intelligent and sympathetic direction. The above facts would also seem to justify the conclusion that the very serious trouble experienced with the Warm Springs Indians between 1881 and 1886 was the direct result of flagrant mis-rule.

*(Note: See pages 36 to 47, Arizona Historical Review for July, 1928.)

During the summer of 1881 Agent Tiffany committed a stupid and stupendous administrative blunder which interrupted the seven years of peace, spread consternation and unrest throughout the reservation, and precipitated an outbreak of the Chiricahuas, the penalties and sacrifices of which were suffered and endured by the pioneer citizens of Arizona and New Mexico and the great mass of orderly disposed Apaches upon the reservation for more than a decade thereafter.

This miserable blundering was of a two-fold character. His first grave offense was his failure to send the San Carlos Agency police to quell* an alleged threatened uprising in the northern section of the reservation, instigated by a fanatical Apache medicine-man, and his second—and much graver offence, was the dispatch of an official communication to the commanding officer at Fort Apache on August 14—demanding that troops be sent upon the reservation for police duty in the matter of the arrest of the insubordinate hoo-doo medicine-man.

This demand was complied with and Nock-e-da-klinny, the medicine-man, was arrested without resistance on August 30 and conveyed part way to Fort Apache. But when the troops halted for the night the camp was attacked by some of their own Indian scouts, and in the fight that ensued Captain E. C. Hentig, four soldiers and the Indian medicine-man were killed, and three soldiers fatally wounded. It was inevitable that the news of this clash between the mutinous scouts and the troops should cause much excitement, and even alarm among the White Mountain Apaches, but they did not indulge in any acts of insubordination.

These exceedingly disastrous results were accomplished the very first day the troops were invited back upon the reservation for police duty. And although there was no outbreak of the White Mountain Apaches, and no hostiles upon the reservation, excepting the small faction of mutinous military scouts belonging to the detachment stationed at Fort Apache, the most alarming rumors of an impending Apache war were broadcast throughout the country. Forthwith, General Willcox, commanding the Department of Arizona, telegraphed to the east and to the west for reinforcements, with the result that twenty-two companies of troops—eleven from New Mexico, and eleven

*(Note: See pages 17 to 20, Arizona Historical Review for October, 1928.)

from California (which included three batteries of artillery) were rushed into Arizona "on detached service against hostile Apaches." I was then publishing the Epitaph at Tombstone, and I well remember the military blare that the Apaches were to be exterminated.

The military arm had been set in motion with a vengeance. The troops concentrated in the Gila Valley at San Carlos and Camp Thomas, and were maneuvered so effectively that they succeeded in driving Geronimo and Nah-chee with their bands of Chiricahuas from the reservation on September 30—exactly one month after the troops had been returned to the reservation for the specific purpose of arresting the medicine-man on the Cibicu, sixty or seventy miles distant from the Chiricahua camp at the sub-agency on the Gila.

The annual report submitted by Agent Tiffany for 1881 is dated "September sixth"—just one week after the fatal clash between the troops and the Indians in the Cibicu Country. From that report we quote the following paragraph:

> "The police force of scouts have been, as usual, very efficient and useful; indeed, this agency could not be kept in its present quiet state without them. They fear no danger, are quick and obedient, have rendered efficient service in breaking up tiswin parties, and have destroyed at least 2,000 gallons of this villainous drink. They have scouted this reservation as it never has been policed before, and the force is a terror to evil-doers and run-aways. I have too few of them. Too much praise cannot be given them."

The above enthusiastic endorsement of the agency police was penned by Agent Tiffany only a few days after the troops, at his request, had entered the reservation for duty that should have been performed by the agency police; an officer and seven soldiers had been killed upon the reservation by Apaches; twenty-two companies of troops were being rushed to Arizona as reinforcements to aid in quelling an alleged uprising among Indians belonging to the San Carlos Agency, and yet the agent blythely states that "the agency could not be kept in its present quiet condition without them (the agency police)."

Particular attention is also invited to the extraordinary fact that although this annual report was of considerable length, Agent Tiffany has not recorded therein any details of the very important and disastrous events relative to the alleged uprising among the White Mountain Indians inspired by Nock-e-da-klinny, or of the official action taken by him—if any—for the

purpose of apprehending the vicious medicine-man and quelling the disturbance. He does not give the slightest hint as to why he did not send the agency police to arrest Nock-e-da-klinny, instead of demanding that the troops at Fort Apache should be sent upon the reservation for that purpose. In fact, the very unfortunate situation thrust upon the White Mountain Apaches, as a result of the monstrous blunder of their agent, was referred to only twice in this report—and then only in the most indifferent and casual manner.

At the beginning he says that he must write his report "from time to time as opportunity offers, for the reason that besides the regular business of the agency, the White Mountain disturbance engrosses much time and attention," and in the concluding paragraphs referring to crop returns he says, "many fields were abandoned, caused by the outbreak of the White Mountain Indians," and also that "many fields were destroyed by the military camping on them and feeding whole commands for days."

However, Agent Tiffany has inadvertantly told us that already the orderly and industrious Indians were paying the penalties for the recent invasion of the troops—at his request—through the loss of the crops they had planted and cultivated in the fields that were abandoned because of the disturbance, or that had been used as camping grounds by the military.

I have made extensive references to the annual report of Agent Tiffany for 1881 for the purpose of impressing the fact that I have searched in vain for some statement by the agent in explanation of his action in ignoring the agency police and calling upon the troops to arrest the insubordinate medicine-man—which action I have always denounced as absolutely unnecessary and most disastrous to all concerned.

Obviously, Commissioner of Indian Affairs Price had been advised of signs of unrest among the White Mountain Indians, and in his annual report for 1881 he says that in June of that year considerable excitement was occasioned among these Indians by the proposition of Nock-e-da-klinny to bring to life certain deceased warriors—provided the Indians made him numerous and valuable gifts in the form of horses, blankets, etc., and that the agent remonstrated with the Indians on the ground of the folly of the thing and the waste of their goods. The commissioner further states that both the agent and the military authorities at Fort Apache feared that the medicine-man was working on the superstitions of the Indians to bring about an outbreak.

Up there on Cibicu Creek, less than a day's journey from the San Carlos Agency, an old Indian began to "make medicine"—and some trouble. To me the story is strange and weird —but exceedingly interesting, for in all my experience with the Apaches I never knew a so-called "medicine-man" who exerted any influence—excepting upon his unfortunate patient whom he tortured with his rattle and his moans and groans.

But it appears that Nock-e-da-klinny did create some excitement with his preposterous medicine babble—thus making himself an offender against the good order and discipline of the reservation. Albert Sterling, chief of the agency police, made an investigation of conditions on the Cibicu and reported the situation as "very serious," but no steps were taken to quell the disturbance. Every circumstance confirms the opinion that upon receipt of the first news of the disturbance on the Cibicu the San Carlos Police should have been sent to the camp of the medicine-man with positive orders to arrest him—alive, IF CONVENIENT. In any emergency the police force could have been augmented to whatever strength the undertaking seemed to demand. When I removed the Chiricahuas from Apache Pass in 1876 I had with me a company of 54 Apache police, but these were "special"—the regular agency force numbered 25, and these remained at San Carlos for service on the reservation. Again, when I went into New Mexico in 1877 on the trail of Geronimo I had with me 100 Apache police—also "special." Likewise, in the summer of 1881 a sufficient force of agency police should have been dispatched with positive orders to arrest this deluded medicine-man and if the arrest had been ordered early in this hoo-doo medicine game there would have been no serious trouble. Eventually the arrest was made without resistance.

But this potent agency police force was ignored in this vital affair while the agent "REMONSTRATED" with the Indian dupes. If, instead of remonstrations, the agent had executed a few vigorous demonstrations with his agency police in the immediate presence of old Nock-e-da-klinny, he would have preserved the peace on the reservation and obviated the ugly pages of the "Cibicu War" and its distressing sequences. Unhappily, the many and severe penalties which resulted from the agent's weakness in this affair were visited upon the Apaches and not upon himself.

Commissioner Price—1881—also says: "Several of the mutinous (Fort Apache) scouts had been arrested and brought in by the agency Indian police force and delivered up to the mili-

tary." The San Carlos Police were not allowed to make the arrest of the medicine-man—but after the military had been called in and some of their own scouts had "mutinied" and precipitated the shooting which resulted in the death of Captain Hentig and seven soldiers; after the seven years of peace on the reservation had been broken, and the Indians thoroughly excited, and actual trouble begun, then—then, mark you, the agency police were called upon to apprehend the mutinous military scouts—AND THEY GOT 'EM.

It is interesting to note that Lieutenant W. H. Carter, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., who led the troops away from the San Carlos Reservation on October 27, 1875, was one of the officers who led the troops back upon the reservation on August 30, 1881. At that time Captain Adna R. Chaffee was also serving with the Sixth Cavalry in Arizona. Some years later we find Lieutenant Carter's name entered in the army roster as Major General Carter, and at the same time Captain Chaffee has become Lieutenant General Chaffee—in command of the United States Army.

In December, 1917, three years after the death of General Chaffee, Major General Carter published a volume entitled "The Life of Lieutenant General Chaffee." We are fortunate, therefore, in having this unofficial military record to aid us in arriving at the truth regarding several events in the history of the Apaches which General Carter has recorded with more or less detail in his story of the life of General Chaffee.

The conditions and circumstances which led to the fatal clash in the Cibicu country between the troops and the mutinous scouts on August 30, 1881, are presented by General Carter as follows:

> "During the summer of 1881 there appeared among the White Mountain Apaches a medicine-man named Nock-e-da-klinny, who proclaimed himself the Messiah. The oracle gradually influenced the minds of the Indians and became so infatuated with his success that he appeared to believe the truth of his own weird dreams. So long as he confined himself to ordinary incantations there was no cause for anxiety. In common with more civilized charlatans, however, he had gradually mulcted his faithful believers of much of their limited wealth.
>
> "It is neither expedient nor profitable to discuss an aimless policy which permitted license to run riot on the reservation until the Indians grew sullen and insubordinate.

"The regimental commander was at Fort Apache. Recognizing the very serious turn of affairs, he summoned the medicine-man and several prominent chiefs and heads of families and explained to them the futility of rising against the whites. The author was present at all the interviews. The advice and warnings given Nock-e-da-klinny fell on deaf ears, and he returned to his camp about forty miles back in the Indian country, where he spurned the orders of the agent to report himself at San Carlos. The deluded Indians followed him, and the excitement grew widespread.

"The time for parley and remonstrance ended when the agent made a formal demand that the military arm be set in motion and that the recalcitrant medicine-man be brought before him dead or alive.

"The story of the march, the arrest, the attempt at rescue, the hand-to-hand combat, constitutes an interesting page in the regimental history. While the medicine-man lay mortally wounded, after the rescuers had been driven off and we were preparing to bury our dead, the author examined the body and took from its receptacle the pass by authority of which Nock-e-da-klinny left the agency. The pass had expired, and the deluded Messiah had repeatedly refused to return and report himself as was required of all reservation Indians.

"There was a short, sharp campaign, but the failure of the Messiah to come back to life, as he had promised to do if killed, cooled the ardor of the White Mountain Apaches, and they rapidly drifted back to their reservation camps. Troops of the regiment made rapid marches through all the exposed districts, gradually concentrating at and near the agency, where, for some unexplained reason, the wild Chiricahuas of Ju Hoo and Geronimo, who were at the San Carlos Agency, fled toward Mexico, leaving a trail of blood and pillage to mark their hurried flight."

General Carter well knew that ever since he led the troops away from San Carlos in 1875, the agency police had maintained order and discipline throughout the reservation, and it was the failure of Agent Tiffany to employ that force promptly and effectively at the first signs of unrest among the Indians on the Cibicu that General Carter justly condemns when he says: "It is neither expedient nor profitable to discuss an aimless policy which permitted license to run riot on the reservation until the Indians grew sullen and insubordinate."

Agent Tiffany's demand that "the military arm be set in motion" against the insubordinate medicine-man was dated August 14, and it was between that date and August 30 that General Carter "summoned the medicine-man and several prominent chiefs and heads of families" for a conference, in the hope that order might be restored without recourse to force. But this proved of no avail, and Nock-e-da-klinny returned to his camp "where he spurned the orders of the agent to report himself at San Carlos."

And then on August 30, after the fight and while the medicine-man lay mortally wounded, General Carter took from his body "the pass by authority of which Nock-e-da-klinny left the agency. The pass had expired, and the deluded Messiah had repeatedly refused to report himself, as was required of all reservation Indians."

General Carter's account of the "short, sharp campaign" which followed the fight in the Cibicu country indicates that there was no actual uprising among the White Mountain Indians, and that when the medicine-man was killed the disturbance died with him, for, as the general says, "the failure of the Messiah to come back to life, as he had promised to do if killed, cooled the ardor of the White Mountain Apaches and they rapidly drifted back to their reservation camps."

The annual report of Major General Irvin McDowell, dated at the Presidio, San Francisco, Cal., October 14, 1881, contains the following interesting comments: "The fact of the troops finding the medicine-man with his people in their homes, where they had been planting corn, shows they were not then for war. I cannot concur, therefore, in denouncing their conduct as treacherous (excepting the military scouts)."

On August 17 Colonel Carr sent the following telegram to General McDowell:

> "I had directed Lieutenant Cruse to take the guns of his scouts after inspection on the 14th instant, and to say that he would keep them in his office out of the wet. They have been kept there much of the time heretofore. The scouts did not like it, and this time considered it a sign of distrust, but I could not reconcile it to my duty to have them keep their arms when there was so much and so general belief in their disposition to treachery."

General McDowell quotes this telegram in his report and then makes the following caustic comment:

"The temper of his Indian scouts being such as to make it his duty to disarm them, thus causing them to feel they were distrusted; the belief in their disposition to treachery being general, and that they could only be relied on till the next pay-day; it was injudicious, as events have shown, in Colonel Carr to take them, with arms in their hands, to aid him in the arrest of one of their leaders."

Thus it is made plain that if Agent Tiffany had sent the dependable Agency police to arrest Nock-a-de-klinny, the opportunity would not have been created for Colonel Carr to make his very grievous blunder of taking as a part of his force the armed scouts whom he felt were in sympathy with and under the spell of the defiant medicine-man. It is not remarkable that the combined blunders of the agent and the commanding officer should have precipitated actual trouble.

Brig. Gen. John Pope, in his annual report dated September 22, 1881, comments on the Cibicu episode thus:

"I was at the time in Santa Fe, N. M., where I had reasonably good opportunity to know quite fully the facts. Colonel Carr marched to the Indian village and arrested the medicine-man without resistance. He then marched back five or six miles in the direction of the post (Fort Apache) and encamped for the night, intending to return to the post the next day.

"Shortly after he reached his camp some of the Indian scouts belonging to his command came into the camp where the medicine-man was a prisoner. Captain Hentig ordered them to leave camp, and as he did so he turned to pick up his rifle, upon which the scouts, or some of them, fired a volley upon him, killing him and four enlisted men and wounding several others.

"The day after his return to the post (September 1) Carr sent out a party to bury the men wounded the day before and who had since died, and while engaged in this service the party was fired on by Indians. Lieutenant Gordon was wounded. The fire was returned by the party and the Indians driven off.

"Since that time no Indians have been seen, nor have they, so far as I can learn, committed any depredations or other acts of hostility. The whole affair had much the appearance of a sudden and altogether unpremeditated flurry, and would probably never have occurred but for the firing

of the Indian scouts on Hentig. There was certainly no concerted action or prearranged attack.

"It became known that the whole affair had been grossly exaggerated. The Navajos showed no sort of purpose to be troublesome, nor to join the White Mountain Apaches, nor, indeed, did any other Indians in Arizona or New Mexico. The last telegrams from General Willcox are to the effect that all the supposed hostiles are surrendering without firing a shot or offering any resistance, a fact indicating very clearly that the so-called attack on Carr was the result of temporary excitement, and bore no marks whatever of premeditation or intention to begin general hostilities."

General O. B. Willcox, commanding the Department of Arizona, dated his annual report from Tucson, Arizona, October 12, 1881, in which he said: "The immediate cause of the attack on Colonel Carr was the arrest of the medicine-man. The remote causes are unknown, as no grievances had ever been complained of by the White Mountain Apaches."

And yet, in the face of these facts, General Willcox tells us that additional troops were ordered to reinforce Fort Apache as early as August 13; that these "troops were ordered forward from points below and west of Camp Thomas," and that "on August 17 Colonel Carr reported that Pedro, Santo and other Indians were alarmed about a report that a BIG GUN and more troops were coming to Fort Apache."

And more troops did come to Fort Apache—ELEVEN COMPANIES from New Mexico. "Three companies of infantry and two troops of cavalry from Fort Wingate, with surplus ammunition," and these were followed by Colonel MacKenzie with six companies of the Fourth Cavalry. The troops from Fort Wingate arrived at Fort Apache on September 24, and Colonel MacKenzie and his troopers reached that post one day later—September 25. In addition to the troops from New Mexico eleven companies were sent in from California.

The "military arm" had been "set in motion," and it was necessary for the Commander of the Department of Arizona to make an official showing (at least on paper) of the necessity for, and the use made of the reinforcements which had been sent in response to his telegraphic appeal for help. This emergency was courageously met by General Willcox in his annual report above referred to, from which we quote the following paragraph: "The troops were moved to the Cibicu country in such manner and time as to drive the hostiles from their strongholds



DIABLO

Chief of the Coyotero Apaches—White Mountain Apaches

Photo made at Washington, D. C., in the latter part of 1876, when Diablo was on tour of Eastern States with Agent John P. Clum

into the folds of the reservation without a fight, and the White Mountain Indians have not struck another blow."

That reads like one of the stories in the back part of an old "Webster's Spelling Book" and is reasonably fair press agent material for consumption abroad, but as military history it is (if we say it softly) at least misleading. The honest-to-goodness facts are that the "Strongholds" of these Indians were their corn fields, and these were in the "Cibicu country"—all of which is entirely and completely and almost centrally within "the folds of the reservation." General McDowell has pointed out that the troops under Colonel Carr found "the medicine-man with his people in their homes, where they had been planting corn"—and Colonel Carr's command represented the only troops "moved to the Cibicu country." Furthermore, in the same report General Willcox tells us that these Indians never had complained of any grievances, and then, unceremoniously, he designates them as "hostiles" whom he drove "from their strongholds." Also, we have just above quoted a telegram from General Willcox to General Pope stating that all of the "supposed hostiles surrendered "without firing a shot or offering any resistance." Even the statement that "the White Mountain Indians have not struck another blow" is misleading for the reason that the only "blow" struck did not come from the mass of these Indians, but from the suspected scouts—and that blow with its disastrous results would have been avoided if Colonel Carr had disarmed his distrusted scouts and forbidden them to accompany him into the Cibicu country.

But "the military arm" had been "set in motion" and some dramatic and spectacular results must be reported, even though, later, it should become known "that the whole affair had been grossly exaggerated," as General Pope has observed.

And these exaggerated spectacular reports apparently excited General Sherman, then Commander-in-chief of the Army—so much so that he became quite savage himself, and under date of Washington, D. C., September 29, 1881, he sent the following telegram: "It would be well for the Apaches at the San Carlos Agency to realize that at any time the troops in Arizona can promptly be reinforced from the north and east. Sooner or later some considerable number of these Apaches will have to be killed by bullets rather than by rope."

It appears that General Willcox brooded a whole year over this telegram from his commander-in-chief, with the result that in his annual report dated August 31, 1882, he enlarges upon the

difficulties attending the alleged situation in and around the Cibicu country during September, 1881, on account of which he says: "We were unable to strike the savages such a blow in actual battle as the general of the army demanded, and as the country ardently looked for—no more than I did myself."

With the vicious mental attitude toward the Apaches as above officially expressed by the commander-in-chief of the army and the Commander of the Department of Arizona, we may ask, in all seriousness, what chance had these Indians for fair play, or any progress in their general welfare when "the military arm" had once been "set in motion" against them? However, it should be remembered that General Sherman was not fully advised as to the actual facts when he sent his savage telegram to General McDowell, while General Willcox was in command in the field of "operations" and had a whole year in which to evolve his report.

TO BE CONCLUDED

ANCIENT CEREMONIAL CAVES OF CENTRAL ARIZONA

(Continued)

By FRANK MITALSKY

In the first installment of this article three caves were described, which represent about one-third of those in our region now known. As many of the caves can be reached only by a long climb a-foot, the writer has not found time between his business duties to revisit them for final measurements. So let us, before describing two more, see what information we can gain from the study of the living Indian, for we find the reed-cigarette in use by many Southwestern tribes.

It seems that the cigarette plays a larger part in the ceremonial life of the Zuni than that of any other people. This may be because of the fuller published reports on that tribe, and, as these are most satisfactory, we will direct our study of the psychology of ceremonial smoking to that pueblo.

The report of Mrs. Stevenson, published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, (25th Ann. report) is particularly detailed and was chiefly used in this study.

It is hard to conceive of a people more intricately enmeshed in the ceremony of religion than the Zuni. You will shudder at the weight of its tax on their personal liberty—the amount of corn alone used in their sacred rites must have shortened the general supply and measurably increased danger of starvation. Feathered prayer-sticks (not the cigarette type) were so prodigiously used that their manufacture approached the importance of an industry and one suspects that every yard of their fields has been turned up at one time or another, so frequently were their buried offerings made. Taaiyalane and nearby mountains are infested with the rotting offerings but the faith of the depositors has not been lessened. Undoubtedly a relatively small per cent of the deposits are so situated in regard to shelter as to persist even three centuries which constitutes a prehistoric age for those of that class now discovered, so that the few caves found in Central Arizona might be survivals of a great number of former deposits there.

"Smoking is one of the conspicuous features of Zuni rituals," quoting Mrs. Stevenson. And this smoking, as we find

it in nearly every ceremony she describes, is conspicuously "smoke-blowing." The saying "The greater the smoke offering the greater the rain-clouds" is virtually a Zuni proverb. Smoke is usually blown to the six directions (above, below and the four cardinal points, known as "Quarter-world Symbolism" which is one of the principal elements of Zuni religion) especially in the ceremony for rain, in which smoke is blown into (or onto) medicine water. Smoke is also puffed over fetishes and other sacred objects. Commonly the cigarette is passed from one participant to another. Seldom more than one person smokes at a time. Often a set number of puffs from the cigarette are taken by each individual, that number having a significance in the ceremony.

Smoking plays a part in the Summer and Winter Solstace ceremonies—two of the most important functions at Zuni. It also figures in the rain and war ceremonies, in the Thanksgiving Festival, and in a good many of the minor functions of the religious fraternities. So, the practice of ceremonial smoking is undoubtedly of ancient origin among the Zuni so firmly is it established in their ritual.

For the Pueblo Indians I think we can say that smoking was synonomous with prayer. That was its general significance among Southwestern Indians. Smoking is directly associated with prayer in many Zuni ceremonies. In some, such as the Hlahewe ceremony for rain, it virtually is the prayer. Here the chief priest clasps hands with a person representing a god (thus both holding the cigarettes) and waves them to the six directions, saying "May my great fathers bring much rain, etc.," whereon smoking ensues. Many of Mrs. Stevenson's descriptions are not precise in regard to the significance of the smoking but the conditions are usually such that we suspect that the smoking amounts to prayer.

In the Zuni ceremonies the reed-cigarette (the Zuni word for which is pone) is the principle article of smoking and though Mrs. Stevenson and others give no illustrations, showing it, it appears to be analogous to the reed-cigarette of Central Arizona. Cornhusk cigarettes are some times used but generally in less important places. It is interesting to note that the reed-cigarette when carried is wrapped in a corn husk. This association shows the preference of the reed over the corn husk.

Telikinawe (a term for stick and feather offerings in general, apparently not including cigarettes) were deposited at regular intervals in diverse localities, but we have no definite statement that the "pone" or reed-cigarette was ever deposited

in caves. We have a statement that for the rabbit-hunt a reed-cigarette was deposited in the river bed. The reed-cigarette, however, was in such extensive use that I think many of them can be found on Taaiyalane mountain where most of the Zuni shrines are.

In the slow development of a primitive people we find that culture, traits, and institutions generally advanced with an evenness of progress that makes it sometimes possible to gauge their age in the people by their present degree of importance and complexity. Occasionally, there is a decline in importance after a certain degree of progress is reached. The nature of the process can be judged by the conduct of other traits in the same people. At Zuni the practice of ceremonial smoking has shown a strong, wholesome progress. The intricate stage at which we find it points to the belief that it is of very ancient origin among the Zuni and very likely a relic of prehistoric age.

Not essentially unlike Zuni religion is the religion of the Hopi. A fair amount of published material on this people is available and is largely the work of J. W. Fewkes. We find the reed-cigarette in common use among the Hopi, from whose language the word "paho," popularly used as a term for prayer stick, is taken. Describing the Tusayan Snake ceremonies in which prayer sticks are used, Dr. Fewkes indulges in a short treatise on their origin:

"Of all the suggestions that have been offered to explain the paho on comparative grounds, none seem to me more worthy of acceptance than that it is a sacrifice by symbolic substitute. The folk tales of the Pueblos are not without reference to human sacrifice and offerings of corn or meal would be natural among an agricultural people like the Hopi. * * * When occasion demanded, the Hopi legend says, they sacrificed a child and their chief, but in these days sacrifice has come to be a symbolic substitute of products of the field—corn, flour or pahos—still retaining, however, the names "male" and "female" and with a human face painted on one end of the prayer stick."

The word paho apparently includes reed-cigarettes in Fewkes' descriptions. Fewkes states also that among the Hopi the cane cigarettes are almost wholly superceded by cigarettes wrapped in corn husks.

Among the Navajo we find the reed-cigarette also in common use. Here we are dealing with a semi-nomadic people among which we would not expect to find local religious practices firmly established. However, it appears that prayer-stick

offerings, perhaps, play a larger part in Navajo religion than in that of many sedentary peoples. Probably the trait of depositing in caves is not so firmly established by them.

James Stevenson gives a description of the making of reed-cigarettes by the Navajo. A long reed was rubbed with a polishing stone and then cut with a stone knife into four lengths, each about two inches long. Two of the reeds were painted blue and dots were cut to indicate eyes and mouth. Two were painted black and encircled by two lines. The four sticks were placed at set points of the compass during various operations. The reeds were then filled with a ball of down-feathers and a bit of native tobacco and lighted by the heat of sunrays through a crystal. These cigarettes were used in a dance ceremony for the healing of an invalid.

Here we have some additional ideas. The male and female idea is very pronounced. Also we have the idea of a ceremonial process of making the cigarette which incorporates world-quarter symbolism, and again the direct use of the cigarette for healing as we find it among the Pimas.

Unfortunately, accurate information on the Apache, a large tribe with nearly a dozen local subdivisions, is not available. Though much popular literature has been built up around this aggressive people, very little scientific writing on them exists. It appears that the Apache and Navajo at one time were a single race. So widely distributed were the two peoples found in recent years that that time must have been remote indeed.

The Apaches were more nomadic than the Navajos. However, we find references to the use of the reed-cigarettes among several groups. Perhaps there is a fair range of difference between the various Apache groups.

A young Apache lad, now care-taker of the Tonto Cliff-Dwellings, says that his people (San Carlos) tied two cane-cigarettes together like a cross and passed them among the people when a ceremonial dance was to take place. These, he said, were smoked.

Swinging to Southern Arizona we find the reed-cigarette also in use among the Papagos. The literature of this people is fairly extensive but Lumholtz seems to be the only one who describes their ceremonial caves. In his "New Trails in Mexico," he gives an account of his visit to two sacred caves of the Papago in 1909 and 1910.

The first cave is in the Baboquivari Mountains near the base of Baboquivari Peak, southwest of Tucson. It is a spacious

cavern entered through a small crack barely large enough for a man to squeeze through. Lumholtz observed in one corner several hundred arrows upright in a bunch, but does not mention any small articles or cigarette-reeds. As there was no light in the cave he may have overlooked these although he was a keen observer. This cave had been long known among the Papagos.

The second cave located in the Pinecate Mountains in Sonora, Mexico, about ninety miles southwest of Ajo, Arizona, he was shown by an old Papago Medicine-man named Quelele. Sacrificial objects were prepared before the start of the journey, in Papagoland, and it was several days before they reached the place. This was in 1910 and Quelele's previous visit had been more than twenty years before. Since that time a large section of the roof had fallen in and changed the appearance of the entrance but the place was found after about an hour's search of the vicinity. Many hours of singing was the customary preliminary to entrance, which Lumholtz influenced the guide to omit. Lumholtz's account continues:

"They deposited in a crack of the old lava, the ceremonial objects we had brought along. These objects were an arrow, as a mark of respect and for the use of the god; a prayer-stick, colored by red ochre with a small eagle plume tied to its top, to secure luck in hunting; a bunch of yucca fiber tied in a knot, in order that the wind might be favorable to us; some cigarettes for the god's personal use; a piece of blue glass necklace for the god to use as appendages for his ears and for the septum of his nose. On their own account Guadalupe and Clemente each placed a strand of fiber in order that nothing untoward would happen to either of them while on the expedition, asking especially for protection against storms. Then Quelele spoke a prayer inquiring the disposition of the god and asking good luck in hunting and a favorable return journey."

Both of these caves were called Sihuki, meaning "House of Iitoi," a god called Elder Brother. It appears that these caves are thought to be dwellings of the god, himself, and are literally termed houses.

Cave 4.—Sauceda Mountains.

According to the description of Harold Taffe, in the Sauceda Mountains southwest of Gila Bend is a small ceremonial cave. This reporter, however, accompanying his guide (now deceased) did not at that time take particular note of the route and has not been able to relocate the site to date. He states that the contents, containing guano, had been shoveled out and that

reed-cigarettes, some belted, were scattered about the place. The locality is an area of large prominent boulders the cave being rather hard to discover among these.

Cave 5.—Salt River Mountains—(Phoenix Mountain Park)

South of Phoenix is a long narrow mountain range named by Dr. Turney the "Salt River Mountains," as he says, before he learned the Pima Indian name of Mohatuk and the legend of Pima Canyon. This entire range is now the property of the City of Phoenix and constitutes a public park of 14,960 acres, known as the Phoenix Mountain Park. This chain of mountains lying between the Salt and Gila valleys, is a store house of history, Indian legend, and archaeological evidence. Perhaps there are more ancient pictographs in this range of mountains than any other in this area, and its situation between the two great valleys leads us to believe it was frequently visited. We would expect a number of ceremonial sites in these mountains but in its present partially explored and untraversable condition, in only one place so far have they come to light—that is Hieroglyphic Canyon.

The evidence at this place will be described in the continuation of this article in a later issue in which the construction of the reed-cigarette will be studied.

ARIZONA MUSEUM NOTES

On Thursday afternoon, February 19, 1931, the Maricopa Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution dedicated to the memory of Jack and Trinidad Swilling, a fountain which stands in the park directly in front of the courthouse building in Phoenix. The simple ceremony was impressive in spite of the traffic of automobile and street car—a marked contrast to the Phoenix of Swilling's day. The regent of the chapter, Mrs. John A. Albrecht, presided; Rev. J. R. Jenkins pronounced the invocation; Judge Richard E. Sloan gave a short talk on the life of Jack Swilling in which he called attention to the fact that it was not because of many brave, daring and picturesque deeds that he was now honored but because of the constructive deed which at the time it was performed seemed quite commonplace.

He pointed out that a fountain was indeed an appropriate monument to the man who was the first of the Caucasian race to dig a ditch and divert the waters of the Salt River to the fertile lands of this Valley. Mrs. T. T. Moore, state regent of the D. A. R., formally presented the fountain to Maricopa County; and Mr. B. M. Atwood, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors, in behalf of the county, accepted the gift. Two children of the American Revolution, Laura Katherine Kunz, as Martha Washington, and Joseph Louis, as George Washington, unveiled the tablet. A number of state and municipal officials were present, including Gov. George W. P. Hunt. In the assembled crowd was here and there a pioneer who had known the Swillings in the early days, and interesting bits of reminiscence were exchanged on the side.

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Active in the Swilling memorial was Mrs. Ethel Clark, who, as chairman of the Historic Spots and State Historian of the D. A. R., was responsible for having the body of Chas. D. Poston moved in 1925, from an abandoned cemetery in Phoenix to the top of Poston Butte near Florence where he had expressed his desire to be buried.

The writer recalls an occasion about this time, when Mrs. Shumaker (Mrs. Swilling), Mrs. Clark and others were out at the Park of the Four Waters together and among other things discussing Charles D. Poston. Mrs. Swilling turned to Mrs. Clark and said: "You promised me the D. A. R. would do some-

thing for my husband.'' That was the real beginning of the movement for this monument. Mrs. Clark again promised that the D. A. R. would do something in memory of Jack Swilling, and has kept the thought constantly before the Maricopa Chapter until it was undertaken and accomplished. The first plan was to purchase, restore and mark the old Swilling home, but as this was impossible, the fountain was decided upon and carried through by the society. Mrs. Eleanor Krause, as chapter historian, arranged the dedicatory ceremony.

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A series of lectures covering Arizona History are being given at the Arizona Museum each Sunday at three o'clock. On March 15, which was the 220th anniversary of the death of Father Kino, Dr. William John Tucker, of the English Department of the University of Arizona, spoke on the Jesuits in Arizona. March 22, Rev. Father Martin presented the subject ''The Franciscans in Arizona.''

The Annual Meeting of the Arizona Museum was held Wednesday evening, March 25, at the museum. The president, Mr. J. W. Walker, presided. Reports of the curator, Mrs. Ethel Clark, the executive committee, and the various chairmen for the year, were given. Six board members were elected to serve for the next three years: Mrs. Ira Moore, Mr. Harry A. Diehl, Mr. J. W. Walker, Mr. Ralph Murphy, Mrs. John Hampton and Mrs. M. L. Williams. Coffee and cake was served and an informal discussion of museum activities was held after the business session.

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Among the interested visitors at the Museum during February were Mr. David Dorn, a member of the American Archaeology Society, and Mrs. Dorn of Cooperstown, N. Y.

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Dr. S. C. Edwards, a prominent mycologist from San Bernardino, also spent some time looking over exchanges and Museum material.

IN MEMORIAM

By SIDNEY KARTUS

William M. Breakenridge

Heavy cigar in one corner of his mouth, coatless, with the star of the western peace officer on his vest, sitting a fancy horse easily at the age of 83, gray sombrero over storied face, the venerable figure of "Col. Billy" Breakenridge held a principal position in the annual Tombstone Helldorado parade. Born December 25, 1846, in Watertown, Wisconsin, he started for Pike's Peak in 1861, as a member of the Third Colorado Cavalry skirmished with Confederates, in 1876 joined a caravan for Arizona. There, among the law-defying Tombstone characters, he began a long career as a peace officer, which included trailing Geronimo. The year 1889, as surveyor of Maricopa County, he recommended that an irrigation storage dam be constructed on the Salt River. His recommendation and the site he selected were confirmed, when the government later erected Roosevelt Dam. He succumbed to heart disease in a Tucson hospital, January 31, 1931. Survivors are two sisters, both of Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Leslie Carr, and Mrs. Beaumont, and a nephew of Los Angeles, George D. Beaumont. Breakenridge never married.

Burt Dunlap

Born at Ohltown, Ohio, to Arizona in 1881, death at Culver City, California, December 26, 1930. College man and newspaper cashier, he came west to ranch cattle thirty years in Graham county. His location was just south of the San Carlos Apache Reservation's south boundary, and he closely escaped with his life more than once. Twice county supervisor and member of the territorial council, with health impaired after an active life, he lived his last years in California.

Eli P. Clark

Eli P. Clark, early settler of Prescott, was born near Iowa City, November 25, 1847, went to Missouri in 1867, thence to Prescott by prairie schooner, a three months' trip, during which he subsisted largely on buffalo. In 1880 he married Lucy Sherman, sister of Gen. Moses H. Sherman, in Prescott, where he had a store and was acting postmaster. For five terms he was terri-

torial auditor. He put through a bill in the territorial legislature which provided a subsidy that eventually made possible the entrance of the Santa Fe into Northern Arizona. He then went to Los Angeles to live, engaging with Gen. Sherman in other transportation projects. They formed the Los Angeles Consolidated Railways, purchased the Pasadena street railways, projected and built the Los Angeles Pacific Railway to Santa Monica. Wealthy, able, noted, he died in Los Angeles, Jan. 16, 1931.

J. S. Vosburg

J. S. Vosburg, Arizona pioneer, also spent his last days in Los Angeles, dying there in January, 1931. He was a friend and intimate of Gov. A. P. K. Safford, of Ed and Al Schieffelin and Dick Gird. It was Vosburg who, in 1878, grub-staked this trio for the prospecting trip which made the Tombstone strike. Vosburg used to say that in the complete transactions, including the bullion, the written agreement was never referred to, that an oral promise would have been sufficient. He was ninety at his death. His widow and three sons survive.

J. L. B. Alexander

Captain of Rough Riders, Arizona Pioneer of the 1870's, descendant of the famed early Spanish settler Don Manuel Domingues of California, born Dec. 4, 1857, on the Domingues ranch south of Los Angeles, J. L. B. Alexander died in the afternoon of January 30, 1931, in a San Francisco hospital. In 1879 he came to Phoenix from Yuma, where he had been two years. A study of law in his father's office he interrupted by enlistment in the Rough Riders, of whom he became Captain of Troop C. President Roosevelt appointed him United States district attorney for Arizona. He practiced law in the firm of Alexander, Christy and Baxter, during the World War was district head of the draft board, only political campaign was for attorney general on the Bull Moose ticket. Captain Alexander is survived by his widow, two daughters, Mrs. Harold Baxter of Phoenix, and Jane Alexander, attending school in La Jolla, Calif.; a sister, Mrs. A. C. Baker, widow of Judge A. C. Baker, and a brother, Henry, employed in the Phoenix City Parks department.

John Hagan

Native of Missouri, where he was born December 19, 1851, thirty-eight-year pioneer of Greenlee County, John Hagan, in the bosom of his family and friends, died at his farm near Duncan, in January, 1931.

Thomas Davis

Thomas Davis, one of the pioneer farmers of the Casa Grande Valley, and a prominent figure in the territorial days, died January 31, at his home in Seattle, Washington. He at one time owned the Kenilworth ranch from which the Kenilworth district received its name. He was a member of the upper house of the territorial legislature.

L. M. Smith

L. M. Smith, Clifton pioneer, where he followed his trade as a painter many years, passed in February. He came from New York as a young man. In the absence of any relatives, old friends followed the remains to the Clifton cemetery.

C. Rodney McDonald

From Halifax, Nova Scotia, forty years ago, came C. Rodney McDonald to mine, to ranch, and finally to die, November 10, 1930, in Phoenix. After mining activity along the Agua Fria and Hassayampa, he brought 900 desert acres into cultivation and took a prominent part in the agricultural development of the Salt River Valley, being president of the board of directors which organized the Roosevelt Irrigation District, and a director of the Salt River Valley Federal Farm Loan Association. Mr. McDonald is survived by a brother, Irving McDonald, a sister, May McDonald, both of Halifax, and by his widow, Nettie Lucinda McDonald.

William D. Monmonier

William M. Monmonier came to Tombstone in 1880. In that city he was successively mayor, under-sheriff, probate judge, recorder and school superintendent. In 1896 he removed his family to Pearce, where he owned a large ranch. He was among the noted of the pioneer figures of Tucson. Four sons survive: Charles S., E. B., W. D. Jr., and J. W. Monmonier.

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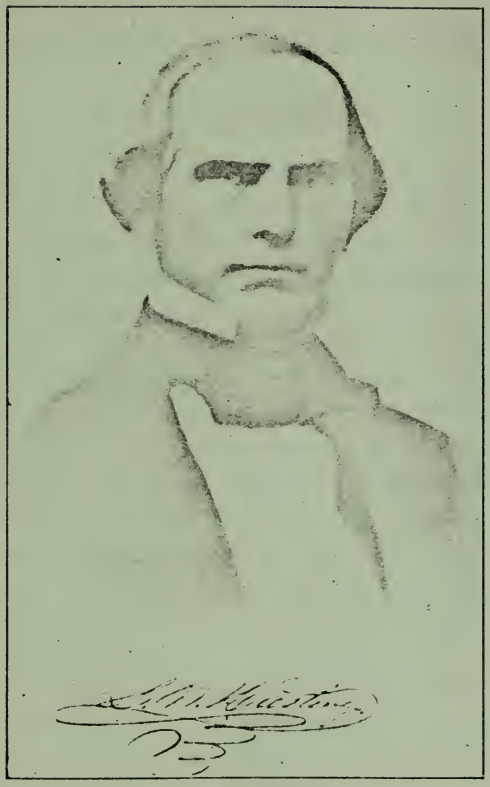
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L. W. Hastings

LANSFORD W. HASTINGS' PROJECT FOR THE INVASION AND CONQUEST OF ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO FOR THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

By WM. J. HUNSAKER

THE career of Lansford W. Hastings, a native of Ohio, was typical of the decade aptly characterized by Meade Minnigerode as "The Fabulous Forties." He was a lawyer by profession, energetic and ambitious, an adventurer, and an interesting descriptive writer, with, as stated by Ghent in his "The Road to Oregon," "what we should now call a Napoleonic complex." In the spring of 1842, at the age of twenty-three, he went to Independence, Missouri, which was the rendezvous of Santa Fe traders and Rocky Mountain trappers. There he joined a party of 160 persons which was about to leave for Oregon. May 15 the party started on its perilous journey. At the end of the first month he was elected captain and leader of the train, which position he held until the arrival of the party in Oregon in the fall of 1842. The trip was full of adventure and attended by many hardships. Hastings and a companion left the train to inscribe their names on Independence Rock, Utah, and were captured by savage Indians, but the Indians released their captives, who caught up with the train. This incident is graphically described in Hastings' "Emigrants' Guide."

In the spring of 1843 Hastings led a smaller party from Oregon to California. After arriving in California, it is stated by many writers, he formed the plan of repeating the performance of Sam Houston in Texas, by overthrowing the California government, and establishing

an independent republic, with himself as president Clelland, in his "American Period in California," says:

"One man, indeed, Lansford W. Hastings, whose activities as an emigrant guide have already been spoken of, had in mind the definite purpose of making himself the president of the new republic."

Hastings returned to Ohio by way of Mexico and Texas. In 1845 he published at Cincinnati "The Emigrants' Guide, to Oregon and California," copies of which are in the Bancroft collection at Berkeley and the Huntington Library at San Marino, California. In this book he paints glowing pictures of the soil, climate, scenery and other features of California, of all of which so much has been said and written; predicts that it will be crowded with a vast population "affording all the enjoyments and luxuries of civilized life." In the closing sentence of the book he stated he contemplated "the time, as fast approaching, when the supreme darkness of ignorance, superstition, and despotism, which now, so entirely pervade many portions of those remote regions, will have fled forever, before the march of civilization and the blazing light of civil and religious liberty; when genuine *republicanism* and unsophisticated *democracy,* shall be reared up and tower aloft, even upon the now wild shores of the great Pacific; where they shall forever stand forth, as enduring monuments, to the increasing wisdom of *man,* and the infinite kindness and protection of an all-wise and overruling *Providence.*"

Charles Kelly, of Salt Lake, in his history of "The Hastings' Cut-Off" and other early trails, relates the following incident, which throws some light on the activities of Hastings in Ohio upon his return from California:

"Whiskey!' shouted the bronzed and thirsty traveler to the man behind the bar.

"Yes, sir," answered the bartender. But as he reached for a bottle he paused.

"Say, aren't you Hastings, the famous temperance lecturer from Ohio."

"Sure," replied the traveler, "and—well, by golly, if it isn't my old friend, the Reverend McDonald."

Thus, about the year 1850, two men who had helped shape the destinies of the state of California, renewed their acquaintance over the bar of Vioget's saloon in San Francisco. The bartender had formerly been a Methodist minister; his customer was California's first press agent."

Hastings returned to California, arriving at Sutter's Fort Christmas, 1845. In the spring of 1846 he left California to secure more settlers. He was particularly active at Fort Hall, diverting emigrants from Oregon to California. While he was thus engaged the war with Mexico was fought and ended, and on his return to California he found Commodore John D. Sloat had taken formal possession of California, at Monterery, July 7, 1846. Thus ended Hastings' dream of a Pacific Republic, but not his Napoleonic complex.

Hastings was a member of the California Constitutional Convention of 1849. He moved, with his family, to Yuma, Arizona, about 1860, where he lived for several years.

Joseph D. Fish, in his manuscript, observes that during the War of the Rebellion the recovery of Arizona by the Confederates was constantly agitated; and that L. W. Hastings had laid before the president of the Southern Confederacy a plan to wrest Arizona from the Union, but that the plan was not attempted as the Confederates were too weak in the west to undertake it.

In a letter to his daughter Isabel (who was in the Convent of the Dominican Sisters at Benicia, California), dated Mazatlan, Mexico, April 10, 1863, Hastings instructed her to inform Sister Mary Thomas that his reason for not writing her by the same mail was that he had just arrived from the interior where, he stated, he had been for the last three weeks. October 3, of the same year, James A. Seddon, Secretary of War, Confederate States of America, in a letter to Lieutenant-General E. K. Smith,

dated at Richmond, stated Hastings desired authority to organize an expedition to Arizona, and had laid before him a proposition, having in view the accomplishment of this proposed end, which plan was inclosed with the letter. After expressing some general views, Secretary Seddon said that he was submitting the matter to General Smith for the exercise of his own discretion, but having no great confidence in its feasibility, and only sanctioning it "if decided on by your own superior judgment." In a communication to President Jefferson Davis dated Richmond, December 16, 1863, Hastings stated he had recently come from California for the purpose of obtaining the cooperation of the Confederate Government in a great and important enterprise, which, upon his arrival within the Confederacy he had submitted to Generals Magruder and Smith; that General Smith had written to the Secretary of War and directed that he (Hastings) proceed to Richmond to lay the matter before the President; that on his arrival in Richmond President Davis was absent, whereupon he had submitted the matter to the Secretary of War in the nature of a proposition "to retake and permanently hold the Territory of Arizona, to establish and maintain the Confederate Territorial Government therein, and establish a permanent thoroughfare through that territory, and thus maintain an unbroken intercourse between California and the Confederacy, to be accomplished by forces drawn wholly from California; that he had just returned from Shreveport for the purpose of presenting the matter to President Davis in person." The latter was accompanied by a plan in which Hastings proposed to return by way of Mexico to California, there raise from three to five thousand troops to be introduced into Arizona as miners and emigrants to Mexico, with which he would reduce the U. S. forts and capture the troops and take and hold all federal property in that territory in the name of the Confederacy, establish a Confederate Territorial Government, keep communication open from the Pacific to Tex-

as, maintaining unbroken intercourse between California and the Confederate states "so as to enable the thousands of Californians who desire to aid in the Confederate cause to do so at will and with safety;" that, in order to enable him to accomplish these objects all he required of the Confederate Government was a commission covering his acts in the premises, funds necessary to defray his personal expenses and transportation of volunteers who were without means.

In a communication dated Richmond, December 18, 1863, to President Davis, H. H. MacWillie, "Delegate Arizona Territory," Jno. A. Wilcox, F. B. Sexton, M. D. Graham, W. B. Wright and W. S. Oldham, transmitted a memorial from Hastings, who was then in Richmond, embodying an outline of a proposition for the recovery of Arizona and New Mexico, stating they agreed to the obvious necessity for such an enterprise and in the practicability of the plan, that Hastings had long resided in California, that they had the fullest confidence in his capacity and ability to accomplish all he might undertake, and believed the organization and direction of the proposed expedition could safely be entrusted to him with every prospect of successful consummation.

In a letter dated Richmond, December 29,1863, to President Davis, Hastings requested, as a war measure, the granting to him of letters of marque and reprisal as an auxiliary movement. This request was submitted by Jefferson Davis to the Secretary of War for his advice. January 11, 1864, in another letter to President Davis, Hastings stated he had been informed by the Secretary of War that the government for want of funds, could not enter upon the enterprise he had submitted, which he very much regretted as he "did desire above all things to inaugurate and consummate the enterprise upon a large scale;" but as he desired "if permitted to aid the Confederacy in her present struggle for independence and to secure a home under the Confederate flag for her numerous

friends and admirers on the Pacific coast," he deemed proper to present the matter upon a scale conforming to the present ability of the government. He proposed, he said, to immediately return to California by way of Mexico, where he would perfect a secret organization, raise a thousand to fifteen hundred volunteers, who would furnish their own arms and transportation, etc. This letter was accompanied by a document styled "Modus Operandi," in which he stated he would immediately return to California, perfect secret organizations throughout that state, charter vessels, employ miners in the name of various mining companies, furnish transportation to emigrants in the name of the Mexican Immigration Aid Society, and at a proper time forward troops as miners and emigrants to Guaymas and the mines in the vicinity of Yuma; that a competent agent, not known to the people of the Pacific as ever having had any connection with the Confederacy, would either accompany him or leave the Confederacy for Guaymas with the necessary funds, within two months after his departure for California, which agent, having arrived at his destination would ostensibly act as agent of various mining companies and of the Immigrant Aid Society, settle freight and transportation accounts, furnish, when necessary, subsistence, arms, etc. That the troops would leave Guaymas in small squads by different routes, assuming to be miners and immigrants, that when a sufficient number of troops had arrived in the interior of Arizona and upon the Colorado he, Hastings, would find his way to that territory, having previously arranged to continue sending miners and emigrants "until the news shall have reached California that the Confederate flag floats in Arizona, after which time they will continue to send them as before, but by interior and unused routes." Immediately upon his arrival at the Colorado mines he stated he would perfect the organization of that portion of the expedition and without delay capture Fort Yuma, and cause all the arms, etc., captured

therewith to be removed to the Arizona side of the Colorado River; that he would then "with the aid of Greek fire, destroy the Fort and three steamers now on that river," thus completely demolishing at one blow the Federals' key and only means of transportation to that Territory; that he would enlist and muster into the service such of the prisoners as may desire to unite with him, parole the balance and send them across the Great Desert, and then by means of the trains already captured, remove everything valuable to the interior of the Territory. That thereupon the officer in command of the forces arriving by way of Mexico would be instructed to remain with his men in the character of miners and immigrants within the Mexican territory, if his safety shall require it, until he (Hastings) shall have arrived with the forces from the Colorado, to send out scouts and spies as miners to Fort Buchanan, Tucson and elsewhere so as to have the exact state of things throughout the surrounding country; but if the commander of the Mexican expedition should ascertain his forces were ample for that purpose, he would be directed to surprise and capture Fort Buchanan at once, being careful to allow none of the Federal civil officers to escape. He concludes by saying:

"By the aid of favorable circumstances and accumulating forces from the adjacent States and Territories, I hope to be able soon after accomplishing the foregoing purposes to dispose of New Mexico in a similar manner."

This ended the correspondence between Hastings and the officers of the Southern Confederacy, and marks the end of his second great adventure.

After the close of Civil War he promoted a project for the emigration of ex-Confederates to Brazil. He obtained a grant of a large tract of land in Brazil for colonization purposes. In the furtherance of that enterprise he published a book entitled "Emigrants' Guide to Brazil," the preface of which is dated Mobile, Alabama, June, 1867. He conducted one vessel loaded with emigrants

from the South to Brazil, returned to the United States for more, sailed with another shipload of emigrants, accompanied by his second wife, whom he had married the day before sailing, and died on that voyage. This colonization scheme was a failure.





Granville H. Oury.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

By COLONEL C. C. SMITH, U. S. Army Retired

CHAPTER II.

Some of Granville H. Oury's Part in Southwestern History.

ANOTHER interesting character who figured in some hitherto unpublished history of the Southwest was Granville H. Oury, brother of William. He also was born in Abingdon, Virginia, eight years after William—that is in 1825. In the Congressional Directory, 1st Session, 48th Congress, published in Washington in 1883, under Arizona, is the following:

"Granville H. Oury, of Florence, was born in Abingdon, Virginia, March 12, 1825; emigrated to Missouri 1833; commenced the study of law in 1846, and was admitted to the bar at Bowling Green in 1848; removed to Texas in the same year, and in 1849 emigrated to California, where for some years he was engaged in mining; in 1856 he took his residence in Arizona; commenced the practice of law in 1856, and has continued it up to the present time; was elected to the Territorial Legislature in 1866, '73 and '75; was elected speaker of the House the first two sessions; was elected to the Forty-eighth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 7490 votes against 6510 votes for Porter, Republican."

Mr. Porter, on the death of Mr. Oury, in 1891, wrote Mrs. Oury the letter below:

"Santa Rosa, Cal.,
"Jan. 13, 1891.

"My dear Mrs. Oury:

"I am deeply pained in seeing a few moments since in the morning's paper the death of your beloved and honored husband. It was a most severe shock to me for I had not heard of his illness.

"My heart goes out to you, and while I can give no words of consolation in such a bereavement as yours, I wish you to know that of your many friends, no one feels more deeply than I. You knew his worth beyond all others.

"I so much admired his manly character, his extreme conscientiousness, his contempt and hatred of everything that was false, and the love he bore his wife, and his kindness of heart.

"He never deviated from the highest principles. Truth and honor were his chief characteristics. To such men as he I have always clung. There are so few of them.

"I beg to mingle my tears with yours and Genevieve's.

"With saddened heart, I am,

"Your friend,
W. W. Porter."

While in congress, Mr. Oury was on the Committee of Indian Affairs. He was a distinguished looking man, large of stature, taciturn and dignified. He studied law with Judge Ayler Buckner, of Missouri, who always maintained a strong regard for his apt pupil; and they served together later in congress.

Upon arrival in Tucson in 1856, Oury became interested in the creation of the Territory of Arizona. At that time much of what is now Arizona pertained to New Mexico. The people of southern New Mexico—from Mesilla south and west—desired to become a part of the new Territory. This was because the isolation of Mesilla from Santa Fe, due to the Jornada del Muerto, made it difficult, in the opinion of Mesillans, for Santa Fe to govern them. A convention was held in Tucson August 29, 1856, which resolved not only to forward a memorial to congress urging the organization of a territory to be known as Arizona, but to send a delegate to Washington. Nathan P. Cook was, in September, elected delegate, but was not admitted to a seat in congress. The committee on resolutions and memorial in the Tucson convention was composed of N. P. Cook, G. H. Oury, H. Ehrenberg, Ignacio Ortiz and I. D. L. Pack. To plead the cause of Arizona in the New Mexico legislature Oury was elected a delegate to that body.

In 1857 Senator Gwinn of California introduced a bill to make Arizona a Territory; and in September of that year an election was held in Tucson which chose Syl-

vester Mowry as a delegate to congress. The delegate was not admitted and Gwinn's bill failed to pass.

On June 19, 1859, a convention met at Mesilla and Mowry was nominated for delegate to congress. Tucson, at a meeting on June 27, was also favorable to Mowry as delegate. This attempt on the part of the politicians from Arizona (still New Mexico) for a territorial government, like the attempts of 1856 and '57, was doomed to failure, but Mowry was tireless in his efforts, as shown in the letter below, to Mr. Oury, from New York, before the conventions (of 1859) at Mesilla and Tucson:

"New York Hotel,
"March 11, 1859.

"My Dear Sir:

"Congress adjourned leaving the country in a beautiful condition. The House not only defeated every Territorial bill—but (adjourned) without giving a single day to Territorial business. It passed no deficiency bill and no post office bill. There is not a dollar to carry a single letter to any part of the country and the Department owes several millions. Telegraph from Washington says an extra session will be called in June or July.

"I shall be out in May and arrange with you the plans of next sessions work. I have no idea of giving it up. We must succeed sometime, and I still have a few thousands, to spend to succeed. A regiment is ordered to Arizona to make war on the Apaches. I shall, I think, be able to get you something in connection with the army that will pay, if you desire it.

"Genl. (illegible) goes out with several hundred men to locate on the San Pedro or thereabout—making a Depot for future operations against Sonora of course. You will like him very much. He is every inch a soldier and gentleman. The country just now is being very much excited about Cuba and there is a great meeting on Monday nigh[t] at Tammany Hall at which Benjamin Mallory Pugh and your humble servant are invited to speak. I shall probably decline as I do not desire to excite any more opposition than I have now.

"I sent last mail a host of garden seeds to yourself, brothers and others. I hope to find you well and still strong for Arizona.

"Ever yours,
Sylvester Mowry."

"G. H. Oury, Esqr.

In April, 1860, there was held at Tucson, a convention for the new Territory of Arizona. Dr. L. S. Owings

was elected governor. G. H. Oury and T. M. Tirner were the Secretaries of this convention;and Edward McGowan, somewhat notorious in California annals, was elected delegate to congress, but all to no purpose as congress again would not admit Arizona as a Territory. For this new Territory the Governor had selected G. H. Oury as the Chief Justice, which his commission shows.

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

.....of.....

The Territory of Arizona

To all to whom these presents shall come—GREETING:

I, L. S. OWINGS, Governor of the Provisional Government of the Territory of Arizona, having confidence in the integrity and patriotism of Granville H. Oury, appoint and commission him the said Granville H. Oury Judge of the Second Judicial District and Chief Justice in the said Territory; and do authorize him to discharge, according to law, the duties of said office, and to hold and enjoy the same, together with all the powers, privileges and emoluments thereunto appertaining, until the legal termination thereof.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the Territory of Arizona. Done at Tucson, this 5th day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty.

(SEAL)

BY THE GOVERNOR

L. S. OWINGS.

JAS. A. LUCAS,
Secretary of the Territory.

Among Mr. Oury's papers, now in my possession, is a letter from Sylvester Mowry, quoted below, which makes reference to the Arizona bill of 1860:

"Charleston, So. Ca.
"April 22, 1860.

"Dear Mr. Oury:—

"I am just in receipt of yours of March 28th and am here at the convention. The Arizona bill is reported in both Senate and House thereby giving the lie to all cross statements. I hope and think it will pass. If you have not received the appointment of Marshal please write me at once, and I will know the reason.

"I have neither seen nor heard anything of the paper you speak of Walker and Co. getting up. He does it at his peril. He professes great friendship in his letters to me, and I have plenty of influence to get him removed, if he plays false. Mr. Thompson thinks him worthless anyhow.

"I hope you have put the Provisional Govt. through in good shape. It is going to help our cause very much.

"The South will bolt if Douglas is nominated. If he is not it looks as if the Douglas men were anxious to break up the Convention in a row in order that Douglas may run outside as a stump candidate. Breckenridge is the favorite now—although Guthrie of Ky. and Genl. Lane have strong friends. Senator Slidell, Knight Bayard, Mr. Barlow and Butterworth of the N. Y. Delegation, Brown the editor of the Constitution and myself have a private house here—the finest quarters in town. You would be delighted to see how wonderfully Slidell manages everybody. He is positively great in that character. It was a sore day for Douglas when he quarreled with Slidell.

"I don't think Douglas has any chance although he will poll over 100 votes at first. It requires 2/3 to nominate out of 303.

"Fort Buchanan is to be moved to the Aryvypa and increased to six companies. A large post of six companies to go to the Mimbres and a camp of six companies to go to the Santa Cruz somewhere in the heart of the silver district—near Patagonia or thereabouts. I am afraid they will carry their sutlers with them. I will find out and if anything can be done I will do it for you. There are to be no more Indian agencies created—the Superintendent has decided against it.

"I send this letter to Wells' care. Please read to him such parts of it as contain information.

"I will write you as soon as the nomination is made or if anything happens.

Ever yours,

"G. H. Oury, Esq. Sylvester Mowry."

The Slidell spoken of by Mr. Mowry in his letter above is, no doubt, one of the Confederate Commissioners (Mason was the other) who was taken from the British steamer Trent by Commodore Wilkes (the first discoverer of the Antarctic continent) of the U. S. S. San Jacinto in 1861, which act almost caused war between the United States and England.

In a foot-note on page 509 of Vol. XVII, H. H. Ban-

croft's Historical Works, is found the following by Chas. D. Poston, well known in Arizona:

"At the meeting of Congress in December 1862, I returned to Washington, made friends with Lincoln, and proposed the organization of the Territory of Arizona. Oury (who I suppose had been elected delegate in 1862 to succeed McGowan) was in Richmond, cooling his heels in the ante-chambers of the Confederate Congress without gaining admission as a delegate from Arizona. Mowry was a prisoner in Yuma, cooling his head from political fever which had affected it, and meditating on the decline and fall of a West Point graduate."

So far as Mr. Oury is concerned in the above quotation, Mr. Poston (who was always friendly to Oury, from proof in my possession) is in error—Mr. Oury was elected delegate to the Confederate Congress in August, 1861, when Arizona was formally declared, in a convention which met at Tucson, to be a part of the Confederacy. In the fall of 1861 Mr. Oury went to Richmond, but returned to Arizona (Mesilla) before May 21, 1862, as on that date he published (at Mesilla) a handbill against John R. Baylor, which will be given later. I can find in his papers nothing to indicate that he was in Richmond in December, 1862, as Mr. Poston intimates. Mr. Poston is correct, however, in what he states of Mowry. On the arrival of the California Volunteers in Arizona in April, 1862, southern sympathizers, who up to that time had run the country, became less outspoken. But not so with Mowry. Early in June, 1862, General Carleton arrived in Tucson, and ordered his arrest at his Patagonia mine, from where he was taken to prison in Yuma. He was accused of having given aid and encouragement to the rebels. After a long imprisonment he was tried and acquitted and his mining property, which had been confiscated, was restored to him, at least nominally, but that Mowry was completely in sympathy with the southern cause there is no doubt whatsoever.

During Mr. Oury's absence from the Southwest, from the fall of 1861 to May in 1862, Col. John R. Baylor

with Texas troops, captured the federal force under Major Isaac Lynde at Ft. Fillmore, and constituted himself military governor of New Mexico, with headquarters at Mesilla, which Arizona partisans considered to be in Arizona. The bitterness created in the breasts of the then so-called Arizonians by Baylor's act of naming himself Governor, is reflected in a hand bill published by Oury in May, 1862. This hand bill, because of its application to politics and politicians of Arizona at that time, will be given in full later in this history. Here it is pertinent to quote from the Mesilla Times of July 29, 1861, the account of the capture of Ft. Fillmore, and the surrender of Major Lynde to Baylor. I hold an original copy of the paper, and the quoted matter below is from it:

"THE WAR AT HOME"

Battle of Mesilla!
Arizona is Free at Last!
Fort Fillmore in the Hands of the Texas Forces
$500,000 worth of property taken!

* * * * *

Eleven Companies of U. S. Regulars taken prisoners by four Companies of Texas Volunteers without the loss of a man on the Confederate side!!

Lieut. Col. Baylor, Commanding the Confederate forces at Fort Bliss, Texas, left there on the 24th instant, with the forces under his command, for the Mesilla Valley, with the design of protecting the citizens of Arizona, and relieving them of the oppression and presence of a large force of United States troops, and to prevent the further concentration of troops at this point.

The force under his command was some 300 men, as follows: Capt. Stafford's Company of Mounted Rifles, 85 men; Capt. Hardemen's Company of Mounted Rifles, 90 men; Lt. Bennett, with a detachment of Capt. Teele's Artillery, 38 men (they did not bring their cannon but were mounted); Capt. Coopwood's Spy Company, 40 men; added to these were a number of the citizens of Mesilla and El Paso; in all, about 300 men.

On the night of the 24th a position had been taken by the Confederate troops, within six hundred yards of Fort Fillmore, and pickets were placed out and every precaution taken to storm the Fort by surprise the next morning at day-break. The plan would have been a complete success, but for the desertion of a picket who went into the

Fort and gave the alarm. The Fort was alive in a few minutes, and it was evident the surprise was a failure.

The Confederate force then moved across the river, and at daylight took the town of Santo Tomas. Two companies of U. S. troops had been stationed there but the birds had flown, evidently in great haste. Clothing, provisions, ammunition and supplies were left behind in considerable quantities. Eight prisoners were taken, disarmed and then discharged, after being sworn not to fight against the Confederacy, Col. Baylor telling them that he had rather fight them than feed them.

About ten o'clock the Confederate forces entered Mesilla, and were received with every manifestation of joy by the citizens. Vivas and hurrahs rang them welcome from every point. Preparations were immediately made to receive an attack from the U. S. troops; and the citizens offered all the forage and supplies that they had at their command.

Battle of Mesilla.

The United States troops were reported crossing the river about noon of the 25th. About 5 o'clock the clouds of dust indicated the enemy were advancing for an attack towards the southern part of the city. The whole force was moved to that point and every preparation made to give them the warmest of receptions. Several of the principal streets of Mesilla converge at the southern end of the town, the houses forming an angle, and are quite scattered. Old corrals and the proximity of the corn fields, make the position a very advantageous one for defence. The companies were stationed on the tops of the adobe houses and behind corrals. Capt. Coopwood's company was mounted. The citizens posted themselves on the tops of the houses on the principal streets prepared to render their assitance.

The enemy advanced to within 500 yards of our position and halted and formed in line of battle with two howitzers in the centre, and the infantry, and on the wings cavalry, the whole force appearing to be about 500 men. A flag of truce was then sent to our position with the modest demand to surrender the town unconditionally. The reply was "that if they wished the town to come and take it." They unmasked their guns, and commenced firing bombs and grape into a town crowded with women and children, without having in accordance with an invariable rule of civilized warfare given notice to remove the women and children to a place of safety. Several shells were thrown in different part of the town, fortunately without doing any injury to a single individual. Two companies were ordered to take their position on the top of the houses on the main plaza. The first shell thrown struck on the top of a building on which was stationed a portion of Capt. Steele's company and exploded.

After firing a couple of rounds of grape at the more advanced position of our force, the cavalry of the enemy made a charge and had advanced to within three hundred yards of a corral behind which Capt. Hardeman's company were stationed. From 40 to 60 shots were fired by this company killing four and wounding four of the enemy, throwing them into confusion and finally into retreat, their officers vainly trying to rally them. The order was given to charge four times to no purpose and they retired in confusion carrying with them the dead and wounded.

Capt. Coopwood's company had been continually employed in deploying among the houses and corrals, first appearing mounted and then on foot, and appearing in many different directions. This and other movements, and the appearance of men far and near, at many different points, succeeded in greatly deceiving the enemy as to our real force. They were disheartened by their ill success in the charge, and as night was falling they drew off their whole force in good order, in the direction of Fort Fillmore.

Evacuation of Fort Fillmore.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 27th, Maj. Lynde evacuated Fort Fillmore with all his command; previously destroying much valuable property and munitions of war. The soldiers destroyed of their company property, muskets, clothing, a blacksmith shop, bakery and one of the quartermaster's store rooms had been completely burned down. The majority of the buildings were uninjured, and can be immediately occupied by the Confederate forces. The hospital stores, medicines and furniture were most completely broken up, and nearly all the arms and a large quantity of ammunition were destroyed. A great deal of valuable commissary stores and other property was unharmed, to the amount of several thousand dollars.

The Retreat.

The U. S. troops retreated in the direction of Fort Stanton, and were seen by our scouts immediately after daylight, eight or ten miles east of Las Cruces, in the mountains. The whole command of Confederate troops were ordered in pursuit, and crowded on in full chase after the fugitives. The road lay over the tablelands and mountains to a pass in the Organos chain, by way of San Augustine Springs, over a route where there was no water, and the day was excessively warm.

Some six or seven miles on this sides of the San Augustine Springs, stragglers of the U. S. Infantry were overtaken and the way to the Springs had the appearance of a complete rout. Guns were strung along the roads and cartridge boxes. The six miles to the Springs was a succession of charges; men were taken prisoners and disarmed in squads; the artillery was captured and the greater portion of the infantry were taken before the main command was reached.

The Surrender.

Maj. Lynde was camped near the San Augustine Springs and had still some four hundred men with him who formed in battle array on the appearance of the Confederate troops. Advance was made to charge on them by our troops, and they had reached within 300 yards, with eager spirits for the fray, when a flag of truce was raised by the U. S. column, desiring to know on what condition our commander would receive a surrender. The reply was an unconditional surrender, the same terms they had endeavored to dictate to the Confederate forces. This was sought to be modified by the U. S. commander, which request was refused, further than that they would be allowed two hours to remove their women and children to a place of safety. The U. S. Commander finally agreed to an unconditional surrender.

In brief, during this day 11 companies of U. S. Regular troops, mounted and foot, mustering 700 effective men, surrendered to 280 Confederates, 4 pieces of cannon, arms, equipment, 200 cavalry horses, mules and wagons, and 270 head of beef cattle. The men and officers were disappointed in one thing alone—that the victory was so easily won.

All these important movements and the great success, have been made and gained without the loss of one drop of blood on the Confederate side.

Shortly after his arrival in Richmond, as territorial delegate to the Confederate Congress, Oury wrote and sent the letter below:

"Richmond, Virginia.
"November 7, 1861.

"His Excellency,
"Jefferson Davis, President, C. S. A.

"Dear Sir:

"As delegate elect from the Territory of Arizona to the Confederate Congress, I would earnestly invite your attention to the subject of her wants and necessities, her present isolation and unprotected condition, and the position she has assumed towards the Southern Confederacy—with a request that if consistent with your Excellency's views, you will in your message to the next Congress, recommend her organization as a territory at the earliest possible moment, with such facilities, civil and military, as the urgencies of her case demands.

"I am, Sir, Your Excellency's
" Most obt. humble servant,
Granville H. Oury."

On January 27, 1862, he sent the following letter to the President of the Confederate Senate:

"Richmond, Virginia,
"January 27, 1862.

"His Excellency,
"Jefferson Davis, President, C. S. A.

"Dear Sir:

"By request of my constituents, I desire to present to your consideration the name of Samuel J. Jones for the appointment of governor of Arizona. Mr. Jones is a gentleman of high order of intelligence, high minded and honorable, and possessing all the requisites necessary to the faithful discharge of the duties of the office, while he is, at the same time, the universal choice of the people for that position —he has resided in the Territory for a number of years; held the position of Collector of Customs under the Federal Government up to the time of Mr. Lincoln's election, when he resigned—he is identified with the country, and no appointment could be made that would give such universal satisfaction.

"I am requested also to urge the appointment of Charles A. Hoppin for the office of secretary of the territory. Mr. Hoppin is a gentleman of ability, possessing the entire confidence of the people, being one of the oldest citizens of the territory. He was formerly the mayor of the city of Mobile, the duties of which office he discharged with credit. His appointment would be gratifying to his numerous friends and acquaintances.

"I am requested to present to your favorable consideration the name of Edward McGowan for the appointment of justice of the supreme court. I take pleasure in saying that Mr. McGowan is a gentleman of fine legal attainments, strict integrity, and eminently qualified in every particular for the position. He has resided for some time in the territory and is well known and highly esteemed by every one throughout the country. I have no hesitation in saying that his appointment will give great satisfaction, knowing as I do, that dignity of the judicial department of Arizona will be by him ably and honorably sustained.

"Benjamin F. Neil is also hereby recommended to appointment as one of the justices of the supreme court. Mr. Niel is favorably known in the territory, having resided a short time therein—has at different times occupied the position of judge, and state senator in the State of Texas. His appointment will meet with the wishes of the people.

"I will accept with pleasure a similar position if conferred upon me.

"Samuel G. Bean is recommended for the office of marshal. Mr. Bean is well qualified for the position, having heretofore filled the offices of sheriff and deputy marshal. He is an old resident of the territory.

"I also recommend M. H. McWillie for the office of attorney-general. Mr. McWillie is a lawyer of prominence in the country and would, I have no doubt, do credit to the appointment.

"Allow me to ask as a personal favor that Your Excellency will make your appointments for Arizona at your earliest convenience. I expect to return to the Territory in a short time, and would be much gratified to be the bearer of the commissions.

"I am with sentiments of high regard,
"Your most obt. servant,
Granville H. Oury."

* * * * *

Of course the esteem in which a man is held is measured from the point of view. Mr. Oury, in the foregoing letter, praises Mr. Jones, recommended for governor of Arizona; and Mr. McGowan for chief justice of the territory. Mr. Oury's esteem is from the southern point of view. Jones and McGowan came in for some raking at the hands of northern men—General J. H. Carleton, commanding the "California Column" and cleaning up Arizona and New Mexico of southern sympathisers and those actively engaged for the Confederacy, says that he arrested Jones; and that he was a "fire eater and a trouble maker."

Senator Cornelius Cole of California, in his Memoirs, states that McGowan was run out of California by the Vigilantes—here the reader has the northern view of these two men. Later in this story the reader will see a very commendatory reference, in Mrs. Oury's diary, to the Jones family at Mesilla.

Mr. Oury's handbill of May 21, 1862, against John R. Baylor, given in the next chapter, does not spare M. H. McWillie and Samuel G. Bean, who are recommended by Oury, to Jefferson Davis for office in Arizona, in his letter of January 27th, quoted above. This goes to show the machinations of politics in the struggling Confederacy.

CHAPTER III.

G. H. Oury Denounces John R. Baylor

THE handbill here quoted, a copy of which I have among Mr. Oury's papers, was published on May 21, 1862, at Mesilla, New Mexico, then considered to be in Arizona. In quoting this handbill, I am moved only in the interest of history, with no intention or desire to place Baylor in a bad light or Oury in a good one. In view of the fact that both men have long since passed from the scenes of this earth, and both were highly looked upon by their relatives and friends, during the time they lived, and are yet held in the same esteem, it is not for me to become a partisan in any way. I simply lay down historical facts as the documents in my possession give them, and this handbill is one of them. The acrimonious tone of the handbill was the result of political turmoil in which the country was steeped at that time.

"TO THE PUBLIC"

"Since my return from Richmond I have been delayed by unavoidable circumstances from giving to the people of Arizona an account of my stewardship while engaged in the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States of America as their Representative. I now attempt to do so, believing it to be a duty I owe to the Territory, and one which must sooner or later be performed. To the people of Western Arizona I owe it especially, since they have been kept in the dark on the subject by want of mail communication. Should I, while speaking of public services performed, digress so far from the main topic, as to make public some of the outrages both upon the public and myself, and unmask some of the villainies perpetrated in my absence by a few persons high in authority in Arizona, I hope an indulgent public will excuse the liberty, as I shall deal in nothing but incontrovertible facts.

"In July last by the earnest and repeated solicitations of my friends I became a candidate for the office of delegate to the Confederate Congress and was elected without opposition. The position was unsought for by me, not wishing to take upon myself at that time such a responsibility, but in view of the fact that it was necessary that some one should make the sacrifice, for the benefit of the country I yielded to the persuasions of my friends. I left the Territory expecting to reach the southern capital before congress ad-

journed in September, in which I failed. I was compelled consequently to await the re-assembling of Congress in December in order to discharge the trust that had been confided to me by the people. At the commencement of the session I accordingly presented myself, with the credentials given me by the only authority existing in the Territory at the time, which being examined by that body were received, and the privilege of being heard on the floor of the House courteously conceded to me, of which I availed myself, using my best endeavors to place the Territory in the proper light before Congress and promoting her best interests. How far I succeeded the sequel will tell. A bill for the organization of the Territory was placed in the hands of the Territorial Committee, and after the usual time taken for the discussion of such matters was reported favorably to the House and passed. Being sent to the President some slight objections were found, when the bill by consent of the house was withdrawn for the purpose of amending it to suit the views of the executive. In its amended form it was again reported to the house and passed without a dissenting voice. Being a second time sent to the President, it was by him signed. It did not become a law immediately, for the reason that it contained a clause suspending all proceedings under it, until such time as the President should issue his proclamation and make the necessary appointments for the government of the Territory. The proclamation and appointments were withheld until after the expiration of my term of office (which expired with the Provisional Congress), thereby preventing me from accomplishing anything beyond the passage of the organic act. Although having a seat upon the floor of the House, all efforts to accomplish anything further for the benefit of the Territory were paralyzed by the neglect of the President to perform the duty required by the bill, to render it operative and effective.

"Every possible effort was used by me, to have the organization thorough and complete believing, then as I do now, that in as much as the Provisional Congress had created the Territory, the right should have been conceded them of confirming or rejecting any appointments made under the act. Selections were made by me from persons living in and identified with the country—persons eminently qualified for the discharge of the duties incident to the administration of the government, and recommended and urged for the different appointments—not a single one of which was made, so far as my information goes at present; but, on the contrary, political favoritism has fixed on the country a set of office holders who have no knowledge of the Teritory or its inhabitants, who have no residence in the country, and whose interests in its welfare, it is fair to presume extend only so far as they are benefited by the amount of their respective salaries. For this result no responsibility can be attached to me,

having been superceded before an opportunity was allowed me of defending the Territory against the proceeding. Nor do I attach any to Congress, they having always manifested the liveliest interest in the welfare of the country, as well as extending every possible courtesy to her delegate, but to a dirty clique of greedy cormorants, that have sought to gorge themselves upon the Confederate treasury, is attributable the failure of entire success. I shall take occasion, before concluding this article, to speak of some of the members of this clique, so that this community, as well as the world at large, may know the material of which it is composed.

"His Excellency, John R. Baylor, being the head and front of the association, is deserving of the first notice. This man, who was forced into taking possession of the Territory of Arizona, with becoming delicacy declared himself Military Governor, and having issued his proclamation to the citizens, manifesting that the laws of New Mexico, by which the Territory had been previously governed, should still remain in full force except when incompatible with the constitution and laws of the Confederate States, entered upon the discharge of the duties of his high position, appointing and deposing the officers necessary to the administration of the law, until he collected around him the instruments suitable to his purposes, when there succeeded a series of outrages, such as a free people were never called upon to suffer since the foundation of the first government. Instead of looking to the faithful execution of the existing laws, as he had promised in his proclamation, he subverted them to the accomplishment of his foul purposes. He dismantled courts of their jurisdiction, and stooped from his high position as governor to adjudicate matters of litigation arising in the country, between citizens and neighbors, having no rule for his guide beyond his arbitrary will. He has by his unjust and unholy interference in matters of election in the Territory, polluted the ballot-box and stifled the voice of the people, to elevate to a high position a miserable cur, who does not enjoy the confidence of half a dozen decent white people in the country.

"He has the blood of one of Arizona's noblest and best men upon his hands, whom he murdered in the light of a noonday's sun, in the streets of Mesilla in the presence of twenty or more witnesses —the proofs shall be here adduced. He forestalled the election of a delegate to congress, by taking from the hands of the proper authorities, the management thereof; and by failing and refusing to notify a portion of the territory known to be hostile to his views. He caused to be appointed by the Secretary of the Territory, the judges of the election in the different precincts, and ballot-boxes to be distributed contrary to law, and instructed his Secretary of the Territory to address letters to the justices of the peace of the different precincts, over his official signature, to inform them how he

wished them to cast their votes, one of which was preserved and kindly presented to me, for the purpose of this exposition. It is in the following words:

" 'Mesilla, 28, Dec'r., 1862.

" 'To the Justice of the People, Precinct of Amoles,

" 'Arizona Territory—Sir:

" 'I am instructed by his Excellency, Col. John R. Baylor, Military Governor of Arizona Territory, to communicate with you in regard to the election which we shall have on Monday next, to elect a delegate to the Congress of the Confederate States of America; and to manifest to you, and through you to the inhabitants of your place, the urgent necessity of sending a delegate who will well fulfill his duties and protect our best interests; therefore in our opinion, attorney-at-law, M. H. McWillie, of this place, is the person most appropriate for this position, and we hope that you and the people of Amoles (Santo Refujio) will help us to elect that gentleman to the position, with all the votes that are in the place.

" '(signed) JAMES A. LUCAS,

" 'Secretary of Arizona Ter.

" 'I remit to you by the bearer the poll-books of that Precinct, and hope they will be returned here the first opportunity after the election.

" '(signed) JAMES A. LUCAS.' "

"The above letter is a translation from the Spanish language, in which it was written, made by Mr. J. J. Thibault, who authorizes me to say that it is correctly done.

"If this is not prostituting the position entrusted to him by his Government, for the base purpose of accomplishing some private end, then I must confess myself incapable of interpreting its meaning. But his partial and dishonest dealing does not stop here. In order the more effectually to accomplish the filthy mission upon which he had set out, it became necessary to order the Arizona troops, (I mean the troops raised in Arizona, and who had the right of voting), out upon picket duty, that they might thereby be deprived of the privilege of voting, entertaining, as they did, opinions antagonistic to his plan. The order was made, and all obstacles from this quarter removed. This information I received from the Captains of the companies so disposed of. So much for the matters of election in this connection.

"I come now to speak of the diabolical murder of R. P. Kelley, perpetrated by this same Military Governor, John R. Baylor, and in doing so, I shall simply give the evidence as it was taken by the grand-jury, from Baylor's friends and members of his command. I am in possession of stronger evidence, but as it has never been before a legal tribunal, I deem it best to withold it. The testimony is as follows:

"J. W. Crooms.—'I saw Mr. K. coming up the street, and Col. Baylor came in at the door just above him. When Mr. Kelley was within about ten feet of the door Col. Baylor stepped to the door and spoke to Mr. K. I understood him to say "Hold on, my lad, I want to speak to you." Mr. Kelley continued to advance up the street; Col. Baylor stepped inside the door, picked up a musket and struck Mr. Kelley on the head; Mr. Kelley then struck at Col. Baylor with a knife; Mr. K. was in a falling attitude at the time; I saw the knife; Col. Baylor then threw down the gun and jumped upon Mr. Kelley, saying at the time, "You can't come that;" Col. B. caught the hand in which Mr. Kelley held the knife, and told him "to let go the knife."—Mr. Kelley seemed to be struggling to use the knife; Col. Baylor drew a pistol with his left hand, and then ordered Mr. Kelley to give up the knife; Mr. Kelley refused to do so. Col. Baylor then pointed his pistol at Mr. Kelley's head and fired.

"H. S. Maynatt.—'I was sitting outside the door; Col. Baylor walked in and spoke to a young man who was sick; I saw him turn and pick up a musket and raised it as if to strike; I followed the direction of the musket, and saw Mr. Kelley as the musket descended upon his head; as he received the lick I saw him make a strike with a knife at Col. Baylor. Mr. Kelley was in a falling position. Col. Baylor caught hold of him as he was falling, and fell on top of Mr. Kelley with one knee on his body; Col. Baylor then caught the hand that held the knife; Mr. Kelley was endeavoring to cut Col. Baylor while he was trying to secure the knife. Col. Baylor then told him to lay down the knife; nothing was said in reply. Col. Baylor then drew a pistol with his left hand, at which time some one said "Don't shoot him." Col. B. then told Mr. Kelley a second time to put down the knife; Mr. K. did not make any reply, and did not put down the knife; about that time the pistol was fired by Col. Balor.'

"Robt. McClare.—'I was setting in the door when Col. Baylor came in; when I next saw him he reappeared at the door, with a musket in his hand; Mr. Kelley was nearly opposite the door, walking along; Col. Baylor called to him saying, "Hold on, my lad," or something to that effect. Mr. Kelley then stopped, faced Col. Baylor, who then struck him on the head with the musket, which stunned him. Mr. Kelley then threw out his hands as if to catch in falling. Col. Baylor dropped the musket, caught Mr. Kelley and threw him to the ground. He held him to the ground. Mr. Kelley appeared to be struggling to use something in his hand. Col. Baylor, remarked "You can't come that on me, I am too much for a man of your sort," or something to that effect. He then remarked, "You try to stab people do you?" and also told Mr. Kelley to put down the knife. Col. Baylor then reached and drew a six-shooter with his

left hand, cocked it on his thigh and then pointed the pistol at Mr. Kelley's head and fired.

"W. D. McGill.—'I was lying in the room, and heard some words on the outside of the door as if a difficulty was going on. I saw a man lying on the ground and Col. Baylor on top of him. The man that was under was holding a knife in his left hand and Col. Baylor had hold of the left arm; the man was struggling to use the knife. Col. Baylor then remarked, "You try to cut people with knives, do you?" or something to that effect; he also said, "I am too much for your sort," and told him to let go the knife or to drop it, which the man did not do. The Colonel had drawn his pistol during the time; he now cocked it on his thigh, and shot the man in the cheek. The Colonel then arose and said, "Give him a chance for his life." This occurred in the Town of Mesilla, Ter'y of Arizona, on Thursday 12th day of December, 1861."

"Territory of Arizona,)
"County of Dona Ana,)

"'I, Charles A. Hoppin, Clerk of the District Court, for said Territory and County, hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and perfect copy of the evidence, taken before the grand-jury for said county and Territory, duly sworn and empaneled in the case of the people of said Territory against John R. Baylor, for causing the death of Robert P. Kelly, at an adjourned term of the Court, held in the Town of Mesilla, in December, 1861.

"'In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and seal of office, at my office in the Town of Mesilla, this eighth day of May, 1862, using a scroll for a seal, there being no seal of office.

"'CHA'S A. HOPPIN,
Clerk, 1st J. D. Court.'"

"Such is the testimony of friends—the only persons summoned—and yet there was no bill found. Where was the District Attorney, and how was he employed at the time, that there was no effort made to punish such an atrocious crime, or hold the perpetrator amenable to the laws? Can it be that we have fallen on time when men of position have risen superior to the laws of the land; and that they are only enforced with all rigor against the weak and friendless? If not, by what means has Governor Baylor purchased immunity from punishment for the transgression of the most sacred laws, not only of man but of God? All the circumstances being known, it does not require the wisdom of a Solomon to arrive at a conclusion approximating at least correctness. M. H. McWillie, the Prosecuting Attorney, the creature of the Governor, by him appointed to office, neglects and refuses to prosecute his patron, his perfidy to an injured community and his oath to the contrary notwithstanding; and the

Governor, acting on the principle that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," rewards him in the foulest manner, with a seat in the Congress of the Confederate States, and extorts from persons enjoying the benefit of Government contracts, a subscription of sufficient amount to cover the expenses of a trip to Richmond.

"James A. Lucas, Secretary of the Territory, appointed by Governor Baylor, is one of the prominent members of the clique; but of him it is needless to speak; being of that worthless description that all designing men have and keep as the doers of dirty work. He speaks Spanish tolerably well and has served his master to his entire satisfaction.

"Samuel G. Bean is another member, but of a different cast. Possessing more than an ordinary cunning and as unscrupulous as a Mexican 'Pelado,' he is always ready to enter into any compact with any class of individuals, provided it puts money in his pockets. He is the Receiver under the Sequestration Act for the Territory of Arizona, has received, confiscated and sold, between six and ten thousand dollars worth of goods, the property of alien enemies, and from all appearances, is about to appropriate the money, as he did the revenues for the Territory of New Mexico, at the time this country was under her jurisdiction and he was the collector, i. e., embezzeler. He swindles every body that he comes in contact with, as every Mexican and American that has had dealings with him can testify. And from the best information I can get in serving his master he has not suffered in a pecuniary way.

"There is only one more that I shall waste the paper or take the time to notice at present; that person is John G. Ward, of Las Cruces. He keeps a hotel, or has kept one in that place for some time, and is generally known in this country as a thief of the lowest order. For fear some one may mistake his identity, he is the same John G. Ward, that belonged to a gang of highwaymen, that figured some four years or more ago in Western Arizona, under the notorious 'Curley;' and on one occasion assisted in the murder of several 'peones' (Mexican servants) in the employment of a gentleman living in the town of Magdelena, Sonora, and in driving off a pack train of 40 or 50 mules belonging to the same man. I myself assisted in retaking the mules and delivering them to their owner, and in arresting one of the thieves. This man Ward was arrested by another party, and delivered into the hands of the commanding officer at Fort Buchanan, where he was kept for some time, and turned loose at length, because there was no court in the country of competent jurisdiction to try his case.

Such is the character of the most prominent members of the clique that has ruled Arizona for the past seven or eight months. It has fallen upon me to thus publicly expose them, as I have been the

most prominent object of their foul and base persecutions. In conclusion I will admit to the public that a deep sense of personal injury has induced me to say a great deal that I have said; but I solemnly declare that I have dealt justly with each and every one mentioned herein. A great deal more could have been said, that has been withheld for fear of sickening public morals and public decency by the sudden exposition of such corruption and rottenness.

" Your ob't sev't.,

"Mesilla, Arizona, May 21st, 1862. GRANVILLE H. OURY."

Mr. Oury, after his political efforts in Arizona, became an officer in the Confederate Army, and as such served in Arizona, Texas and Louisiana, and so strong was he in his convictions that the South was right, that after the war, like General Joe Shelby and others, he determined to go to Mexico so as not to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government; but of this he soon thought better and returned to Arizona, from whence, some years later, he was sent to Washington as the territory's delegate to the national congress.

The following letter, written by Mr. Oury, and signed by several others, as well as himself, is among his papers, and is interesting in the fact that Lieut. Colonel Dan Showalter is the same spoken of in Mrs. Oury's diary given elsewhere in this history. He was killed at Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico, as shown in the latter part of Mrs. Oury's diary. Marcus or Marius Oury, who was one of the signers of the letter below, was a brother of Wm. Sanders, and Granville Henderson Oury, and was killed by Apaches near Tucson, in 1865:

"To Lieut. Genl. Kirby Smith, C. S. A.

"Dear Sir:

"The few Arizonans and New Mexicans that have survived the exigencies of the service, seeing but little hope of a restoration of their country under existing circumstances, and desirous of making one more effort—striking one more blow for their homes and property—earnestly appeal to you for the relief and assistance that the necessity of their cause demands.

"We are assured not alone by the signs of the times, but by the avowed sentiments of the Confederate Congress, that should offers

of a peace treaty be made, conditioned for the surrender of all the territories by the South the same would be accepted by our Government, and we believe that however repugnant the measure might be to the existing powers, the pressure of the people in their great desire for a speedy conclusion of the present war should be such as to override all arguments and (word illegible) of the administration.

"We have *no country, no home* but Arizona and New Mexico, and if these are given up, we will have fought, and many have lost their lives to no purpose. Almost the entire American population of these Territories are now in the ranks of the Confederate Army, and join us in making this last appeal for help.

"We propose to take one hundred chosen men under the command of Lieut. Col. Dan Showalter, traveling in detachments of twenty-five through Mexico, for the ostensible purpose of visiting the late rich gold discovery made in the Territory of Arizona—concentrate our forces at Tucson (at which point a large supply depot has been established, guarded by about one hundred men, from the best information we can get) take that place, and move directly forward to the gold mines between the headwaters of the Salinas and Gila rivers where we are assured that our numbers will be augmented to at least five hundred men, and perhaps many more—thence we march directly on Ft. Yuma, destroy that point and open communication with Southern California, from whence a sufficient number of men can be drawn to sweep the entire Territories east and establish beyond cavil the claim of the Southern Confederacy to the country.

"We ask that the number of men under the command above mentioned, together with twenty thousand dollars in specie or its equivalent be granted us, and we solemnly pledge our lives for the success of the undertaking.

"Very respectfully yours, etc.,

Lt. Col. Dan Showalter
F. E. Kavanaugh
G. H. Oury
C. C. Dodson
Fred A. Neville
M. Oury
Al Friar
Henry McNamee
Joseph Franck
H. H. Holmes
Joseph Rign
Wm. Wilton
David Young
E. Brevoort

"San Antonio, Texas, February 14, 1864."

Mr. Oury returned from Mexico to Tucson in 1865, and soon found himself in the hands of the Federal authorities charged with murder, but of this charge he had no trouble in clearing himself.

The following letter is pertinent to Mr. Oury's murder charge:

"To His Excellency,
"R. A. McCormick,
"Acting Governor of Arizona.

"The undersigned, a citizen of Arizona, and late of the rebel service, being incarcerated in the common prison of this place, under an indictment for murder, found at the June term of the District Court, at Mesilla in the Territory of New Mexico—and seeing but little hope of a speedy trial, under present circumstances, as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States to all citizens—begs leave to submit the following for the consideration and action of your Excellency.

"The charges preferred in the indictment above referred to are for the aiding and assistance in the execution of one Boyle C. Marshal—arrested by the rebel authorities as a spy and executed without authority of law or formality of trial. Conscious of my innocence with abundant proof to establish the same, I have demanded, as I suppose I had a right, an immediate hearing, in order to escape the horrors of a long, loathsome imprisonment, shackled and loaded down with irons as it is my misfortune to be at present—but I have been told that my present condition would remain unchanged until such time as I was formally demanded by the Governor of New Mexico of your Excellency when I would be disposed of according to orders received in the premises.

"In consideration of the uncertainty and tardiness of communications between this place and the neighboring Territory, and impelled by a desire to relieve my present suffering condition, I hereby waive all right that I may have, as a citizen of Arizona, of being formally demanded by the Governor of New Mexico, for the trial of any offence committed within his jurisdiction, hoping that your Excellency will use any and all powers you may possess in having me transferred immediately to the jurisdiction of the Court in which the indictment referred to originated.

"In conclusion, I will state for your information that on my return to this Territory from the scene of Rebellion, I strictly complied with all the requirements of the amnesty proclamation of the President of the United States.

"I am, Sir,

"Very respectfully,
"Your most obedient servant,
G. H. Oury."

Political campaigns in the early '80's were bitter, and that in Arizona, for delegates to congress, in which Granville H. Oury ran and was elected on the democratic ticket, was no exception. In this connection it is interesting to quote from a Tucson newspaper of that time, the writer Solomon Warner being an old pioneer well known, when he lived, to me:

"TO THE PEOPLE OF ARIZONA
"The Testimony of an Old Citizen on
"HON. GRANVILLE H. OURY.

"Since this political campaign opened attacks have been made upon Hon. G. H. Oury, which, for injustice and recklessness have few equals in the political history of any country. I have been in this country since 1855, and have known Mr. Oury ever since February, 1856; have known him as official and as private citizen; have watched his course closely, and am intimate with the part he has taken in many trying events, and know, in a more general way, his entire course in Arizona. Speaking from what I know, I feel that I am entitled to a hearing from the people, who always desire fair play and truth. Knowing, then, the injustice done him, I do not feel at liberty to remain silent. Most of those who slander him now, came here long after the trying times of our early history were over; times in which Oury demonstrated his manhood, and which has left an impression of respect and kindness in the memory of all those who knew him then. I propose to tell you a few of the early incidents of which I have knowledge, in support of what I say, that Grant Oury has always reached out his arm in defense of the weak and oppressed to prevent wrong.

"In 1857, when we had little or no law, and no power to redress wrongs save the willing assistance of good citizens, a band of desperados headed by J. G. (Billiard) Ward, and one Redding, followed a pack train that had been into the Territory from Sonora, with flour for Fort Buchanan, owned by one Padreos, a Mexican, below the Sonora line near Nogales, attacked it, killed several of the party of peaceable Mexicans, and drove the animals away into this Territory. Grant Oury came to me for animals to go in pursuit of them. He got them, followed the band and captured the animals, and returned them to their rightful owners. A few of the animals,

however, had been driven away into California, and these were not recovered. He was assisted by a few of our people, but he was the one who got up the party.

"About 1859 a man named Miles lay sick and wounded in Tucson, when he was set upon by one Byrd and some others, who claimed that Miles owed him $1,600 that he alleged he had put into Miles' possession some time previous. He said that he had delivered the money to Miles tied up in a handkerchief, and took no receipt or written showing therefor. Byrd and his gang were about to take all his property, and had made threats to kill Miles, when some citizens among whom Grant Oury was conspicuous, demanded proof of Byrd, and there was no doubt in the minds of our citizens that it was a concocted plan to plunder a defenceless man. Under the pressure made by Oury and others, the plunderers desisted till Miles was put into the hospital at Fort Buchanan where, out of reach of Oury's assistance, also under the protection of the military, they trumped up a kind of arbitration board, composed of members of the gang, and took away most of Miles' animals, and with them escaped.

"Ever since I have been in the country and have known him, Grant Oury has always, as in this instance, stood by the defenceless. These are not the only instances; many others can be told and the proofs furnished. Indeed I have always known him, under such circumstance as proved the man just, magnanimous and true. Had he been what his political detractors say, I would have found it out in those dark days that tried men's souls. I am now in my old age, unable to get out to see the people and tell them what I know, and hence send them this message. I cannot feel that it is right to forget the services of a man now that the trying events in which those services were rendered are past, we trust to return no more. A grateful and kind remembrance should always be accorded to those who have been true in the dark days, and appreciating this self-evident truth, I cannot refrain from saying to my people that I know that Grant Oury has been the friend and the supporter of the right from our early days to the present hour, and if past services and present fitness should induce a people to support a man, there is no more fitting person to whom to extend those considerations than Granville H. Oury.

"Solo (Solomon) Warner."

In bringing this sketch to a close, I quote the tribute of Hon. P. R. Brady of Florence, on the death of Mr. Oury, which appeared in the Phoenix "Herald" of January 16, 1891:

"After a short, but painful illness, there died last Sunday morning January 11, in Tucson a man well and favorably known through-

out the Territory of Arizona, Granville H. Oury. The writer of this article was one of his intimate friends for more than forty years. He came to San Antonio, Texas, from Missouri in 1848. The following year, '49, he went with the balance of the Argonauts overland to California and then after a varied experience in placer mining from Shasta to Southern California. In 1856, he turned eastward again and settled in Tucson. In 1861 he left for the South and cast his lot with the Southern Confederacy. He was a delegate to the Confederate Congress both in Richmond and Montgomery, Alabama, and afterwards served during the war in the Southern Army with distinction. During his stay in Texas he married his cousin, Miss Mina Sanders, of Seguin, Texas, a most estimable and kind-hearted lady. He returned to Arizona after the war and resumed his profession, the practice of the law. In '71, he removed to Phoenix and in '77 he removed to Florence which was his home until his death. Mr. Oury held different offices of honor and trust in the Territory and in the discharge of his duties was a faithful, honest and efficient officer. He served as delegate to Congress two terms, in the 47th and 48th Sessions. He was one of the delegates to the National Convention that nominated Mr. Cleveland the first time. He was twice Speaker of the Assembly, and then twice a member of the lower house of the Arizona Legislature, and was twice District Attorney of this country. He was a very conscientious man in his practice at the bar, and the soul of honor and fairness, strong in his likes and his dislikes, nothing of the politician, and bold in the expression of his opinion at all times. He had a warm, kind heart for his friends, and no one would go further to serve them than he. The sorrowing crowd who followed him to hit last abode, last Monday afternoon, shows the respect in which he was held by his own immediate neighbors. Kind and loving hands administered to his wants in his last painful sickness and best medical skill in the Territory attended him, but all in vain. May the heavenly Father comfort his bereaved wife and daughter in their affliction. Farewell old friend, may your soul rest in peace!"

With regard to the following letter (which is not dated, but undoubtedly was written before the Civil War) we can surmise that it relates to some movement of those restless Americans along the Rio Garnde, who were most of the time at odds with the Mexicans. The reader will recall who Edw. McGowan is from mention made of him in other portions of the history.

"El Paso, Texas, Friday, 12 o'clock.

"Dear Gran:

"The boys have just arrived all safe, after being corraled all

night. Tom Smith and a party of the 'boys' went to their rescue at an early hour this morning, and met them coming to this place. Judge Crosby also sent an under-Sheriff and about 30 mounted troops under Captain Walker to their aid. Captain Elliott followed in about an hour with his mounted men, and they are mystified almost to death to think they did not have a bout with the "greasers." Judge Crosby "Phil" and myself leave in the morning in an ambulance for Fort Fillmore.

"If everything is quiet, or if necessity should require our assistance, we will be with you at the earliest moment. Phillip requests me to say that if you wanted any help to send an express—the 'boys' are chock full of fight. Trusting this will reach you right side up,

"I am, as ever,

"G. H. Oury, Esq. "Your friend,

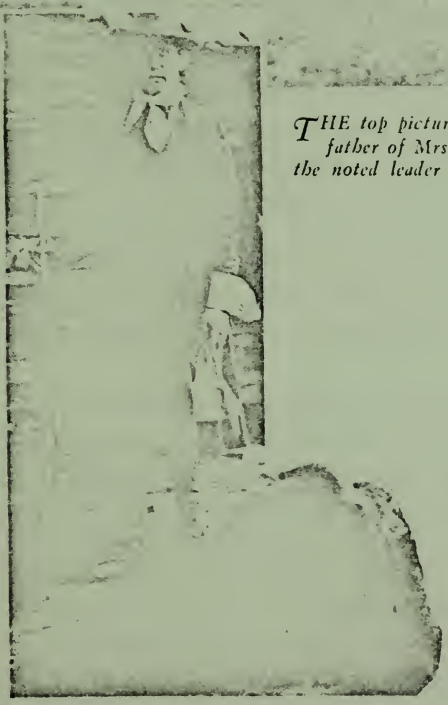
"Mesilla. Edw. McGowan."

(To Be Continued)





THE top picture shows (left) J. W. Ellison, father of Mrs. Hunt, and Al Sieber (right) the noted leader of Apache scouts.



HELEN DUETT ELLISON HUNT with a bear killed by her at the Ellison Ranch in 1899.

HELEN DUETT ELLISON HUNT

(Mrs. George W. P. Hunt)

By SIDNEY KARTUS

JESSE Ellison, grandfather of Helen Duett Ellison, went to Texas in 1836. He was a Tennessean who first had gone to Alabama. There, in Somerville, Morgan county, he met and married Isabelle Stuart. The couple, an integral part of the Scotch-Irish thread which pushed from the back country of the original thirteen states to the deep south, moved west to opportunity, to the last brilliant weave of their race's blood on the North American continent. Somerville, Alabama, has today a population of 300. Little change and less growth have marked Somerville since Jesse Ellison left there with his Stuart bride to colonize in a dependency of Mexico, since J. W. Ellison, son of Jesse and father of Helen Duett, returned to Somerville, Alabama, from Texas, as a soldier of the Confederacy. As a scout looking for a ford to take the enemy by surprise, J. W. Ellison passed the Chapman plantation where his father had been an overseer. Today, nearly one hundred years after Jesse Ellison's departure, Somerville retains its name, place in the Atlas, and a population of 300.

J. W. Ellison was born in the Republic of Texas, Brazos county, September 22, 1841, one of eight children. His wealth and that of the woman he would later marry, who was a native of the same short-lived nation, at the outbreak of the civil war consisted of fifty cows. His wife was a daughter of Captain H. M. Smith, and a granddaughter of General James Smith. Ellison, who in January, 1861, had received his appointment as a Texas Ranger, which organization was being used against Comanche Indians, left the border constabulary to enlist September 20, 1861, in Company G, 6th Texas Vol-

unteer Cavalry. His command did not push through Arkansas in time to participate in the battle of Shiloh, but he served throughout the south during the remainder of the war. He was among the forces which opposed Sherman's march through Georgia. He was married February 14, 1864, while on his way to Mexico, to secure a silver-mounted Mexican saddle and bridle for his division commander, who had sent him from Mississippi. In February, 1865, half of his brigade received furlough, and J. W. Ellison had reached Shreveport, Louisiana, on his return to report for active duty, when he heard the news of Lee's surrender. He turned his face west to Texas again.

Of the fifty cows of his brand, J. W. Ellison located only one. During the war the unattended cattle had drifted like the buffalo. To erect his fortune he kept cattle on shares, retaining every fourth calf and ten per cent of sales. As did other Texas cattlemen of the day, he drove cattle to Kansas in 1868 and 1869, through grass so high that the animals would be frightened into stampede. Ellison prospered. From McLennan County, where he had gone in 1853, he removed, in 1876, to Shackelford County. The frontier was filling, and like his father before, Ellison took the western path. In Shackelford County he experienced the troubles of the wire-cutting episodes of the Texas range, this being one of the factors which induced him to sell out his holdings in that state.

Sheriff Henry Thompson of Gila County, Arizona, had relatives in Shackelford County, Texas, whom he visited. J. W. Ellison had considered going to Montana to re-enter the cattle business, but Thompson persuaded him to try Arizona. Today, at the age of 89, he has never had occasion to regret his decision. He prospered anew in the country of his choice.

Among his six children, Helen Duett had been born November 10, 1867, on Station Creek, near Eagle Springs, Coryell County, Texas.

In 1885, at Bowie, to which point he had shipped the

cattle with which to stock his new range, Ellison sent his family on to Payson, while with his cowboys he drove the herd to the Salt River above the present site of Roosevelt Dam. Twenty-five miles northeast of Payson, where there were no settlements, under the Mogollon Rim, in grass as high as a horseman's head, he located a ranch which was sound enough to an ex-ranger and seasoned veteran of four years of cavalry war. The exigencies of the evasive frontier, and menace of unsubdued Apaches, threatened not only his cattle grazing under the pine of the hills, but the existence of his family. But the grass was high, the reward rich, and the life good.

A band of Chiricahua Apaches left the reservation for the war-path in 1885, while Ellison was in Winslow with cattle. His wife and children went to Payson for safety. Later, however, when Geronimo broke, Ellison, at home, called in his neighbors and erected a pine log stockade. He laid a water ditch to the stockade. To forestall the Indians in case they should cut the ditches, he kept two barrels full of water in the fortress.

Duett, as she was called by her family, was as useful and dependable to her father as his sons. In 1886 and 1889 she helped drive cattle to Winslow for shipment. Her trunk accompanied her in the front end of the chuck wagon. At Winslow, with the healthy facility of the ranch-girl, she went from the saddle to the dance floor. The ranch life had tempered, not hardened her. She had been educated at a convent in Waco, Texas, and by governesses at her ranch homes. She wore trousers only once in her life. A report had reached Mr. Ellison that Indians were taking his saddle stock. He took two riders with him to investigate. One was Duett. He had her dress in trousers as a cow-puncher, to disguise from the Indians the fact that one of his aides was a girl.

The picture of Duett Ellison with a bear killed by her at the Ellison ranch in 1899, when she was thirty-two, shows a face resolute, intelligent and composed.

She helped her father receive the cattle he bought along the Salt River. Indians worked better for her than they did for her father. She loved and was familiar with domesticated animals. Children and young people filled her house with the ease and grace and softness she exhibited herself. Later, when she was the wife of the governor of Arizona, the extensive grounds of her home in Phoenix sheltered fluttering wings, and colors of birds and animals. Peacocks posed on the walks, and cried above the sounds of pigeons and guineas.

In Holbrook, February 24, 1904, she married George W. P. Hunt, who has since been governor of Arizona seven times. They made their home at Globe where Hunt was a merchant.

The Hunt's only child, Virginia, was born at the Ellison Ranch June 26, 1905. Thereafter, mother and daughter came to the mother's old home every summer. Ellison had moved his ranch about eight miles from his original location. There he remained until 1892, when he made his home ten miles east of Pleasant Valley. In 1915, after George W. P. Hunt had become governor and had moved to Phoenix from Globe, the Ellison family also went to Phoenix. The Hunts and the Ellisons purchased land together. They erected adjoining houses connected by a drive and a walk-way.

During the seven terms of her husband as governor, Mrs. Hunt rarely entertained, and then usually only because of the demands of her position. Accustomed to the quiet of her life on plain and mountain, her family and close friends, her spacious home and gardened grounds encompassed a world which required no artificial amusements. The manner of her southern forebears made her an accomplished hostess. But the frontier horizon had curved its own line into her nature. Her pleasures were not those of the ordinary woman, but the proper enjoyments of the race.

When President Wilson appointed George W. P. Hunt minister to Siam in the spring of 1920, Mrs. Hunt and their daughter went with him, remaining until after his resignation in 1921. After their return to Arizona, Mrs. Hunt's husband was elected governor for three additional terms. He lost the 1928 election but in 1930 the voters returned him to the governorship, where he now is. Mr. Hunt suffered a severe illness after the strenuous 1930 campaign. Following his recovery, in the early part of 1931, the daughter, Virginia, married to Carl Brannen, was taken to the hospital in April.

Mrs. Hunt had not been well for several days. A few days after her daughter Virginia had given birth to her first child, a son, Mrs. Hunt herself was taken to the same hospital. An appendectomy was performed at once, but too late. On April 18, 1931, she died in the presence of her husband and her daughter, who was brought to the bedside from another room in the hospital.

The mother of the former Duett Ellison had died in 1929. Because of this, and the declining health of her father, she did not accompany her husband on his second trip around the world in 1930. J. W. Ellison, Texas Ranger, Confederate cavalryman, frontiersman and rancher, still lives in the house adjoining the Hunt residence in Phoenix. Blind and bed-ridden, his handclasp is firm, his voice gentle and considerate, his memory exact and his thought lucid. He speaks fully of his daughter's life, relating the day, the month, the year. The frontier horizon has curved its own line into him also. He does not speak with praise of his daughter, who was first lady of the state so many years, except to say she was a good rider and enjoyed the quiet of her own home rather than the common disturbances of state.

A PIMA CALENDAR STICK

By C. H. SOUTHWORTH

FOREWORD

During the four years I have devoted to the studies of past and living cultures in the local region and particularly to the subject of irrigation, both Pima and prehistoric, no greater contribution has been made to the subject than the records made by Mr. C. H. Southworth, chief engineer of the San Carlos Irrigation Project. As engineer for the U. S. Irrigation Service, Mr. Southworth made a survey of irrigation among the Pima Indians along the Gila river in 1912-14. Among his field maps are many recorded canals that since have been totally obliterated and with the help of his painstaking field notes these canals have been designated most accurately according to their chronological sequences.

Among the various records submitted to the government as a result of Mr. Southworth's survey was a supplement of typewritten data obtained from the then oldest Indians on the Pima Reservation. Three copies were made of this supplement and it was not included in the printed records that now are available. In this supplement are included translations of old Pima calendar sticks, depositions made by old Indians on the subject of early irrigation, and much information that is of both general and specific interest to students of Pima life.

The thoroughness with which the subject is covered and the clearness of its presentation show an ability that is not often met with in even trained ethnological field workers and its first publication by the Arizona Historical Review is a credit to the publishers and a service to its readers. Originally submitted as a purely technical report the supplement offers some obstacles in editing for the present purpose, but none, I am sure, that will not be overcome by the editors.

I am happy for this opportunity to voice my personal and professional thanks to Mr. Southworth, and my congratulations to the State Historian's Office for permanently recording these valuable documents.

ODD S. HALSETH.

Phoenix, Arizona, June, 1931.

CALENDAR OF JUAN THOMAS
OF BLACKWATER

The translation of this calendar stick was obtained from statements given by a Pima Indian. The time recording of the older Indians are based on their remembered events. Many of these events are of record and have been mentioned in the early historical writings of this territory; hence the date corresponding to the different events given were readily obtainable. It should be borne in mind that the Indian year begins in the summer at the time of the Saguaro harvest, and correspondingly, their year interval contains a portion of two of our calendar years.

1850-51

Black vomiting, a certain sickness which prevailed through all the settlements, killing the Indians by hundreds.

1851-52

Mesquite Root, an Indian name for a Papago Village, near Quijotoa, which Apaches attacked, killing all the men, elderly women and taking captive all the young.

Near Gray-back Mountain, Apaches ambushed Pimas and Maricopas, killing six warriors.

1853-54

Pimas went on a campaign in the mountains against Apaches. They found a settlement and killed every person in the village. One of these Apaches had a pet eagle.

1854-55

Pimas and Papagoes join forces and pursue Apaches, who stole some horses; they killed the horse thieves and recovered the horses.

1855-56

Pimas attacked a settlement of Apaches near where the San Carlos Dam site is now, killing many; the Apaches were grinding mesquite beans when attacked. Among the dead was a blind man.

1856-57

Pimas attacked Apache village, killing many. There

was a corn field near by the village. Pimas roasted corn after the battle was over.

1857-58*

Iriaqaw Indians were killed by Apaches while fishing near Gila Crossing. Four days later Joseph Roberts was shot by an Apache. Roberts thought the man was a Pima and he was talking to him when he was shot.

An army of Yuma Indians came from the Colorado River to fight Pimas and Maricopas. In battle which took place, the Yumas were slaughtered.

1858-59

The star fell, or meteor. Apache kill a Pima in battle.

Apache kill Pima; he was Chief of Casa Blanca village.

The first white man came to Casa Blanca village, and open a store.

1859-60

Second white man came to Casa Blanca; he went with Pimas on war campaign and killed two Apaches, father and son. It was in spring.

1860-61

The Pimas helped themselves to several sacks of wheat belonging to a trader.

Two Pima war leaders were wounded in a fierce battle between Pimas and Apaches. One died four days after and the other died one year later.

1861-62

A white man by the name of White was captured by troops coming from the east, supposed to be Texas volunteers.

Apache kill Pima near Gila Crossing (Estralla).

Soldiers with Pimas chased Apaches.

*Brown, in his "Adventures in the Apache Country," page 104, says that the fight between 75 Yumas and Pimas took place near Maricopa Wells, in 1857 and was witnessed by R. W. Laine. (C.H.S.)

1862-63

Two medicine men were killed by their own people for causing sickness and death. They were father and son.

A white woman was taken away from Apaches after fierce battle. It was in the fall when this took place.

1863-64

In fall Pima kill Apache near Silver King, Globe.

In winter Apache kill Pima about two miles south of Four Miles Post.

In spring Pima kill Apache and stood the body up on a hill near Sacaton Siding.

Old Santan fields were put under cultivation, corn, melons and pumpkins yield bountiful crop.

1864-65

Early in the fall Pima kill Apache, cut his ears off and tied them to a long pole. Stood the pole in the midst of the villages between Sacaton and Sweetwater.

Many Whiskers, a white man, deceived Apaches by telling them he was their friend. He issued flour to them and after the Apaches put their arms away, Many Whiskers signaled to the Pimas fire on them. Battle issued in which Many Whiskers was killed with a spear by the Apaches.

1865-66

Many Apaches were killed in a battle with Pimas at a place called Wild Gords Piles. This happened in the fall and the Blackwater Indians had just reaped their first crop of corn, melons and pumpkins.

1866-67

In fall an Apache was killed who had a long foot.

1867-68

In fall Pima killed several Apaches. One Pima was wounded.

1868-69

Having an Apache woman for their guide the Pimas and Papagoes joined forces and lead a war campaign into

the country which is now known as the San Carlos Indian reservation.

1869-70

Rained two days and nights continuously, washing down rocks and leaving white strips on the mountains.

Pimas kill Apaches while they were drunk and having a good time, and took several horses away with them.

1870-71

An Apache was killed while getting Giant Cactus fruit. About the same time Louis Nelson's father was killed by the Apaches at Peacho Mountains. One month later another Pima was killed.

1871-72

A Pima was bitten by a rattlesnake.

An Apache was killed known as Canteen.

Pima was shot with a gun.

1872-73

Apaches were slaughtered on top of a mountain known to the Indians as Black Butte, and Doctor Montezuma was captured. Two brothers were killed.

1873-74

In summer Old Man Blackwater lead a successful campaign killing many Apaches.

An Apache was killed known as Big Back. One Pima was killed in this battle. The U. S. Army was with the Pimas at this battle.

Telegraph line went through the Pima settlement. About the same time an Apache was killed by the Pimas, being the last one killed and peace was made.

1874-75

Two Indian runners ran races with balls.

1875-76

Man and woman ran race and woman won.

1876-77

A mare gave birth to twin colts.

1877-78

A Pima died while away in the mountains after mescal.

In spring a man from Blackwater was killed by Santan Indians. Eclipse of the sun occurred.

1878-79

In spring Casa Blanca Indians tried to kill Juan Thomas' brother and father. In summer the S. P. R. R. was extended to Casa Grande.

1879-80

A white man was shot and killed by two Blackwater young men near Casa Blanca.

1880-81

In spring Mr. Donkey, one of the boys who killed a white man the year before, was hung at Florence.

1881-82

In the beginning of spring snow fell. In summer two Indians were killed by the Agency police.

1882-83

Whooping cough swept through the Pima settlement, killing many children.

1883-84

Freight train ran over a Pima and killed him, cut him in two.

1884-85

The first Government wagon issued to Pima Indian.

1885-86

Two prominent men at Blackwater died, Owl and Heart.

1886-87

The Pimas were called upon to run Geronimo down.

1887-88

Blackwater and Sacaton Flats runners ran a race with balls. Earthquake occurred.

1888-89

Government building burned at Sacaton. Blackwater Presb. Church was built.

1889-90

Three prominent men at Blackwater died, Juan Thomas' father and others.

1889-90

Pimas were called to guard the paymaster from being robbed at Ft. McDowell.

1890-91

In spring high flood but did not wash away fields. .

1891-92

Two brothers died. Makil Anton and Juan Makil.

1892-93

Cow hooked Catherine Sampson.

1893-94

Chief Yellow, of Blackwater, died.

1894-95

The smallest pony ran race. Peter James owned one of them.

1895-96

A man died in jail at Sacaton.

Nelson's horse raced at Sacaton Flats.

John Thomas shot himself at Phoenix Indian School.

1896-97

Presbyterian Church built at Gila Crossing. The River practically dry. The Blackwater Indians were forced to leave homes to sell wood.

1897-98

Agent Hadley issued beef to Indians.

1898-99

Another year in which beef was issued.

1899-1900

A rattlesnake bite a woman and she died.

Pima Indians went to work on a railroad in Nevada. San Anton was ran over and killed by train while he was drunk.

1900-01

President McKinley assassinated. Pimas worked on railroad somewhere in California. (Salton Sea.)

1901-02

A. and E.* extended from Tempe to Florence.

1902-03

Floods washed away Indian fields.

1903-04

Two women struck by lightning.

1904-05

A Presbyterian church was built at Sweetwater north side of river.

1905-06

Two young men died, one fell from a wagon and struck his head on hub.

1906-07

Sioux Indian, La Blanc and known to Indians as Feather Hat, came on the reservation.

1907-08

Two Indians died in an old well.

1908-09

J. B. Alexander attacked Louis Nelson.

1909-10

Inspector E. B. Linnen investigates J. B. Alexander's administration.

1910-11

John Nelson and Nellie Roberts died.

1911-12

An Indian said to be killed by lightning.

1912-13

Five prominent people died. Little Gila opened up in Spring.

*Arizona Eastern Railway, now part of the S. P. R. R. system.

APACHE MISRULE

A Bungling Indian Agent Sets the Military Arm in Motion

(Continued)

By JOHN P. CLUM

WE are indebted to General Pope for the very important information that Col. Carr arrested the medicine man at the Indian village without resistance, and conveyed his prisoner five or six miles in the direction of Fort Apache without difficulty of any sort. It was not until he had encamped for the night that the mutinous scouts came in and fired upon Capt. Hentig and some soldiers. All other reports have given the impression that the shooting occurred at the Indian village, thus implying that a considerable number of the White Mountain Apaches were involved in the attack.

The details of the plan adopted for quieting the Indians and apprehending and punishing the mutinous scouts is sufficiently outlined by Commissioner of Indian Affairs Price in his annual report for 1881, as follows:

"Six days' notice was given throughout the reserve that a 'peace line' would be declared on the reserve on September 21st—outside of whose limits all Indians found would be considered hostile. The White Mountain Indians came in to the agency and sub-agency in small parties, where they were required to surrender to the military officers unconditionally, except that they asked and were promised a fair trial for their individual crimes."

"On September 20th five chiefs who had been leaders surrendered, and during the ensuing weeks sixty principal men followed their example. *Several of the mutinous scouts had been arrested and brought in by the agency Indian police force and delivered up to the military*, and by the close of the month all were in or accounted for, and little remained to be done but to proceed with the trials."

In the same report Commissioner Price makes the following important statement:

"I desire to call attention to the loyalty shown by five-sixths of the Indians on the San Carlos reserve. They have rendered invaluable and hazardous service as police and scouts."

Commissioner Price says the Indians "asked and were promised a fair trial for their individual *crimes.*" The Commissioner has chosen *a harsh and unwarranted phrase* —what the Indians sought was *a fair trial* based upon their individual *conduct*—not individual *crimes.* They had not committed any *crimes,* and they declared their innocence in a most emphatic manner when they came in *voluntarily and surrendered to the military arm knowing that they must stand trial before that stern tribunal.*

There was no uprising among the White Mountain Apaches. They had not committed any depredations and were not insubordinate. Doubtless they were much excited because of conditions created by those who should have been their best friends. Tiffany and Carr had blundered; the troops were making rapid marches through all the "exposed districts" (whatever that may mean), and there were rumors of more troops and big guns being rushed toward their homes and cornfields (their "Stronghold") on the Cibicu.

Spectacular maneuvers had been employed to create this excitement, and now equally spectacular maneuvers must be invoked to *quiet* these much disturbed Apaches. The law presumes a man innocent until the contrary is proven. But the military arm was in motion and chose to presume that the *Indians they had excited* were guilty and must be brought to trial.

Upwards of one hundred of these Indian prisoners were escorted to Fort Grant for trial. Among these were the five mutinous scouts who "had been arrested and brought in by the agency Indian police force and delivered up to the military," *and these five mutinous scouts*

were the only Indians found guilty before the military tribunal at Fort Grant.

The mass of the White Mountain Indians had not committed any crimes. They had not been hostile, or even insubordinate. But they had been *excited* and must be *quieted*. So they were *humiliated* by the order demanding their *unconditional surrender to the military arm.* Then they were marched under military guard eighty miles to Fort Grant. How long they remained at Fort Grant, and just how they were treated during the time they were held as prisoners at that post I do not know. But, eventually, after much annoyance *and inconvenience these Indians were declared innocent and quieted* and were permitted to trek back to their homes and cornfields on the Cibicu. Due publicity was given to this bluster of the military arm, *but the humiliated and depressed Apaches had no friend* ready and willing to tell the story of their misfortune and helplessness.

Of the five mutinous scouts convicted, two were imprisoned at Alcatras, and the remaining three, "Dandy Jim," "Dead Shot" and "Skippy," were hanged at Fort Grant, Arizona, on March 3, 1882.

The vaulting ambition of the military arm *to exterminate the Apache* met an inglorious and overwhelming defeat before they were able "to strike the savages such a blow in actual battle" as the General of the army had demanded. *The White Mountain Apaches refused to be either hostile or disobedient.* They surrendered to the military arm promptly, voluntarily and unconditionally (merely begging for a fair trial) notwithstanding they knew they were submitting their fate to a stern tribunal which preferred that "these Apaches *be killed by bullets rather than by rope,*" or, in plain English, *that they be executed without trial.*

Meanwhile it became obvious "that the whole affair had been grossly exaggerated" and that twenty-two companies of reinforcement had been rushed into Arizona on

a fool's errand. The three batteries of artillery sent to Arizona in September were back to their California stations in October. Troop G, 1st Cavalry, returned in November. Troop I, 1st Cavalry, and the five companies of the 8th Infantry were back in California in December, General Willcox having secured permission to detain these troops in Arizona for "work on the Rocky Canyon road." Troop C, 1st Cavalry, the last of the reinforcements from California, left Arizona in March, 1882. The troops from New Mexico *were ordered back to their home stations a day or two after their arrival at Fort Apache,* but this order was rescinded when a considerable part of the Chiricahuas *fled in fear* from the sub-agency on September 30, 1881.

"The Military arm" has never admitted the actual causes that led to this flight of the "wild Chiricahuas." General Willcox says: "The causes of their sudden change are unknown." General Carter's statement is well worth thoughtful consideration—"Troops of the regiment *made rapid marches through all the exposed districts, gradually concentrating at and near the agency, where, for some unexplained reason,* the wild Chiricahuas under Ju (Hoo) and Geronimo, who were at the San Carlos agency (sub-agency), fled toward Mexico, leaving a trail of blood and pillage to mark their hurried flight."

It is exceedingly interesting to note that General Carter has, *himself, concisely recorded the "unexplained reason why the wild Chiricahuas fled toward Mexico,* leaving a trail of blood and pillage to mark their hurried flight." The"Military arm" had been "set in action." *The troops were making "rapid marches," and gradually concentrating at and near the agency."* "Boots, boots, boots, boots, moving up and down again." This rapid marching and counter-marching of the pale-faced cohorts, *fully equipped for mortal combat, was continued for weeks,* and the greater part of these "operations in the field against hostile Apaches" were *concentrated* in the Gila

valley, *sixty or seventy miles from "the Cibicu country."* The final and fatal "*motion*" of "*the military arm*" occurred on the afternoon of September 20, when *Major Biddle came blustering and blundering* down the Gila Valley from Camp Thomas *at the head of three troops of cavalry and halted menacingly* in the midst of the Apache camps which were located in the vicinity of the sub-agency.

The reader should understand that Fort Apache and the Cibicu country were both situated entirely within the boundaries of the San Carlos reservation and about sixty miles north of the Gila valley; that Camp Thomas, the San Carlos agency and the sub-agency were all situated in the Gila valley; that Camp Thomas was several miles east of the eastern boundary of the reservation and about thirty-five miles east from the San Carlos agency, *and that the sub-agency was about midway between these two post.*

Although the formal request from Agent Tiffany for military asisstance upon the reservation was dated August 14th, it is apparent that such action had been decided upon prior to that date as General Willcox tells us that on August 13th "troops were ordered forward from points below and west of Camp Thomas." The points below Camp Thomas were Fort Grant, Fort Bowie and Fort Lowell. It is probable that a majority of the eleven companies brought in from California were ordered to report at some one of these three posts. All troops would be brought to Camp Thomas or down from Fort Apache in the "rapid marches" necessary to accomplish the gradual concentration "at and near the agency,"—*and all troops moving between Camp Thomas and San Carlos would pass the sub-agency where "the wild Chiricahuas" were located.*

It is very important to note here that the "wild Chiricahuas" camped near the sub-agency included a small band under Chief Hoo, and that *within the past year* these

Indians had been induced to abandon their stronghold in the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre mountains of Mexico and to locate on the San Carlos reservation. And it will be helpful if we remember that the Chiricahuas, the Southern Chiricahuas, and the Warm Spring Apaches had been friends and allies for many years, and that the last of the troublesome hostiles were recruited from these three bands. Also that in some records Hoo's name is spelled "Ju" or "Juh," an alleged Spanish name, in the pronunciation of which the "j" is given the "h" sound.

On page 18 of the Review for January, 1928, is recorded the details of my meeting with Geronimo, Hoo and Nolgee, chiefs of the band of so-called "'Southern Chiricahuas," who had elected to include themselves in the treaty made by General Howard with Cochise in 1872. This meeting occurred at Apache Pass on the afternoon of June 8, 1876. During that night this band of Southern Chiricahuas fled into Mexico. The main band of the Chiricahuas under the sons of Cochise—Tah-zay and Nah-chee —were removed to the San Carlos reservation at that time and located near the sub-agency. But Hoo and his followers maintained their stronghold in the Sierra Madra mountains of Mexico for more than four years thereafter, and it was *not until January, 1881,* that this band of Apaches were induced to abandon their nomadic life and locate with their friends at the San Carlos sub-agency.

The general situation of the Chiricahua camp at the sub-agency in August, 1881, was, substantially, as follows: Nah-chee and his band had been living there a *little more than five years.* They had been orderly and contented and their loyalty was not questioned. Geronimo was brought to San Carlos *in irons* in May, 1877. After his release from the guardhouse he had strayed away for a visit with Hoo and his band in the Sierra Madres, but after his return to the reservation in 1879, he appeared to have settled down to the routine of camp life at the sub-agency. Hoo and his band had been on the reservation

only a few months, but they insisted that they were sincere in their promise to remain at peace—*and their general conduct sustained this declaration.*

With the arrival of Hoo and his band at the sub-agency in January, 1881, practically all of the Apaches west of the Rio Grande had been assembled on the San Carlos reservation. This plan of concentration had been progressing since 1875, and now that it had actually been accomplished, *the utmost wisdom and discretion* should have been employed in the direction and management of these Indians in order that they might remain at peace upon the reservation. Especial care should have been taken *not to alarm* the bands under Geronimo and Hoo, as these had only recently abandoned their unrestrained nomadic habits to which they had been accustomed all of their lives.

Another matter that should have been given particular consideration was *the very important fact that there had been no troops upon the reservation since the Chiricahuas were removed from Apache Pass and located at the sub-agency in June, 1876.* And it may not be doubted that Geronimo had finally settled down at the sub-agency, and that Hoo and his followers had been persuaded to join the Chiricahuas there *chiefly because of the fact that there were no troops at San Carlos, and that the Apaches, themselves, were enforcing order and discipline through the medium of the agency police, with the result that a condition of peace and security prevailed throughout the reservation.*

Soon after the outbreak of September 30 Agent Tiffany submitted a special report to Washington which is included in the annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1881, as follows:

"These bands (the Chiricahuas) have been perfectly quiet during the whole White Mountain trouble. They have been reported out on the war-path in New Mexico and committing depredations

all over the country, but every time inquiry has been made the chiefs and men have always been found in their camps.

"*Ten days*, or thereabouts, *before the present outbreak they came to me to hear what was going on, and what so many troops meant about the agencies. I explained* it to them and told them to *have no fear*, that none of the Indians who had been peaceable would be molested in any way. They said they had been out on the war-path (those under Hoo) and had come in *in good faith* and were contented, *that they did not want war or to fight. They inquired if the movements of troops had anything to do with what they had done in Mexico. I assured them it had not. THEY SHOOK HANDS, MUCH DELIGHTED AND WENT BACK.*

"*Then the military move was made on the sub-agency* to arrest Chiefs George and Bonito of the White Mountain Indians, *and Issue Clerk Hoag at the sub-agency, who has been very efficient and judicious in all this trouble, tells me that they were LITERALLY SCARED AWAY BY THIS MOVEMENT OF THE TROOPS.*"

It should also be remembered that in the meantime *the companies of infantry and three troops of cavalry had arrived at Fort Apache on September 24th followed by six troops of cavalry on September 25th*—all reinforcements from New Mexico. An Indian could travel from Fort Apache to the sub-agency in a single day, and, therefore, we need not doubt that *the "wild Chiricahuas" were fully informed as to the arrival of reinforcements at Fort Apache two or three days prior to the outbreak.* They also knew that the group of Indians *held as prisoners of war* by the military at San Carlos had been *increasing daily*, until between fifty and seventy-five were in custody. *The most alarming feature of the situation was the fact that no troops had been on the reservation since October, 1875, but now heavily armed battalions were making "rapid marches" to and about the agency and heavy reinforcements were arriving from the east and from the west.*

It was inevitable that these menacing movements of the "military arm" should spread alarm and unrest among the Indians upon the reservation. *In fact the military could not have improved much upon their maneuvers if*

they had deliberately planned to force an outbreak, and the only explanation of these maneuvers is that they were in harmony with the policy outlined by the Secretary of War in his annual report for 1878, and which we have heretofore quoted as follows: "I remain of the opinion that *permanent peace in the Indian country can only be maintained by the exhibition of force sufficient to overawe and* keep in subjection the more warlike and dangerous of the savages. We should confront them with such military force as will teach them the futility of an attempt to resist the power of the United States."

The maneuvers were also in harmony with General Sherman's telegram of September 29, 1881, which we have heretofore quoted as follows: "'*Sooner or later some considerable number of these Apaches will have to be killed by bullets rather than by rope.*"

The maneuvers were also in harmony with *the bloodthirsty sentiment* expressed by General Willcox in his annual report dated August 31, 1882, and which we have heretofore quoted as follows: "*We were unable to strike the savages such a blow in actual battle as the General of the army demanded, and as the country ardently looked for—no more than I did myself.*"

And these maneuvers were absolutely unnecessary and unwarranted. The Apaches on the reservation were not hostile and had no desire to go on the war-path. Even after the mutinous military scouts had attacked Colonel Carr's command General McDowell said, "The fact of the troops finding the medicine-man and his people in their homes, where they had been planting corn, *shows that they were not then for war.*" And General Pope said: "There was certainly no concerted action or prearranged attack. It became known that the whole affair had been grossly exaggerated. All *supposed hostiles* were surrendering without firing a shot or offering any resistance, and there were no indications whatever of premeditation or intention to begin general hostilities."

General Carter was with Colonel Carr's command at the time of the attack and was on the reservation all of the time during the maneuvers above referred to, and he tells us that, "the failure of the messiah to come back to life, as he had promised to do if killed, cooled the ardor of the White Mountain Apaches, *and they rapidly drifted back to their reservation camps.*"

Apparently the "wild Chiricahuas" had been regarded as *positively friendly,* for the reason that General Willcox, in referring to the outbreak of September 30, says: "*The causes of their sudden change are unknown.*" *We must not forget that Agent Tiffany was primarily responsible for all of these disastrous maneuvers because on August 14th he made a formal demand that the "military arm be set in motion.*" Immediately after the outbreak Agent Tiffany reported to Washington that the Chiricahuas had been "*perfectly quiet during the whole of the White Mountain trouble.*"

But the Chiricahuas *were alarmed,* and that alarm took them to the San Carlos agency *several times.* On two occasions they were talking to the agent when telegrams arrived inquiring as to their whereabouts. And then, *about ten days before the outbreak,* they visited the agent again to learn "*what was going on, and what so many troops meant about the agencies.*"

In that inquiry General Willcox could have found a startling explanation of "the causes of their sudden change." Agent Tiffany says, "*I explained it to them.*" It is most unfortunate that the agent did not include that *explanation* in his report to Washington. *It would be mighty interesting to know just how he explained to the untutored Indians all that "was going on, and what so many troops meant about the agencies.*" Ish-chee and his band had been at the sub-agency *five years. These had fully demonstrated their loyalty.* The little band under Hoo had been on the reservation only about eight months, but they declared they had come in from the war-path "*in*

good faith and were contented, that they did not want war or to fight." The agent says he told them "*to have no fear, that none of the Indians who had been peaceable would be molested in any way.*" But they still *evinced their alarm* when they asked the agent specifically "if the movements of the troops had anything to do with what they had done in Mexico?" The agent says he "*assured them it had not.*" Thereupon "they shook hands much delighted and went back" to their camp at the sub-agency.

"*Then the military move was made on the sub-agency.*" That little sentence *expresses volumes.* It explains the sorry jumble and bungling of the whole situation. *There were two administrations operative upon the reservation,* but the *assurances* of the one and the *movements* of the other *did not coordinate.* Agent Tiffany was no longer in a position to "*assure*" *the Indians of anything.* He had stupidly, but voluntarily, relinquished that *vital feature of authority*—so necessary to the success of his administration—when he made formal demand that "*the military arm be set in motion*" *upon the reservation.* He assured the Chiricahuas that they would not "*be molested in any way,*" and the Indians returned to their camps "*delighted*" *with this promise of continued peace.* Then, suddenly, about a week later, without apparent necessity or cause,—and without the slightest warning—*three troops of cavalry* came galloping down from Camp Thomas and *halted in battle array at the very threshold of their rude camps.*

Under date of Tucson, Arizona, October 12, 1881—just two weeks after the outbreak—General Willcox states that "the causes of their sudden change are unknown," and in his book published in December, 1917, General Carter says the Indians fled "for some unexplained reason." After a lapse of thirty-six years the "military arm" still pleads ignorance as to the actual cause of the outbreak of the "wild Chiricahuas," and yet, as a matter of fact, it

is, by far, an easier task to discover the causes *why the Indians fled, than it is to explain the reason why the troops came.*

The bands of White Mountain Apaches under the leaders "George" and "Bonito" had their camps near the sub-agency and received their rations at that point. An edict had been promulgated commanding that all Indians suspected of aiding or abetting the disturbance on the Cibicu must report at the agency and surrender to the military authorities as prisoners of war. When George and Bonito were informed that they were among the suspects they came in to the sub-agency *voluntarily* on September 25 and reported to Ezra Hoag, the employe in charge. Without delay, accompanied by Mr. Hoag, they proceeded to Camp Thomas and *surrendered to General Willcox,* the Department Commander, who, without hesitation, *released them on parole.*

Five days later, "*for some unexplained reason,*" General Willcox decided that the parole he had granted these leaders should be terminated and that they should be taken into custody. Doubtless General Willcox was acting within his official rights in arriving at this decision, although he has not favored us with the slightest hint as to the causes that led to this *sudden change* in his attitude toward these two suspects, but when he ordered three troops of cavalry, fully equipped for war, to proceed, forthwith, upon the reservation for the purpose of arresting George and Bonito and bringing them and their bands to Camp Thomas, *he blundered unnecessarily, stupidly and fatally.*

Agent Tiffany was still *in charge of the reservation.* It is true that, six weeks before, he had asked that troops be sent to arrest the medicine-man on the Cibicu, *but he had not asked the troops to arrest anyone at the sub-agency.* There were no hostiles there, nor any disturbance of any sort. George and Bonito had surrendered voluntarily on September 25, and there is no reason to doubt that they would surrender again promptly on September 30,

if told to do so. The San Carlos agency police were faithfully and efficiently executing every duty assigned to them, *regardless of kinships or hazards.*

If there had been any need for a display of force, and the San Carlos Apache police had been put on the job, they would have performed the service promptly without causing any excitement. There would have been no alarming threat. There would have been no fuss and feathers and blustering. *There would have been no outbreak.*

But there was not the slightest need for a display of force. The agent was not consulted in the matter. *He was not even notified that troops were about to be sent upon the reservation for the purpose of making arrests. The agent and the agency police were absolutely ignored.* "The military arm had been set in motion." Twenty-two companies of reinforcements had just arrived in Arizona *and some blustering was imperative* in order to show that these reinforcements were not only needed, *but were actually making "rapid marches" and "gradually concentrating at and near the agency."* The blustering might have been tolerated, *but not the blundering.*

(To be continued.)

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THE WHITE BEAN

By CON P. CRONIN.

TO many of the old timers of thirty-five years ago in the territory of Arizona, the term "bad man" had two separate and distinct meanings. There was the bad man of the Henry Garfias, Billie Breckenridge, John Slaughter type—bad in the sense that they were dangerous for any malefactor or law breaker. The other was the murderer with a carefully acquired skill in the handling of a six-gun, and an itchy trigger finger, glorying in the reputation of having gotten his man and proud to add another notch to his gun barrel. Of this type was Frank Leslie—"Buckskin Frank"—ond a horde of his kind, but perhaps the worst of all during the early nineties was Pete Burke of Yuma.

Pete was the offspring of a Boston Irishman who landed at Fort Yuma as a soldier in the days when the present town of Yuma was known as Arizona City, and a Sonora Mexican woman. He was tall, swarthy, of a lumbering carriage, a low brow of most pronounced type, the hair line of his head being but about one inch above his eyebrows, and the most shifty and shifting eyes I ever saw on a human. My first acquaintance with Pete Burke was in the spring of 1894 and was rather startling, as he volunteered to take off my hands a job that he figured was up to me, to kill a young chap whom he conceived to be my enemy.

Pete had nine notches on his gun. Four of his victims I knew and for each separate act he should have been hanged, and would be today in any country in the world that observes capital punishment. His tenth killing was purely accidental and resulted in his own killing, as coolly, deliberately and cold-bloodedly as any in which he had figured as the executioner.

The Picacho Mines had recently been taken over by Colorado mining men and in the spring of 1897 were running full handed, a one hundred stamp mill having been installed and working to full capacity. It was a low grade property, had to be worked cheaply and therefore gave employment to several hundred Mexican miners. A Mexican camp was not an altogether safe place around pay day in those times, and it was customary to employ a watchman or company guard who understood the handling of Mexicans. Pete Burke hated a Mexican; he hated him with the whole-souled fervor of an Oriental religious devotee, and gave full and profane expression to his obsession on all occasions. And by the same token the Mexicans of southern Arizona and California of those days hated Pete, but they also feared him.

These qualifications secured for Pete the job of herding the Mexicans at Picacho and keeping them good. He had theretofore served as deputy sheriff and city marshal of Yuma. That he understood his job was manifest by the fact that for nearly two months there had not been a killing in camp, not a case of robbery or theft reported and but very few brawls. It being a new precinct Pete was appointed a special deputy sheriff by the board of supervisors of San Diego county, California, Picacho being on the California side of the Colorado river, about ten miles above Yuma, the Imperial valley and Imperial county of California being then unborn. Billie Horan, saloon keeper and gambler and all around good fellow, was the regular constable and deputy sheriff and in his saloon Pete Burke made his headquarters, sleeping in a small room in the rear of the one-story frame building housing "The Bucket of Blood."

* * * * * *

The day before had been pay day, everything had gone off quietly and peacefully and that night there was to be a *grande baile* in the schoolhouse.

Frank Martinez was a Yuma boy about nineteen or

twenty, fair haired and fair skinned, possessed of a tenor voice, peculiarly suited to the love and folk songs of Old Mexico. He played the guitar well, accompanying himself when he sang. He was a favorite with all.

The ocotillo was in bloom and the hues of the pomegranite blossom were enhanced by contrast with the 'dobe wall of Billie Horan's saloon. The drone of bees gathering honey from the early desert blossoms was the only sound excepting the trum, trum, trum of a guitar picked by "Chico" Martinez, perched on the end of the bar, alone in the room with the exception of the bartender, mucking out after a busy all night session, which was always the aftermath of pay day.

If Pete Burke had not taken offence at some boyish prank of Martinez the night before and threatened to slap his face, the absence of malice might have restrained the mob. And if Pete had not stopped to clean his gun, before turning in after a long night, Martinez would not have been shot.

It was fated that Pete should kill young Martinez accidentally—the only accidental killing Pete was ever guilty of—but to the reasoning of the mob any one of it might at any time be another accidental victim.

Back of the saloon, that is, in the immediate rear, was a room about fourteen feet square that Pete had fitted up with the few necessities of his meagre wants. An iron cot, wash stand and bowl with water pitcher, a chair and a small table completed the furnishings, with the exception of a twelve inch red wood board about six feet long, nailed to the wall with brackets about six feet above the floor from which hung a calico curtain—Pete's wardrobe. The panelling and ceiling of that back room were of red wood also, and in the hundreds of feet utilized not one knot or knot-hole appeared. In the board forming the top of Pete's wardrobe, about four feet from the east wall of the house was *one knot*, in place.

Pete was always careful of his gun. He cleaned and

oiled it daily. That morning was no exception. After cleaning and oiling he twirled the barrel, spinning it like a top, so finely was it adjusted. Then he "fanned" it for a while, fanned it with the thumb of his gun hand and fanned it with the palm of his left hand; good practice for a man who lived by the rule of, fill your hand. Then he loaded the chambers, each cartridge coated with just the proper amount of hard grease for easy action. Pete always carried his gun with the hammer down on an empty chamber, five chambers being loaded. It was an old frontier model Colt's .45. Whether he absent-mindedly slipped a slug into the sixth chamber that morning or not was never known—Pete had no chance to explain—but the presumption was that this slight error in his technic was the method ordained for his undoing.

Carefully counting the lead noses in the cylinder as it revolved he snapped the trigger on what he thought was an empty chamber, and the answering roar spelled death for two. Chico Martinez, dreamily thumming his guitar as he sat on the bar fifty feet away, suddenly straightened, his love-lute dropped with a crash, while his body slowly sagged and with a sudden slump crashed to the floor. In momentary panic the bartender rushed out doors yelling. In a minute a crowd had collected. The company doctor was called, and his examination disclosed that Chico had been struck by a forty-five bullet in the exact center of the neck, through his shirt collar, shattering the spinal column. Pete's gun, elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the care of an expert mechanic, as should be, struck the only knot in the room, on the top of his wardrobe, ricocheting into the body of the camp favorite. Young Martinez never knew when the present ceased to exist. His death was so sudden the doctor stated that he doubted that the boy even experienced the shock of contact.

Pete Burke knew nothing of psychology but he was strong on the functioning of the mind known as a hunch,

and the ominous stillness of the late afternoon and night following his arrest by his friend and chief, Billie Horan, conveyed to Pete's slow mentality that there was something doing. In the back room of Horan's saloon, the same room from which was sped the leaden opening chapter of Pete's Book of Revelations, guarded by Horan, Superintendent Randolph of the mine, and Larry Wren, the local justice of the peace, the unnatural stillness was foreboding. It simply wasn't natural. There should have been profane outcry, an occasional pistol shot, indicative of the outraged sensibilities of the friends and comrades of Chico Martinez.

"I don't like it!" said Pete, "those coyotes are up to something!"

He was assured by all three guardsmen that he was safe, that even if they wanted to, Martinez' friends would never rush the house, knowing as they did that all within were heavily armed, and the Mexicans had a wholesome respect for a shot gun loaded with buck shot.

So passed the long hours of the night, one man constantly on guard, his shot gun trained on the door, the others fitfully sleeping. But Pete did not sleep. The angry cries of outraged friends of his unconscious victim would have been sweet music to his ears,—would perhaps have lulled him to slumber. But the awful stillness, varied occasionally as the changing wind carried the deep roar of the stamp mill down the canyon towards the near-by Colorado river, was too much for his nerves. Sitting on the edge of his iron cot he repeatedly begged Billie Horan to return to him his gun.

Pete Burke's doom was sealed, just as surely as the united voice of three hundred odd Mexican mine workers could ordain. Quietly and without passion was recounted the killing of Alvarez by Pete Burke on the eve of the election on which Pete was running for constable in Yuma; the killing of Rosas the bull fighter at Tabit's saloon at Fortuna, on which occasion Pete was employed

to collect a bar bill from Rosas or "get" him, and several other killings of which Pete was the surviving principal. The fact that his last victim was the result of an accident mitigated not in his favor. Were it not possible that some one of them might be the unfortunate victim of another "accident?" The law of the white bean* being invoked it was now merely a question of selection. Each man present knew that he might be the instrument selected, and not a man withdrew, not one but who had decided to act his part were fate to select him as the instrument of vengeance.

Early on the morning of that cool spring day, with everything in readiness, every precaution taken to avenge the killing of Chico Martinez, and to protect the executioner, made legal by the old doctrine of the unwritten law of the white bean, an unnatural silence prevailed in that remote canyon on the Colorado river, but a few miles from the Mexican border. The stamp mill had ceased to operate and not a man of the day shift had gone under ground. The usual rounders were noticeably missing from the doors of the saloons and dance halls. Sensing the oppressive silence as boding no good to his prisoner and deputy, Billie Horan, after long debate with Superintendent Randolph of the mine, decided on his plan of action.

The buck-board, pulled by two fleet-footed mules, would be used to drive to the office of the justice of the peace, a scant half mile away, and in the event that circumstances warranted they would make a dash for the railroad, thence to San Diego, the county seat, more than

Note: *When Santa Ana in March, 1843, ordered that every tenth man of the Mier Expedition of Texans should be shot, beans were drawn from an olla. William Sanders Oury (see account in Arizona Historical Review, April, 1931, and further mention in Some Unpublished History of the Southwest, this issue), drew a white bean. Black beans meant death. Big Foot Wallace the noted Texas Indian scout, picked a white bean, gave it to a young chap who had left a family in Texas, drew another white one, saving his own life.—Editor.

three hundred miles away! With Horan driving, Randolph seated on the off side with rifle in hand, Pete Burke, ashen of hue, was wedged between, his heavy body crowding the other two occupants of the seat. Not half the short distance had been covered when from the far side of the assay office a half hundred armed mine workers came on the run, two reaching for the heads of the frightened mules. Randolph, a brave man, determined to protect his mine guard, rose up with rifle in hand when a shot from behind struck him in the calf of the leg, and he pitched to the ground. Horan, wildly lashing the mules with a blacksnake whip, trying to force them free from the hands that held them, failed to pay heed to the fear-crazed Burke, begging in mixed Mexican and English for his gun. "For the love of Christ, Billie, give me my gun!"

The last prayer of Pete Burke was answered by a tall, slender youth of perhaps twenty-two, who, stepping close, answered: "Take it Pete, you got it coming," firing as he spoke. His shot was ineffective, merely causing a slight spurt of dust to rise from Pete's left shoulder. Had Pete jumped from the buckboard on top of his assailant he might have had a chance to wrest the gun from him. Had he reached down he might have plucked Horan's gun from his scabbard and made his last stand a thing for history. But in his panic he knew but fear, the fear of a certain and quick death, a death such as he knew in his soul he had often dealt to others, his victims. And he did not want to die! Jumping from the buckboard, crouching, he started to run towards the safety offered by the open door of an adobe shack, just a few feet away. The second shot of the boy broke Pete's leg and he pitched forward on his face, crying aloud in Mexican for the love of everything he considered sacred not to kill him. Cool and unhurriedly his executioner stood over him and emptied his gun into his head and back, and the soul of Pete Burke, bad man and nine time murderer, passed on to his accounting.

Full and complete arrangements had been made for the escape of the murderer. A subscription of two hundred dollars had been raised in camp, the superintendent's horse, a handsome single footer, the pride of his owner, was spirited from the coral and awaited, saddled and bridled, with a new Winchester rifle and fifty rounds of cartridges, for the get-away. Without seeming hurry he rode out of camp, down the river to Yuma, where he picketed his horse, crossed to town on the railroad bridge, purchased a change of clothing and needed supplies, recrossed the Colorado, remounted his horse and rode south to the land of his fathers.

Much anxiety was felt at Yuma at the non-arrival of the mail carrier from Picacho. He was due before noon. A substitute carried the mail to the mine that day for the first time since the mill had been in operation. The next day came. Greater anxiety. The mail carrier from Picacho had failed to arrive! That evening about five o'clock both mail carriers, the regular and the substitute, arrived, forty hours after Pete Burke ceased to be a menace to the lives and to the peace of minds of the Mexican population of southern Arizona and the Colorado river section of California. And then came the story of their delay. After the selection of the executioner of Pete Burke a cordon of one hundred picked men who could be relied upon was thrown round the camp, and no one was allowed to leave camp for thirty-six hours after the handsome single footer of the mine superintendent headed south.

ARIZONA MUSEUM NOTES

By ELIZABETH S. OLDAKER

Exhibition of Work of Arizona Artists

During the last week of April, and the first two weeks of May, the Scottsdale Woman's Club held an exhibition of the work of Arizona artists in the museum. There were some thirty pictures shown.

MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS

Among the acquisitions of the museum in the last few months is a white linen pillow top bearing the signatures of the members of the twenty-second territorial legislature and its attaches. Mrs. R. S. Maclay, whose husband was assistant chief clerk of the legislature at the time, got the signatures on the pillow top with the intention of embroidering them, as was the fad at that time, but the embroidery was not completed. The twenty-second territorial legislature met in Phoenix in 1903. Among the names are those of Henry F. Ashurst, Heber J. Jarvis, Joseph H. Kibbey, John H. Page, W. T. Webb, John D. Marlar, F. S. Ingalls, Jos. B. Henry and others.

Mrs. C. A. Munds has presented some old fashioned iron nails, the kind used before wire nails were made. They are from an old house built by her father, John La Tourrette, and finished in September, 1884. The old house stood at the corner of Fillmore and Eleventh streets, Phoenix.

Charles Eastman, of Casa Grande, has presented the museum with an old bullion mold from the Vekol Silver Mine, which was operated by Capt. John D. Walker. Farish says $2,000,000 in bullion was taken from this mine and mostly spent on the Pima Indian Tribe by Walker, who was an adopted member of the tribe.

O. M. Allen of Safford presents a Mexican machete.

Lena Meskeer, of the Maricopa Indian reservation, presents a pitcher of Maricopa pottery, made by herself.

Mr. G. M. Fowler presents an old-time dry washer from the Quartzsite and La Paz mining distrcit. This is an interesting piece of antiquated machinery.

Mrs. Tannehill presents an old deed given by Reavis in 1885 to her father, Rev. L. J. Hedgepeth, for 160 acres of land in this valley, which was supposed at that time to be part of the Reavis land grant.

Mrs. Lucile Williams,—Silk basque.

Mrs. O'Hara,—Brick from Tumacacori Mission.

C. M. Ballard.—Layman's Buddhist rosary from Japan.

Mrs. L. M. Shiflet,—Ancient beams from Northern Arizona Cliff Dwellings.

Lester Fuller,—Fossil rock.

Mr. Hestor,—Cactus specimens.

James A. Godwin,—Spike from frigate Constitution.

James Bark,—Knife from Peralta expedition which worked the Lost Dutchman mine. Mr. Bark also gives a picture of Reavis, hermit of Superstition Mountain.

Elizabeth S. Oldaker,—Record of the War Department Telegraph business done at San Carlos between 1883 and 1885.

Mr. I. N. Mitchel,—Petrified iron-wood.

William Pogue,—Brooks rifle from Ft. Defiance.

Mrs. George Kitt, of the Arizona Pioneer Historical Society, Tucson,—a piece of wood from an old ranch in Southern Arizona.

Mrs. W. L. Osborn,—Black silk grenadine dress—the first dress purchased by W. L. Osborn for his bride, Ethelinda Murry Osborn, after their elopement and marriage, January 24, 1873. Also a pillow top made by Mrs. John P. Osborn, who came to Arizona in the party with Judge Wells in 1864.

Mr. Frank Alkire each year presents the museum with a beautifully bound volume of the Arizona Historical Review. Other books presented by Mr. Alkire this spring are: Tucson, the Old Pueblo, by Dean Lockwood; Nellie Cashman, by John P. Clum; Arizona Year Book. He also presents badges of territorial days framed, and a letter from Carlos Montezuma, M.D., to U. S. Indian Agent, San Carlos, regarding the parents of Montezuma and the details of his capture. Montezuma, it will be remembered, was the only living person taken from Skeleton Cave after the battle between a band of Apaches and U. S. soldiers at that place.

Mrs. Florence Williams after two years of effort has finally secured for the museum the old cheese press which was used by the Mormon settlers in the Mormon Lake district in the late seventies. Lot Smith was the leader of this settlement.

Mrs. F. A. Kirkwood has added a number of articles and pictures to the F. A. Kirkwood collection, already in the museum. Among them is a picture of the Phoenix Fire Department taken February 28, 1898, by F. E. Hartwell. (The museum would be glad to have any members of that fire department now in Phoenix, come in and identify themselves and other members in the picture.)

BOOK REVIEWS

CORONADO'S CHILDREN. *Tales of Lost Mines and Buried Treasures of the Southwest.* By J. Frank Dobie. The Southwest Press, Dallas, Texas, 1930. v-xv, 367 pp. $3.00.

The ever-alluring subject of buried treasure forms the motif of this handsome volume. From a wide and fruitful knowledge of the southwest, Dobie has gleaned the material for as fascinating a collection of treasure-hunting tales as could be desired.

"*Coronado's Children*" are the persistent treasure-seekers in out-of-the-way parts of the southwest, from the days of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado down to the present. As the author says, they "still have the precious ability to wonder . . . They follow Spanish trails, buffalo trails, cow trails; they dig where there are no trails; but oftener than they dig or prospect they just sit and tell stories of lost mines, of buried bullion by the jack load, of ghostly patrones that guard treasure, and of a thousand other impediments, generally not ghostly at all, that have kept them away from the wealth they are so sure of."

Much of the locale of Dobie's book is southern and central Texas. He devotes much time and space to the search for the elusive Spanish mines of the San Saba valley, to devious ways and means used by the treasure-hunters to detect buried gold and silver, and to supposed spectral guardians of hidden hoards. Again and again he relates in detail the experiences of hunters who actually saw their goals. But, almost invariably, the seeker either proved unable to remember the route back to the essential spot, or else was prevented by unfortunate circumstances from guiding others to it. In a few instances one is led to suspect that the seeker actually found his mine or treasure, but kept his discovery secret.

Some of the tales have long been current in the southwest, and concern treasures still being sought. The Lost Nigger Mine of the Great Bend country in Texas and Coahuila, the famous Breyfogle Mine of Death Valley, Lafitte's pirate treasure,—these and others have been the objectives of countless seekers. Perhaps most sensational and thrilling of all the tales is that entitled "Los Muertos no Hablan" (Chapter X), a description of a typical bloody border raid, with a common denouement. Tales of lost lead and copper mines, buried army pay-checks, and bandit's loot give variety to the collection.

Dobie makes no claim as to the truth or falsity of this collection of tales. His is merely the task of collecting and embellishing them, and he has evidently spent much time in the process, although

many of the stories have been published by him in periodical literature before being issued in this volume. The task has been well done, too, for the book has a true flavor of the Texan plains and the deserts of the farther southwest.

The myth of buried treasure and lost mines is an important part of the folklore of the southwest. Dobie has only scratched the surface of what might well prove a fertile and interesting field of literature. His book is, candidly, merely an effort at entertainment, but it is a most successful one.

CATTLE. By William MacLeod Raine and Will C. Barnes. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, N. Y., 1930. vi-xii, 340 pp. $2.00.

In the past there have been numerous attempts to summarize the history of the western cattle industry. Some of these efforts have taken the form of learned scientific treatises which by their very thoroughness have been limited to the discussion of small areas of the west. Others have taken the form of personal reminiscences, and hence have also been limited to the experiences of their authors. All have been useful, informative and interesting, although restricted in scope.

But the authors of *Cattle* have tried to present a complete, sweeping summary of the far western cattle industry, with particular reference to Texas, which they consider the source of a large part of our western cattle. They frankly limit themselves to a discussion of the cattlemen of the Trans-Mississippi West, so that the cattleman of the eastern American frontier remains an interesting topic for future writers.

Raine and Barnes regard the western cattle industry as a movement sweeping northward and westward out of Texas. They devote considerable space to explaining the causes of the movement, which lay in the fact that Texas was land-poor and cattle-poor, especially in the years just following the Civil War, a fact which forced her cattlemen to take their animals north through the Indian Territory or west of it, and into Kansas. Then came the railroad builders of the late sixties and the seventies, who at first stimulated the demand for Texan cattle by bringing the eastern markets nearer; but who later ruined the cattleman by bringing the farmer westward in increasing numbers. Steadily the end of the Texan cattle drives was forced westward, up into the Great Plains, forcing the Indian and the buffalo off the stage of western history and breaking the ground for the permanent settler. In the late seventies and the eighties came the great cattle corporations, which over-organized and over-capitalized the cattle industry and caused the bursting of the speculators' bubble. After that the cattleman gave way before barb-wire,

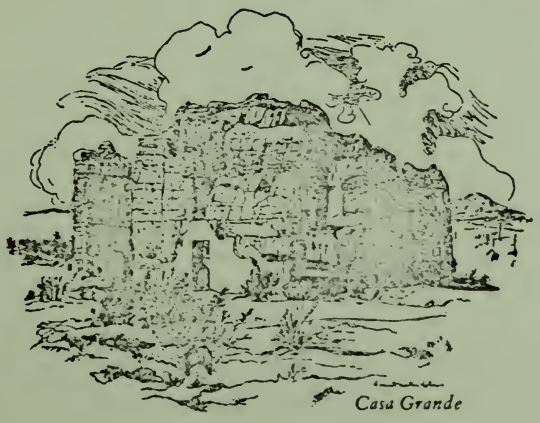
homesteaders and federal forest rangers, and his activities settled down to an orderly business routine.

This brief summary gives an idea of the general thesis of this excellent book. But many of its chapters deal with special and particularly interesting phases of the whole subject—the trail-towns at the railroad heads, the bitter rivalry of sheepman and cattleman, lawless characters and private wars of the cattle frontier, and the daily life and amusements of the cowboy. The authors also take up the cattle industry as it flourished in particular areas such as New Mexico, Arizona, California and Wyoming. An appendix discusses the methods of the old-time cattleman and the difficulties of his vocation.

In style the book tends to be somewhat rambling and anecdotal. There is a wealth of reminiscent material, which occasionally obtrudes itself into the course of the discussion. A few generalities are evident, such as the assumption that the far western cattle industry is alone worthy of consideration. One can forgive these weaknesses, however, in a work intended for popular reading, because bits of real color and action are thereby introduced. A needless error appears (p. 53), in the statement that Hernan Cortes landed "near Vera Cruz in 1515." (Cortes landed at old Vera Cruz on April 21, 1519.) One feels that the Spanish-Mexican influence upon western cattleman might have been given more of the credit due it. Considerable research is evident on the part of the authors, who have made full use of numerous authoritative monographs on their subject. A bibliography of such works would have proved useful, perhaps, for readers who wished to go farther into the topic.

Cattle is undoubtedly the best general popular discussion of the far western cattle industry thus far produced.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.



EDITORIAL NOTES

A tablet to the memory of Rev. Seaborn Crutchfield was unveiled March 2, 1931, on the second floor of the Arizona state capitol building, in the presence of the governor and other chief officials of the commonwealth. Seaborn Crutchfield was born March 15, 1837, near Montecello, Kentucky. His unusual name he received after his grandfather, who was born at sea before the ship on which his parents emigrated from Denmark landed at Richmond, Virginia. The grandfather became a Methodist preacher. The grandson volunteered under Beauregard at the outbreak of the Civil War. Later, however, he was allowed to join Morgan's raiders. The invasion of Ohio and Indiana resulted in the destruction of the enterprise, and Crutchfield was captured, suffering five bullet wounds.

After the war he went to Texas, where he entered the Methodist ministry in 1868. In 1907 he came to Arizona and continued his religious work. He was chaplain of the constitutional convention, and chaplain thereafter of every session of the legislature but one, when he was out of the state, until his death in 1927, at the age of 90. A fracture of the hip hastened his death. On the day of the accident, he rode to the capitol, despite his hurt, and refused to leave until a substitute had been secured for the pronouncement of the invocation.

CONTRIBUTORS

CON P. CRONIN, state librarian for nearly twenty years, settled in Yuma in his youth. He served as recorder of Yuma County three terms. No man in the state is more familiar with the history of Yuma County and its people than Mr. Cronin.

HARRIET MORTON HOLMES, creator of all etchings in this number of the Arizona Historical Review, is a native of Indiana. She is a granddaughter of Oliver Morton, war-governor of Indiana, and a cousin of Territorial Governor Kibbey of Arizona. Much of her life has been lived in the southwest, her education being at Stanford, of which university she is a graduate. For a time Mrs. Holmes was art director at San Diego Normal College. She also held the same position at the Arizona State Teachers College, Tempe. Of late years her time has been entirely given over to the etching of southwestern subjects. Mrs. Holmes has studied extensively in the east and at Taos, New Mexico. Her work has been exhibited throughout the country, and has been exceptionally well received by the critics.

The plates of Mrs. Holmes' etchings, which appear in this issue, are by courtesy of Caroline Smurthwaite, 601 North Seventh Street, Phoenix, at whose shop prints and other etchings by Mrs. Holmes may be obtained.

WM. J. HUNSAKER is a great-nephew of Lansford W. Hastings. Mr. Hunsaker's father, a California pioneer of 1847, located during 1884 in Cochise County, Arizona. After seeing Arizona from a stagecoach window, and witnessing the Tombstone and Geronimo era, Wm. J. Hunsaker practiced law in Los Angeles, where he is still active in his firm.

SIDNEY KARTUS is managing editor of the Arizona Historical Review.

MRS. ELIZABETH S. OLDAKER is active in museum and club work in Arizona.

COL. CORNELIUS C. SMITH is a grandson of William Sanders Oury. He is now on the retired list of the army after a service record which includes the Congressional Medal of Honor gained during a fight with Sioux Indions, and the World War. Col. Smith resides in Riverside, California.

C. M. SOUTHWORTH is engineer of the San Carlos Irrigation Project. The Pima calendar sticks were procured by him for a congressional exhibit which sought to prove the water rights of the Pima Indians from their own history.

DR. RUFUS KAY WYLLYS is a professor of history and head of the social science department at Arizona State Teachers College, Tempe. He is a contributing editor of the Arizona Historical Review.

JOHN P. CLUM, associate editor of the Arizona Historical Review, was Indian agent at San Carlos in the 70's. It was he who captured Geronimo during those years, put him in irons and brought him to the reservation to live. Mr. Clum was first mayor of Tombstone and first editor of the Tombstone Epitaph.

LAST FRONTIER

ROBERT A. KIRK

Robert A. Kirk, 63, died in Phoenix March 21, 1931. Born August 24, 1867, near Montgomery, Alabama, came to Arizona from Pueblo, Colorado, located in Bisbee where he published a paper for five years before becoming assistant territorial secretary, serving in that capacity from 1908 until statehood. He had the honor, because of his office, of carrying the constitution of Arizona to Washington for President Taft's signature. He was active in the Republican party, at one time served as United States Commissioner.

DANIEL FRANCIS

Daniel Francis, 71, died at his home in Phoenix, April 18, 1931. Coming to Arizona on horseback, he established with his associates one of the largest sheep companies of the west, owning 100,000 acres of land in Coconino and Navajo Counties. The industry grew with his activities. He served once as treasurer of Coconino County.

SOLEDAD SAFFORD MARTIN

Soledad Safford Martin, widow of A. P. K. Safford, fourth territorial governor of Arizona, at Tarpon Springs, Fla., March 24, 1931. Sister of Ignacio Bonillas, former Mexican ambassador to the U. S., she was born in the little town of Magdalena, Sonora, May 25, 1860, educated in Boston, and married Safford soon after leaving school. Although she married twice after Safford's death, press dispatches says she "probably will be buried here (Tarpon Springs) beside the body of former Governor Safford."

RICHARD J. HOLMES

Richard J. Holmes, of heart failure at 65, in Phoenix April 26, 1931. He was born July 18, 1865, at Del Rio, Chino Valley, near Prescott. Cattleman, gold miner, chief packer for Crook and Wood in Geronimo campaigns. His father was R. J. Holmes, Sr., who came to Arizona previous to Gadsden purchase, in 1847.

DR. A. H. NOON

Dr. A. H. Noon, 93, at his home in Nogales, March 23, 1931. Born in London, England, in 1838, settled in Santa Cruz County 1879, coming by ox team from California. During his youth he was a British officer stationed in South Africa. Immigrated to the U. S. in 1865. Member of an early territorial legislature, first chairman of Santa Cruz County board of supervisors, once mayor of Nogales, for many years president of Santa Cruz County Medical Association.

CHARLES F. AINSWORTH

Charles F. Ainsworth, 78, May 18, 1931, at his home in Phoenix. He brought to Phoenix from Wisconsin in 1888 a portable home which he set up where the new federal building will be erected. Educated for the law, he reaped the reward both of profitable investment and his practice. The valley had few large enterprises with which he was not connected. He was president of a bank, a building and loan association, and of the local water company, and half-owner of the gas and electric utility. He was attorney-general of Arizona in 1898.

JOHN W. OSBORN

John W. Osborn, January 1, 1931, in Phoenix, at 77. He saw the gavel fall in the first territorial legislature, where he acted as page, having come to Prescott with his father July 6, 1864. Indicative of those days was a message from the wife of a representative, which read: "Send more buckshot and powder." As a vocation he followed mining, having prospected all over Northern and Central Arizona, and continued his ownership of several mining ventures until his death.

ALBERT LAWRENCE HENSHAW

Albert Lawrence Henshaw, 88, April 3, 1931, in Phoenix. Born April 1, 1843, in Winchester, Mo. At the age of nine he accompanied his father who led a wagon train to California; seated back of his father, astride one of the train's mules, he saw a hot fight between Indians and frontiersmen with a wagon train which had preceded the one of which his father was in command. Educated in California, (his father had settled in the gold mining district near Feather River), he sought his fortune finally in the agricultural promise of the Salt River Valley of Arizona. Here he planted one of the first orchards, after his arrival in 1877. His ranch on the Henshaw Road, which road was named for him, was famous for the quality of its products. His death was the result of a fracture of the hip, which he sustained from a fall.

Other pioneers who have passed recently, include: Max C. Bonne, Globe, 71, June 3, 1931; Mrs. Clara Schoshusen, Tempe, 64, June 6, 1931; Richard Fleming. Phoenix, 59, March 31, 1931; Mrs. Josie C. Monihon, Phoenix, March 25, 1931; Lottie Hamilton Porter, Phoenix, 80, March 20, 1931; Edmund T. McGonigle, Flagstaff, 69, March 22, 1931; W. F. McNulty, Phoenix, 83, March 4, 1931; Benjamin V. Weaver, Prescott, June 9, 1931; Laura Blacklidge, Benson, 70.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Arizona Historical Review published quarterly at Phoenix, Arizona, for April 1, 1931.

State of Arizona)
)ss.
County of Maricopa)

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Effie R. Keen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Publisher of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Effie R. Keen, Phoenix, Arizona;
Editor, Effie R. Keen, Phoenix, Arizona;
Managing Editor, Sidney Kartus, Cave Creek, Arizona;
Business Manager, Sidney Kartus, Cave Creek, Arizona.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The State of Arizona, State House, Phoenix, Arizona.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) There are none.

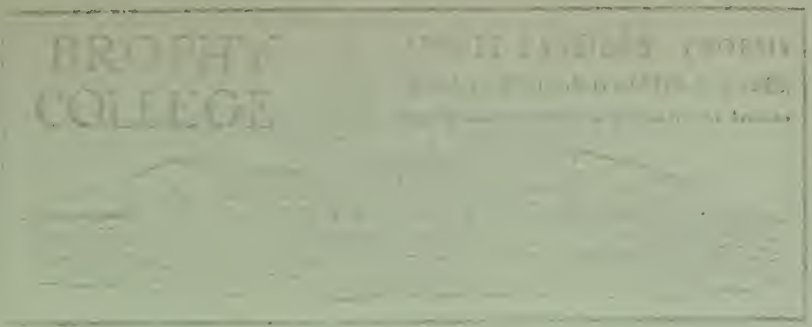
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that hte said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, oor other securities than as so stated by him.

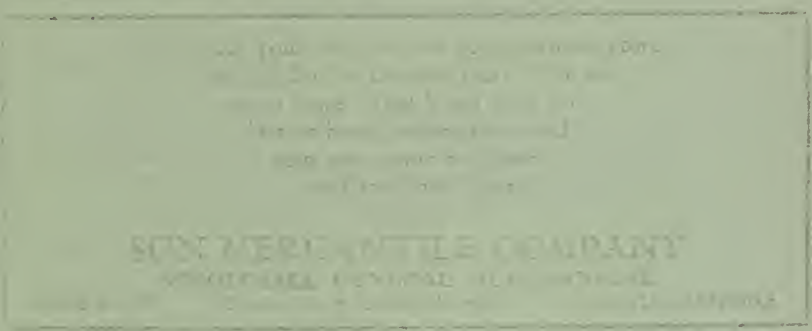
EFFIE R. KEEN,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of April, 1931.

ANNA THOMAN

(My Commission expires, January 22, 1933).


BROTHY
COLLEGE




CORDELIA HALDERO NELSON
PIANO STUDIO

THE ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

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ARIZONA HISTORY FOR SALE

The following books, published by the state, are for sale at the office of the State Historian, Capitol Building, Phoenix, Arizona.

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A limited number of Volumes 5 and 6 of this History at $5.00 per volume

A few unbound copies of Volumes Three and Four of the Farish History at $3.00 each. These volumes are otherwise out of print. Reading matter intact.

Mormon Settlement in Arizona: McClintock

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All Back Numbers of the Arizona Historical Review

with exceptions of Volume 1, Numbers 1 and 2

Price $1.00 each

THE PLEASANT VALLEY WAR OF 1887

Its Genesis, History and Necrology

By WILL C. BARNES

Author's Foreword

ANY one attempting at this late date to write the outstanding incidents of this unfortunate chapter in Arizona's history faces a perplexing task.

In the first place, he discovers early in his research for facts that what little written history there is on this subject is mostly a mass of conjectures, romance and glorified moving picture scenarios.

Outside of the court records and newspaper reports very little of the written material will stand close investigation.

Excepting in the cases of John Rhodes and Ed Tewksbury, tried at Phoenix in open court for the alleged murder of Tom Graham at Tempe, five years or more after the last killing of the "war," there are absolutely on court records of any kind to turn to for sworn evidence as to the underlying causes of this trouble.

The Pleasant Valley war was not, as many believe, a general outbreak among a whole community but merely a bloody feud between the members of two pioneer families similar to those of Kentucky. The Tewksbury family quarrelled with their former friends and allies, the Graham family and proceeded to shoot it out. It was no private fight, as the Irishman once stated it, but open to any of the friends and sympathizers on each side. Mostly these friends and sympathizers paid the full penalty. They are either lying in unknown graves, or worse, their bleaching bones are scattered over the face of the so-called Pleasant Valley where for years these same adventurous settlers fought their Apache neighbors, who were certain-

ly no less ferocious or inhuman in their warfare than those supposedly civilized Americans.

Outside of the Apache Indian troubles there has been, in all the events of Arizona's history, no series of incidents that have attracted such wide attention, or has kept a good sized section of the state in such a reign of terror as this Pleasant Valley feud during 1887 and 1888.

The writer hesitated long before agreeing to the request from the state historian that he undertake this task. It is fully appreciated that the historian must at least try to tell the truth and be impartial in his findings and judgments. Otherwise he fails. To do this for the story of the Pleasant Valley War means discounting in some cases and absolutely discarding in others, some if not all of the fairy tales that have found their way into print in recent years. It means a complete refutation of a number of well established bits of romance and fiction that, told so often and well, have become fairly fixed in the minds of the tellers and their readers as actual historical facts.

It means, also, the questioning of the authenticity of many statements about this affair made to the author and other writers by those whom we know as "Old Timers" of Arizona. Mostly these Old Timers were not eye witnesses or even closely connected with the doings of the principals of the affair. Those are all dead and gone. The few living *raconteurs* are men of rather advanced age, few of whom had any personal knowledge of what went on. They simply lived nearby and have some main facts connected with certain phases of the war, known generally to everybody interested in the matter. These wild west tales they have woven into the story of their experiences until they are absolutely sure they did happen.

That still living few who have a personal knowledge of the happenings had in most cases a somewhat restricted horizon. Hence their point of view is invariably narrow and personal.

At the same time every one of these story tellers has furnished something definite which has been useful in checking up on the whole; in sifting the real from the fanciful and determining as well as could be done the actual conditions which existed in the Valley during that time.

Contrary to the procedure of every other history of this affair, the writer has left entirely out of consideration two important episodes that have always been treated as parcel of the Pleasant Valley War.

These are the action at Holbrook on September 4, 1887, by Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens, of Apache County, in which within less than five minutes Andy Cooper, Mose Roberts and Houston Blevins were killed and John Blevins wounded.

The other is the triple hanging on August 12, 1888, on the Verde Road south of Heber in Navajo County, at which James Stott, James Scott and Jeff Wilson were swung off into eternity by a body of citizens who alleged that the activities of these men in stealing horses during the preceding two or three years was full justification for their action.

Neither of these had any connection or relation whatever to the Graham-Tewksbury feud. The Holbrook killing simply happened while the valley troubles were at white heat. The hanging occurred almost a year after the last killing in Pleasant Valley, and like the Holbrook affair bore no earthly relation to it.

The writing of this article means, further, that the writer will unquestionably find himself the target for much well-meant criticism. Many of the statements made by him will be challenged vigorously and honestly by those persons who still recall those fateful days when men—the writer among them—rode the trails of the Tonto Basin country only at night; slept with one eye open and weapons within easy reach and never turned a corner of a can-

yon or trail without first wondering if beyond it lurked an enemy, weapon in hand, finger on trigger.

He recalls well one afternoon about sunset when riding down a canyon trail near the Tonto Rim. In the distance he saw a horseman coming up the canyon on the same trail. Both stopped a moment, then swung out of the trail and turned up the canyon's side. The writer's revolver swung handily at the saddle horn, his Winchester rested under his right leg. The other had his rifle lying comfortably before him on his lap, his right hand resting on the lock.

From each side of the canyon, suspiciously and warily, we eyed each other for all the world like two old tomcats in the back yard. Our ponies nickered a friendly greeting across the canyon. They were far more human than we.

Coming closer the stranger proved to be my somewhat doubtful friend, one Jim Houck. He knew me instantly. Between us there had been no love lost for several years. Each rode silently back to the trail, eyes straight ahead, nor lost any time in getting out of sight. A rear view mirror would have been a godsend about that time.

In the search for facts the writer has had the benefit of Colonel McClintock's voluminous files as well as those in the office of the state historian and the library of the Arizona Pioneer's Society at Tucson. In the latter the extensive and rare bound volumes of the territorial newspapers of those years, 1887-88, furnished valuable documentary evidence as to the happenings. Added to this is a large correspondence between the writer and persons said to know the facts, including personal interviews with the comparatively few living persons who were in close touch with matters in the Tonto Basin in 1887. The human memory, however, is prone to weaken with advancing age. Moreover, few of these persons are able to tell

their story along fair, unprejudiced lines. They cannot forget the bitterness, the hatred of those days.

For these very cogent reasons the writer has been forced to discard much of the material already published in histories, books, magazine articles, etc., and rely upon the information gleaned from court records, newspaper files, old letters and the clippings and files above mentioned.

Wherever it could possibly be done these various statements have been checked carefully. Naturally there is much that could not be checked or substantiated. The person making the statement is either dead, or if living refused absolutely to be quoted. This latter condition was part of most of the information obtained from important witnesses and will be fully observed.

The years that have elapsed since the last tragic pages of this history were written at Tempe, almost forty years ago, have failed to quiet the fear of reprisals. The shadows of ambushed attacks, and sudden disappearance still hover over the scene; faint but yet a shadow, sinister and dark, that cannot be wholly effaced.

With the foregoing explanation the author offers this material, not as a story or an article but simply as a series of bald statements of actual facts devoid absolutely of partisanship or personal bias on his part.

FROM the Fish manuscript in the office of the state historian, Phoenix

"The feud which gave the Tonto Basin country a reputation for lawlessness and defiance of law, seldom attained by any other section of the southwest, occurred or reached its zenith in 1887.

"It became known as the Tewksbury-Graham War and, during its continuance, no less than eighteen of the Grahams and four of the Tewksbury faction were killed.

"The Graham brothers and the elder Tewksbury and his three sons by an Indian wife, were early settlers in the Tonto Basin where they first worked for a cattleman named Stinson. He brought his cattle from Snowflake, receiving them in payment of $11,000, the price of the townsite he sold the pioneer Mormons who came into that section from Utah.

"It seems that both the Grahams and the Tewksburys engaged in putting another brand on the Stinson cattle, which they were hired to care for and protect. The cattle stolen from Stinson were all marked by the same brand, which was supposed to be a partnership brand between the Tewksburys and the Grahams.

"Under this arrangement the Stinson herd gradually decreased while those of the thieves increased. What properly started and increased the ferocity of the feud was an act of the Grahams, one of them going to Prescott and recording the brand on the stolen cattle in his individual name. Afterwards when the Tewksburys asserted their co-ownership in the cattle accumulated, the Grahams refused to acknowledge their claim. As a result, the Tewksburys were deprived of any interest in the cattle which they had stolen with the Grahams.

"Thus things went along until about the beginning of 1886. It appears that John Gilman* had charge of the Stinson stock. He and a boy went to the Grahams whom he believed were stealing cattle from Stinson. He had angry words with some of them and was shot, receiving a serious wound from which he ultimately recovered.**

"About this time, and after the Grahams had refused the Tewksburys any interest in the stolen herds, the Tewksburys hit on a plan to get revenge on their pardners as well as to work a hardship on Stinson. They went to Flagstaff and rented sheep from the Daggs Brothers for the purpose of bringing them in and running them on the ranges of the Grahams, thus destroying the ranges and running off the cattle.

"The Tewksburys consisted of the father, James D. Tewksbury, and three sons, James, John and Ed, all from an Indian mother. The

*This is John Gilliland now living in Phoenix.

**Two reliable men declare it to have been Ed Tewksbury.

Grahams included the brothers Tom, Bill, John and George.* They had all lived in Globe previous to their going to Tonto Basin to work for Stinson.

The Tewksburys hired a Mexican herder to look after the sheep. He was killed in February, 1887. Indian trailers employed to find out who was responsible for his death reported that the murder had been committed by a horseman and that the trail of the horse led to the Graham ranch.

"This was sufficient to start hostilities, the embers of which had been smouldering and ready to break into a blaze for a long time. The Tewksburys felt they had been wronged out of their share of the stolen cattle, and now to have their herder killed and the sheep run off was more than they were willing to put up with.

"Thus a bushwhacking war was started. Shortly after this a man named Blevins, who with one of his sons, was alleged to be in the cattle and horse stealing business and in with the Grahams, was missing. It was believed that one of the Tewksburys was responsible for the death of Blevins.

"The Aztec Land and Cattle Company of Holbrook had established several camps for the purpose of looking after their stock. At one of these camps near Pinedale was stationed a cowboy named J. F. Paine. Paine and four others fixed up to go over and help the Graham party, the pretext being to look for the missing Blevins. The company, armed to the teeth, started out about the last of July, 1887, and arrived at the Wilson ranch, about one mile below the Ellison place. This party consisted of Paine, Thomas Tucker, Bob Gillespie, Henry Blevins and Thomas Covington, whose real name was Eugene Clark.

"Jim and Ed Tewksbury were in the Wilson ranch house. Fearing to attack the Tewksburys in the house, they tried to get in on friendly terms, asking for something to eat. Their request was denied by the Tewksburys and a few angry words followed. Then the Tewksburys opened fire, killing Paine and Blevins. Tucker and Gillespie were wounded, the former seriously. He was near death while trying to crawl to safety, but a heavy rain revived him. He crawled until he finally reached the ranch house of Robert Bixby (Sigsby). He was cared for there until he was able to be taken away. He had been in a terrible condition, for when he reached the Bixby ranch his wounds were completely filled by fly blows.

"About the last of July William Graham was assassinated. No one knew who did it, but public opinion pointed to the Tewksburys. In August John Tewksbury and William Jacobs were killed by the

*Mr. Fish is wrong about a George Graham. There does not seem to have been a brother by this name.

Grahams opposite the old Tewksbury ranch. The Grahams would not allow any one to bury them for several days, and the hogs rooted them around, tore them open, and the bodies were half eaten up before they were buried.

"About September first, 1887, James and Ed Tewksbury and Jim Roberts killed Henry Middleton and wounded Joe Ellenwood at the Tewksbury ranch. But all the men who lost their lives in connection with the Tewksbury-Graham feud were not killed by their feud antagonists, as a number were slain by Arizona's Pioneer Sheriffs in their attempts to serve warrants on those who had been indicted for murder.

"In October, 1887, following the Cooper killing at Holbrook, W. J. Mulvenon, sheriff of Yavapai county, organized a posse at Prescott and went to the scene of the feud to make arrests and also to try and stop this bushwhacking war. He went to the Perkins store where he and some of his aides secreted themselves in the corral. In a short time John Graham and Charles Blevins rode up for the purpose of finding out who the newcomers were, whether friends or foes. They supposed that all the men had left the place.

"As they rode up Sheriff Mulvenon stepped out and ordered them to surrender. Graham and Blevins, instead of obeying, pulled out their guns. Members of the hidden posse fired and killed both Graham and Blevins. A few days after this Al Rose, who belonged to the Graham faction, was out on Spring creek hunting his horses. He was afterwards found with eleven bullet holes in his body.

"After the Stott-Scott lynching bee there was but one Graham left. That was Tom. He left Tonto Basin and went to Tempe. There was only one Tewksbury left and that was Ed. Long after the excitement of the dreadful feud he went down to Tempe and found Tom Graham going along the road on a load of grain. He shot Graham and then made his escape.

"Being well mounted for the occasion he returned to the Basin in so short a time that this was taken to prove his alibi. Tewksbury was arrested, tried and found guilty. But the lawyers, finding that the record did not show he had plead to the indictment, he, on that plea, was granted a new trial. The jury at the second trial disagreed and he was discharged. The case had become so expensive that the prosecuting attorney decided to drop it rather than prosecute the case any longer.

"The last of the Grahams had fallen in the feud. Not one of them was left to continue the war. All the Tewksburys but Ed were gone. But all had not died by the hands of violence. The old man died a natural death and James died from consumption not long after the troubles were over. Several others who had taken sides in the feud had fallen. About eighteen were accounted for but it is claimed there

were more than this. Some were put out of the way whose fate was never known. But it made little difference, as not one was killed who was a loss to the community."

These observations are interesting for they give us a word picture of this affair that fairly represents the general public point of view of those days. Mr. Fish, as do most writers, estimates in the killed and wounded those killed in Holbrook by Sheriff Owens and the three men hanged. The list given elsewhere in this article is undoubtedly a correct statement of the actual deaths in the war.

THE TEWKSBURYS AND GRAHAMS THEIR ORIGIN AND HISTORY

No story of this feud between these two pioneer families would be complete without a short account of their origin and family breeding. Much has been written of the Indian ancestry of the Tewksburys. The following data have been secured from different sources and are believed to be as accurate and reliable as possible. All are based on statements from early pioneers who knew them after they came to Arizona. There are absolutely no printed or written records concerning either family.

James D. Tewksbury, Sr.

The father of this family is said to have gone to California from the state of Massachusetts in the early days of the California gold rush. He told one man he came there via Cape Horn by sailing vessel.

After some wandering about the coast he finally settled down in Humboldt County, California. Here he married an Indian woman belonging to one of the Indian tribes on the Eel river. She was undoubtedly either of the Digger or Pitt river Indians.

This woman bore him three sons, John, James and Ed. She died in California before the family migrated to Arizona in about 1885. At Globe the father married an English widow, a Mrs. Shoulter or Schultes. She in turn bore him three children, two boys, Walter and Parker,

and a girl whose name is not known today. They were mere children during the troubles and took no part in the war. Tewksbury is said to have come to Globe in the summer of 1885 and lived there for a while. The lure of the open range, however, took them into the cow country around Pleasant Valley where they settled down and went into cattle.

The elder Tewksbury took no active part in the war. The Prescott Courier of September 6, 1887, says:

"The father of the Tonto Basin Tewksburys is in Prescott. He has convinced everybody that his sons are in the right."

The Prescott Journal Miner of September 7, 1887, says:

"The elder Tewksbury came to Prescott voluntarily and surrendered to the Sheriff yesterday but was not held, there being no charges or evidence against him."

It will be recalled that the old man was in the Tewksbury's cabin in Pleasant Valley together with Mrs. Tewksbury, John's wife, when John Tewksbury and William Jacobs were killed. He died in Pleasant Valley after the close of the war. His grave may still be seen near the old ranch near the Perkins store.

John Tewksbury.

John was the first of his family to fall in the war. He and William Jacobs were killed on September 3rd near the Tewksbury home in the valley. Charley Perkins, who probably knew about as much of this family as anyone, declares that John and James were full brothers while Ed was a half brother. He says Ed was very different in temperament, character and habits from the other two. Much more of a man in every way. Perkins could not say, however, as to who Ed's mother was.

James Tewksbury.

This man went through the war unharmed. Those who knew him say he was not strong, being a sufferer from consumption, which probably accounts for his inactivity. Soon after the war, Tewksbury moved to Globe

where he lived out the few remaining days of his life. The Phoenix Herald of December 6, 1888, has this short item:

"Jim Tewksbury died of consumption at 5:30 P. M. December 4, 1888, at his sister's home in Globe."

Ed Tewksbury.

This member of the family who went unscathed through all the trouble, remained in the valley for some time running his cattle. As far as we are able to learn he was well behaved and seemed to wish to forget the past and live a quiet life. He was a popular man and had many friends.

Strong efforts were made to indict him and others for their part in the troubles of 1887. They failed invariably for lack of evidence.

According to an article in the Globe Silver Belt of June 1, 1889, Ed Tewksbury was arrested in May, 1889, and with Tom Graham, Louis Parker (a cousin of the Grahams) and several others was taken before the Yavapai County Grand Jury at Prescott.

"No bills were found aganist them," says the Belt. "They were all turned loose because nobody seemed anxious to testify, either for or against them."

The Belt of June 15, 1889, says:

"George A. Newton returned from Prescott on Wednesday and confirms the report that all persons indicted for participation in the Pleasant Valley killings were dismissed in the recent term of the District Court for Yavapai County. Judge Wright, the new chief justice, presided."

On August 2nd, 1892, almost five full years after the last events in the Pleasant Valley troubles, Tom Graham was shot and killed on the road near Tempe, Arizona. Certain persons swore they saw Ed Tewksbury fire the fatal shot. Charged with the crime, Tewksbury eluded arrest for some time.

The Phoenix papers and the Tempe News of those dates carry some rather unqualified criticism of Sheriff John Montgomery and other peace officers for not mak-

ing greater efforts to capture the alleged killers. One of the Phoenix dailies has this story:

"I done sent Ed a postal card telling him he'd better come in an' give hisself up or there'd be trouble," said Sheriff Montgomery yesterday. "Ed has always been a pretty good friend of mine and he will sure show up."

The story goes on to tell how the redoubtable Ed did arrive in the city armed to the teeth. Two six shooters, a long rifle, bowie knife and everything. When the Sheriff approached, Tewksbury threw down on him with his rifle and threatened to shoot if he came a foot closer. Tewksbury, gun in hand, then kept the officer at bay slowly backing down the street, up a flight of stairs and clear into the law offices of Campbell and Baker, his attorneys. Here on their advice he finally surrendered.

A fine bit of wild and woolly newspaper writing. Read the story in the Phoenix Gazette of August 1, 1916. It's a thriller and no mistake. But there wasn't a word of truth in it all. Fiction pure and simple.

The actual facts are that, after the Graham killing, Ed Tewksbury "hid out" in Tonto Basin until he got good and ready to surrender. Of this the Tucson Star of August 12, 1892, says:

"Ed Tewksbury arrived here yesterday in charge of Deputy Sheriff Tom Elder of Maricopa County, after a trip of over 300 miles on horseback. He was arrested in Tonto Basin by Sheriff Findlay of Pima county on August 5, for the murder of Tom Graham.

"Mr. Tewksbury is reported to be here for his health."

The Star of the next day, August 13, 1892, says further:

"Tewksbury looks as if he had Indian blood in his veins but declares he has none. He is very bitter against what he called the persecution of himself and John Rhodes, and hinted that those at the head of it were not all they might be themselves. When the proper time comes he was sure he could get plenty of witnesses to prove an alibi.

"All I came here for," he continued, "was to get protection. Rhodes surely would have got it down there if the deputies had not saved him from the crowd." Tewksbury went on to say that he was at Desert Wells on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh, and started back for his ranch that day. He was looking for some lost horses. On

the fifth of August, Wilson, his employer, told him Sheriff Findlay was looking for him. Wilson also told him Graham had been killed on the second and that he, Tewksbury, was wanted for the crime. This he said, was the first he knew of the killing. "When I heard Sheriff Findlay was at the ranch," he said, "I went and gave myself up."

"Charlie Duchet," he said, "is the prime mover against me. His real name is English. Any one knows he would do or say anything to injure me. This is all I care to say now. These witnesses, he added, "will all swear they saw me when I was miles away on the third."

This story was repeated in the Phoenix and Tempe papers. The Tempe News of August 20, 1892, explains how the transfer of the prisoner, Ed Tewksbury, was made from Tucson to Phoenix without the matter becoming public.

"Henry DeNure," the News says, "who went to Tucson for Ed Tewksbury, waited till late Monday evening before telling the Pima county officers of his errand so it could not get out and be wired ahead to Phoenix. The two men, DeNure and his prisoner, left Tucson at four o'clock on the early morning train.

"At Maricopa the engineer of the Phoenix train was asked to watch for signals about six miles south of Kyrene and to slow up for them but not to stop the train. The train slowed down and Tewksbury dropped from it.. DeNure followed him. Henry Garfias was waiting with two saddle horses. The men mounted and rode off. Outside of Phoenix Tewksbury got off his horse and walked to the Court House with Garfias. They met Deputy Sheriff Barry and Tewksbury was soon safely locked up."

These are the actual facts concerning this arrest of Ed Tewksbury.

The preliminary trial before the Justice of the Peace at Phoenix was on August 29, 1892. Ed Tewksbury was positively identified by several witnesses, among them two young women who swore they saw Tewksbury plainly standing in the road with a rifle in his hands at the time Graham was shot.

He was bound over without bail to the September grand jury.

On December 3, 1892, Tewksbury and John Rhodes were indicted by a Maricopa County Grand Jury for the murder of Tom Graham.

He was not brought to trial until late in 1893 when he was tried before a jury in the District court at Phoenix. The evidence seemed very conclusive for the jury promptly found him guilty of the murder. Before sentence was passed upon him, however, his attorneys, Campbell and Baker, in reviewing the papers for an appeal, discovered that through some oversight of the court officials, Ed Tewksbury had never been called into open court to plead to his indictment and the charge. They immediately raised this point, which was sustained by the court. A new trial was ordered. For obvious reasons Tewksbury's attorneys asked for and secured a change of venue to Pima county. They stated that it would be impossible for their client to secure a fair trial in Maricopa county, which was undoubtedly true.

When the case was tried in Tucson in June, 1894, the jury disagreed.

The Tucson Star of March 5th, 1894, states that "Ed Tewksbury was yesterday granted a new trial on a plea of abatement."

The case was again set for trial at Tucson but before the date arrived the district attorney for Maricopa county, after consulting with other county officers, decided the county could not afford the expense of another trial. It had already cost the county over $20,000. Another trial would probably result either in a disagreement or due to the time that had elapsed and the building up of a strong alibi for Tewksbury, in his discharge from custody, a free man. During the time between his surrender at Phoenix and the decision to drop the case, Ed Tewksbury had been in jail, bond being refused him.

Thus ended one side of the famous Graham-Tewksbury feud. Tewksbury returned to Tonto Basin, closed out his range affairs and moved into Globe. During most of the rest of his life he served as a peace officer of some kind. He was a Deputy Sheriff for Gila County under Sheriff Dan Williamson during the years 1898-99. Tewksbury died in Globe in the fall of 1904.

The Graham family record.

There were three Graham brothers, John, Tom and William, who was the youngest. Fish mentions George, a fourth brother. This is unquestionably a mistake. There is no record outside of his statement of such a brother. The three men came to Globe and the Pleasant Valley region in 1885 or 86. They came from Boone, Iowa, where they were born and raised on their father's farm. The Phoenix Herald of October 6th, 1887, carries this item:

"Sam Graham, father of the Grahams of Tonto Basin, arrived in Phoenix today from Boone, Iowa. He is accompanied by a man named Parker, who is his brother-in-law. Parker is the father of young Parker who was also killed in the Basin."

Louis Parker.

Little is known of young Parker. He was not killed, however, but was one of the group who went to Prescott and appeared for trial and were turned loose in May, 1888, "for want of evidence against them." Parker undoubtedly mixed in the row on the side of his kinsmen, but there is no record of his doings or what finally became of him. Most likely he followed his father back to the peace and quiet of the Iowa farm, which must have looked good to him when he reached it.

John Graham.

John, the oldest of the brothers, fell before the fire from Sheriff Mulvenon's posse at the Perkins store, together with Charley Blevins. There is very little known of him beyond the above statement. Their connection with the Tewksburys and break with them later on has been told elsewhere in this article.

William Graham.

Sheriff Mulvenon in the Prescott Courier of September 3, 1887, says:

"Bill Graham was killed by one of the Tewksburys. They met on the same trail and shot it out."

Joseph Fish says:

"William Graham was killed between Haigler's ranch and Pleasant Valley in July, 1887. Nobody ever knew who did it."

There are further particulars under the list of those killed. His grave has never been located.

Tom Graham.

Tom Graham was easily the family leader. He went through the lively year of 1887 without a scratch. In the fall of that year believing "discretion the better part of valor," Tom turned his bunch of cattle in Pleasant Valley over to William Young, a well known stock man. With his young wife he moved down to the Salt River Valley, where he bought a small farm and settled down to a farmer's life near the Double Buttes, a few miles from Tempe.

Anxious to clear up his record, he offered to surrender to the Sheriff of Yavapai county and stand trial at any time he was wanted. The Prescott Journal Miner of September 10th, 1887, speaking of this, says:

"Tom Graham came to the office of the Sheriff of Maricopa county at Phoenix and offered to surrender and go to Prescott for trial if given assurance of protection."

He was evidently given such assurance for he later went on to Prescott.

The Phoenix Herald of October 13th, 1887, says:

"Tom Graham, who was in Phoenix yesterday, went to the Sheriff's office and asked if there was a warrant for his arrest. He was told there was none. Graham then asked Sheriff Halbert to advise the Sheriff of Yavapai county that he, Graham, was in Phoenix and would come to Prescott whenever requested to do so.

"Graham said further that the Tewksburys were trying to scare him, Graham, out of the Tonto Basin so as to get hold of his cattle range in Pleasant Valley."

The Herald of October 15th, 1887, speaks of Sheriff Mulvenon's presence in Phoenix. It says he was there to arrest Tom Graham. Graham and Mulvenon left for Prescott the next day.

The Globe Silver Belt of October 18th, 1887, says:

"Tom Graham was arrested in Phoenix, where he had gone to see

his father, by City Marshal Wells, and was taken to Prescott Sunday by Sheriff Mulvenon. Hon. A. C. Baker was retained to defend him."

According to a later story in the Belt of October 22, 1887, Graham was at this time held in $3,000 bail to appear before the Grand Jury in Yavapai county in November, 1887.

It is interesting to call attention to the fact that in May, 1888, Tom Graham was again before a Grand Jury at Prescott and again turned loose for want of witnesses to testify against him. With him at this latter time were Ed Tewksbury, Louis Parker and several other representatives of both sides of the feud.

Although every one in Prescott looked for trouble between these rival gangs when they appeared for the grand jury to question, they were all apparently on their good behaviour. "There was absolutely no trouble during the whole week," remarks the Prescott Journal-Miner.

Some time in 1888 Tom Graham was arrested on a warrant which charged him with the murder of the Mexican sheep herder in 1887. As the writer recalls the matter this warrant was sworn out by Jim Houck, a Tewksbury adherent and supporter. Graham came to St. Johns, the county seat of Apache county, ready for trial. The writer was an officer of Apache county at the time and present when Graham was arraigned. There was not a shred of evidence against him and he was turned loose. It can be said that Graham made an excellent impression while in St. Johns. He was a pleasant-faced, clean-cut young fellow and in spite of his sinister reputation we were all glad to see him turned loose.

Occasionally Graham took a short trip from Tempe up into the Basin to see how his cows were getting along. In June, 1892, he and Charley Duchet—often called "Dushay"—went to Pleasant Valley to turn over some cattle Graham had sold. The report reached Phoenix and was published to the effect that they had been killed. The two strolled into the editorial rooms of the local papers one afternoon and exhibited themselves, to prove the falsity

of the rumor. "Are we dead?" they inquired jovially of the pencil pushers. "Not that any one can detect," was the reply.

The Phoenix Herald gives an interview with Duchet following this visit:

"Duchet said he and Graham went to Pleasant Valley to round up cattle. They met a bunch of Tewksbury men. Neither Rhodes nor Tewksbury were with them. Both parties stopped.

" 'William Colcord rode out from the bunch toward us. 'Well, boy,' he said, 'is it peace or war?'

" 'Tommy said, 'It's peace; we don't care for war. All we want is our rights. I have too much invested here to be bluffed. We prefer peace if it's possible.'

" 'Colcord then shook hands with Tommy and I,' Duchet continued, 'said good morning, and seemed congenial. This threw Tommy and I off our guard. We brought our cattle out and expected no more trouble. Anonymous letters had been written saying we were coming up to clean out the Tonto Basin. We know who got the letters and wrote them. We thought the matter was settled forever.' "

Friends of both sides declare that at such times Graham did too much loose talking and bragging about his prowess and told how the Tewksburys were all afraid of him. They feel such talk kept the old spirit alive and eventually caused the death of Graham himself.

These same people alive today, 1931, feel that the Tewksburys were quite content to let bygones be bygones and try and forget the past. They had never left the Basin and their enemy had. They rather felt themselves the victors—if any.

Charlie Duchet.

This man Duchet was a unique character. A strong supporter of the Graham faction, yet oddly enough his name never figured in a single one of the fights or scraps in the valley. After Tom Graham moved to Tempe Duchet constituted himself a sort of body guard to him and was always close at hand. When Graham was taken to St. Johns for trial Duchet came with him. He never let his chief out of his sight day or night. He had a deep ugly looking scar clear down one side of his face. Duchet

claimed he received this in a duel fought with another man in an absolutely dark room with the doors locked. Armed only with bowie knives they agreed to fight it out together. When the doors were opened Duchet's opponent was dead while he had the terrible slash across his face which marked him for life. Those old timers alive in 1931 who know the man's character and past, all scoff at this story. They say he got the mark in a drunken saloon brawl. One thing is certain, however. The man did really have an awful looking slash across his face. How he got it is another story.

The old timers claim today that Duchet was much to blame for carrying tales back and forth, bragging about what "they" would do, etc., etc., and otherwise keeping up the old hatred between the two remaining members of the factions.

He died in bed at Tempe a few years ago from ripe old age.

The death of Tom Graham.

And now comes the last chapter in this ghastly trouble. On August 2, 1892, the entire Salt River Valley and adjacent regions was shocked at the report of Tom Graham's death at the hands of an assassin.

Five years had elapsed since the last shot was fired in that wretched bit of Arizona history. To many, the Pleasant Valley war was but a mere memory. Only one member of each of the two families involved was still alive. They were supposed to be living two hundred miles apart. Apparently each side was perfectly willing to let the matter rest. Yet, out of this apparent calm came a rifle shot on a country road, about eight in the morning, and Tom Graham, the last of his family, lay in his farm wagon on a pile of grain sacks, wounded to death.

The following brief summary of facts covering what followed is gleaned from the territorial newspapers of those dates, together with the testimony given before coroners' juries and the territorial courts.

Three young women and a boy, belonging to well known families, walking down the road saw and recognized Tom Graham driving a four-horse team loaded with sacked barley. Each heard a single shot, each saw two men with rifles in their hands, each identified both armed men as Ed Tewksbury and John Rhodes.

A crowd quickly gathered. Graham, bleeding profusely, was taken from the wagon to the residence of Doctor Gregg, which was close at hand. Graham's wife was soon at his side. He told her he was done for and could not live long. He also told her and other persons that he had been shot by Ed Tewksbury and John Rhodes. Half a dozen witnesses at the trial testified that when asked the question as to who shot him he replied always, "Ed Tewksbury and John Rhodes."

He died at four o'clock that afternoon, August 2, 1892, and was buried on August 3 in Phoenix, under the auspices of the A. O. U.W., of which he was a member. He was 38 years old. He left a widow and a child about two years of age.

During the excitement Ed Tewksbury escaped. As has been told elsewhere, he finally established an alibi showing he was some 200 miles away from the scene of the killing on the fateful morning. The record of his preliminary trial at Phoenix on August 29, 1892, contains the following testimony:

"W. J. White testified that he was sitting on the bar at Bowen's saloon while the barkeeper was mixing him a cocktail, on the morning of August 2. 'Just as the barkeeper set the drink down on the bar a man came into the saloon very hurriedly, picked up the drink before I could grab it and drank it, then hurried out and didn't pay. When I spoke to him about it he said, 'I'm in a big hurry.' I replied, 'Well, I'm in a big hurry, too.'

"The barkeeper said it was all O. K., that the man was a ranchman whom he knew, and who had been on a spree. 'I'll mix you another cocktail,' he said, which he did.

" 'Do you see this man in the court room?' the Judge inquired.

"Pointing directly at Tewksbury, he replied, 'There he is.'

"After all this testimony was in, the Justice bound Tewksbury

over to the Grand Jury which will meet on September 7, 1892. He was not admitted to bail."

John Rhodes.

As for John Rhodes' part in the affair, a dispassionate review of all the facts seems to prove rather conclusively, that while he was doubtless with Ed Tewksbury at the time the shooting occurred, he did not take any hand in it. Among other testimony, that of Bone Lewis and John Labarge, two local men, seems very clear. Both these men took careful measurements of some fresh horse tracks near the scene of the shooting where the soil was very soft. They then went straight to the livery stable where Rhodes kept his saddle horse. They measured the shoes on this animal. He had a very small, peculiarly shaped foot and very worn shoes. They swore that the measurements of the tracks and the shoes on this horse were exactly the same.

However, Rhodes was turned loose by Justice of the Peace Huson of Tempe on August 9, who heard testimony for three full days. It was on the second day of this hearing that Mrs. Graham tried so hard to shoot Rhodes.

The reporters for two Phoenix dailies sitting at a table not over five feet from her saw the whole affair. They agree very well in their stories of the matter, which are briefly as follows:

"Mrs. Graham was sitting beside her father near the reporter's table. Suddenly she put her hand into her dress, pulling out a 44 calibre revolver. She sprang toward the prisoner with the avowed intention of 'putting out his light.' She would have succeeded had not her father held her.

" 'Let me shoot him, for God's sake, let me shoot him!' she screamed. Porter Moffatt threw a chair between Mrs. Graham and Rhodes, which undoubtedly saved Rhodes' life, as in another minute the pistol would have been discharged. Mrs. Graham was led from the room by her father, still crying out in a loud voice: 'Let me kill him, let me kill him; they will turn him loose.' "

It was a most dramatic moment. Mrs. Graham just before this had testified that Graham told her he had but a few minutes to live. She asked him who shot him. He

said: "Ed Tewksbury and Rhodes." Rhodes himself on the stand later swore he did not kill Graham or try to harm him.

Several stories of this attack on Rhodes have been told. One that when she tried to pull her revolver from her hand bag it caught in the lining and she could not get it out before she was disarmed.

Another was to the effect that all the cartridges had been previously and secretly removed from the gun while she was stopping at a neighbor's home on the way to the court room. The friend wanted to prevent any more bloodshed. The above story, written as it was by each reporter, should, however, be accepted as the true one.

Rhodes evidently bore a charmed life for on the day after Graham's death, when Tom Elder, the Tempe town constable, had him under arrest, Charlie Duchet made a vicious attack on Rhodes and would certainly have ended his career there had not Elder acted very promptly in protecting his prisoner.

Rhodes was indicted by the Grand Jury, together with Ed Tewksbury, on Dec. 3, 1892, for Graham's murder. He was locked up for safe keeping in the Maricopa county jail, where he remained without bail until acquitted.

The turning loose of Rhodes at Tempe by Justice of the Peace Huson created a tremendous amount of discussion and criticism. Not only was this so in the immediate vicinity but practically all over Arizona. A general review of the territorial papers of those dates shows a uniform agreement in criticising the justice for his action.

An editorial in the Tucson Star of August 20, 1892, says:

"It appears that Rhodes did not have a hand in the killing of Graham. So Justice Hanson of Tempe thinks, if he is honest in his decision which turns Rhodes loose on the community.

"If the Phoenix Press reported the evidence correctly, and we have no good reason to believe otherwise, we cannot conceive upon what grounds the defendant was discharged. Why go to the useless

expense of an examination which is but a travesty upon law and justice?"

The Phoenix Gazette of August 20, 1892, says:

"Upon the conclusion of the District Attorney's argument there was hardly a pause before Justice Huson rendered his decision. He said in a rather indistinct voice, 'I have listened carefully to all the testimony in this case and, although I was at first inclined to believe the defendant guilty of the murder, the defence has so conclusively proved their alibi that I must release the prisoner.'

"A look of disgust and amazement spread over the uplifted faces of his hearers. There is no doubt but that the decision pleased very few. Knots of men gathered all over the streets and discussed, somewhat angrily, the situation.

"A number of wild propositions were made, the most popular being to hang the judge in effigy. But a milder reaction followed and none of the foolish schemes were carried out. Rhodes had a few friends well armed and ready with a saddle horse, but he preferred to stay in jail today and return in broad daylight tomorrow."

The indignation over the action of the Justice was so general that the Tempe News of August 27, 1892, contained a call for a mass meeting to be held at Tempe on Sunday, Sept. 5, 1892. It was called "to discuss the recent decision in the Rhodes case," and was signed by more than forty well known citizens of the little village.

The Tempe News of Sept. 10, speaks of this meeting as follows:

". . . on Sunday last, at which time some of Tempe's best citizens were present to protest against the Rhodes decision, the speakers all roasted Justice Huson and the local constable for their part in the unfortunate affair.

"The meeting passed resolutions condemning the acts of the local officers, criticized the Justice for turning Rhodes loose and agreed that everything possible should be done to bring somebody to justice."

Rhodes was indicted and tried later in the District Court, after several months' confinement in the county jail and found not guilty.

I talked his case over recently, 1931, with several men who knew Rhodes rather intimately. They all agree that he did not kill Graham. Both J. F. Ketcherside and Charles Perkins, who knew Rhodes for some years after the war, say he declared to them over and over again that he was

"Claremont, California, May 29, 1926.

"My Dear Madam:

"Your kind favor reached me here. Fifty-eight years and writing history! I have failed in most everything else, so I must be a historian. I know you would not be unkind enough to lure me into anything for which I would be captured and shot at sunrise. I have one consolation: the enemy will not do it. They are all 'sleeping with their boots on.'

"I ought to know something about the 'Tonto Basin War.' It cost me ninety thousand dollars. General Sherman once said 'War is hell.' He was right. Two years more and I will write the history of Dear Old Arizona—if I don't forget it.

"Yours sincerely,

"P. P. DAGGS."

A letter to Mrs. Daggs brings the information that Mr. Daggs died without writing his history. He could have told us much that would have been interesting and informative.

Sheriff Mulvenon.

Mulvenon made two trips over to the Valley region during the year 1887. His first was in late August, 1887. The Flagstaff Champion of August 24, 1887, says:

"Mulvenon left Prescott on the twenty-second. Deputy Francis and a posse joined him at Flagstaff. They left Flagstaff Sunday, August 29, for Tonto Basin."

This issue of the Champion also carried the following Press dispatch:

"Prescott, Aug. 16, 1887. Sheriff Mulvenon received the following telegram from Holbrook: 'Three more men have been killed in Pleasant Valley in Tonto Basin. Things are looking squally.' "

On his return from this trip Mulvenon was reported in the Champion of September 3 as saying:

" 'We had ten warrants for the arrest of Tewksbury and others. Went to the Perkins store in the valley, where we met some of the Grahams and their friends. Among them Andy Cooper.'

"Mulvenon said he had no warrants for any of this party. Graham told him that if he did not arrest the Tewksburys they, the Grahams, would take matters into their own hands and fight them to extermination.

"Before daylight the next morning a man came to Mulvenon's camp and asked him and one man to come to a certain point to meet

a man. Mulvenon went to the Newton ranch on this trip, and found it burned. Two dead horses lay in front of the ranch. Also there were the graves of two men. Newton met him there, but what was said or agreed upon was never made public by Mulvenon.

"The two dead men were Paine and Blevins. Mulvenon, after this, came back to Prescott with his entire posse."

On Mulvenon's return he learned that the report was in all the papers that he and his posse had all been killed in the Basin.

After a short rest at Prescott another posse was organized which Mulvenon led into the Basin on a second expedition. Eventually he served a number of warrants on different persons in the Valley who were wanted and returned to Prescott. In this connection one of the Prescott papers announced that

"Sheriff Mulvenon's bills for his services, expenses and fees in Pleasant Valley for these two trips amounted to $3,168.78."

Summary.

An interesting feature of the newspaper comments on the war is the vast difference between newspaper reporting 45 years ago and today. The report in 1931 that a Sheriff and his entire posse had been swept off the face of the earth by outlaws would command whole pages of the papers, together with huge headlines, photographs of every man, his life history and family connections. In those early days a few short lines in the local columns was sufficient. Tom Graham's body still lies in the old cemetery in Phoenix. His widow married again several years ago and left Arizona for good. Up in Pleasant Valley one can find the grave of the old father of the Tewksburys. Near it is the completed stone building from behind the walls of which Sheriff Mulvenon's posse did its deadly work. It is today used as the only stopping place for travelers in the valley. Its stone walls, nearly two feet thick, are loop-holed for rifle fire. What stories those walls could tell! Practically every man who took part in this feud has passed over the range. Many of the old timers who sat on the side lines and watched the proceedings

have also passed on. The few of these alive today are living in peace and comfort around Phoenix and elsewhere, far from the region in which all that has been told occurred.

William Young, who lived through it all, the patriarch of the Valley, and who knew the facts perhaps better than any other living man, passed on not long ago before his story could be secured. Charles E. Perkins, Dan Williamson, Joe McKinney, J. F. Ketcherside, James Stinson, still well and hearty at 82; James McClintock, William S. Colcord, Henry Crampton and a number of others have contributed many new facts and helped materially in clearing up some of the disputed points.

Over on Rock House canyon, on the east side of the valley, stands a huge stone chimney and fire place. It is all that remains of the old Tewksbury ranch round which so much of this story revolves. Nearby are two graves surrounded by a rough, substantial fence. John Tewksbury and William Jacobs lie here side by side.

Every two or three years, a tall, quiet man with fast greying hair, perhaps fifty years of age, appears in the valley, clears away the weeds and grasses around the graves, repairs any broken places in the fence and then drops out of sight. It is Walter Tewksbury, one of the sons by the second wife, who was a mere child during the troubles of 1887, when his elder brother John lost his life.

Summing up the year 1887, the writer feels sure that the list of killed and wounded in this feud is correct. That it will be disputed goes without saying. Most writers claim more than twice the number here given. If they can produce the names and dates when killed they will be acceptable. These given in this account are all that can be accounted for after some very careful and painstaking research.

As has been said before, the Holbrook killing and the hanging of Jim Stott and his friends have absolutely no bearing on this affair over in the Pleasant Valley. They

were separate and apart from that. Taking the list and including Tom Graham's death five years later, we have a total of twelve men killed and four wounded in this bloody conflict. Quite enough, indeed.

List of those killed and wounded in the Pleasant Valley war; arranged as nearly as possible in chronological order.

Sheep Herder.

Found killed in February, 1887. Of this man's death the Globe Silver Belt of February 12, 1887, says:

"PLEASANT VALLEY WAR. SHEEP HERDER'S DEATH

"The body of a sheep herder—a Ute Indian in charge of the Daggs buck herd—was found dead about ten days ago near his camp in Pleasant Valley, his body riddled with bullets. Some days previous to his death, some unknown person shot at the herder in his camp. He returned the shots. His gun missed fire at the second shot or he would have most certainly killed his assailant.

"The killing of this herder is supposed to have been two or three days subsequent to this. A posse trailed the supposed assassin directly to a house in the vicinity, but fearing to be ambushed, did not approach the house. The shooting is supposed to be the result of an old feud that has existed there for several years."

Buckey O'Neill's live stock paper, the Hoof and Horn of Prescott, dated February 10, 1887, repeats this report of the herder's killing and adds this item:

"The herder's head was completely severed from the body, presumably to make identification hard."

From all available information this sheep herder was no doubt one of Daggs' herders, a Mexican or a Navajo Indian.

At the time he was herding sheep for William Jacobs, who had a herd of the Daggs brothers' sheep on shares. There is nothing known as to where, when or by whom he was killed, or where he was buried, if at all.

Fish, in his manuscript story, says that "Jim Stinson, when he was running cattle in Pleasant Valley, once offered a reward of $500 for the head of any man who brought sheep into the valley." This may account for the removal of the herder's head reported in the Hoof and

Horn article. Stinson, however, indignantly denies this story of the reward. Where Fish obtained his information is not known. I have never been able to get any man to agree with Fish, or acknowledge he knew of such an offer.

McClintock in an article in the Arizona "Cattleman" of March 11, 1918, makes this statement:

"There was a report that the Daggs Brothers of Flagstaff had secured help from the Tewksburys for the protection of sheep bands that were to be driven to the Valley to the southward. Tom Graham, later, told how he would use a form of moral suasion and would drop a rifle bullet from the darkness into the frying pan or coffee pot of the shepherd's evening meal. This intimation from out of the night usually was effective in causing the visitor to forget his hunger and remember the details of the trail that had brought him there."

"Old Man Blevins."

The Globe Silver Belt in reporting this man's death calls him "Mark." He always went by the above appelation: "Old Man Blevins."

Nobody knows when, where or how he was killed. His body was never found although diligent search was made for it by several persons. There are many stories of a man's body, supposed to be his, being found "somewhere in Pleasant Valley," stripped of every particle of flesh by the wild hogs that were plentiful in the Valley at that time.

He was the step-father of Andy Cooper, killed the following year by Sheriff Owens at Holbrook, and father of the several Blevins boys: Hampden, Charles, Huston and John, who figured in various affairs of those days. While his wife and several of his family lived in Holbrook, the Old Man claimed a ranch on Canyon Creek below what is known as the Ramer place, close to the western line of the Fort Apache Indian reservation. The Arizona Champion of Flagstaff carries a wire from Holbrook dated September 10, 1887, which says:

"Old Man Blevins is also probably killed. He has been missing for a month and no trace can be found of his body."

From the best information it appears that Blevins left

his place on Canyon Creek in the latter part of June to hunt some horses which had been missing for some weeks. This seems to be the very last known of him. Mr. J. F. Ketcherside, now of Phoenix, who was during these years manager of the Newton and Vosberg Cattle ranch—the "Flying V Outfit" on Cherry Creek—tells me that about 1894 he found a human skull in an excellent state of preservation inside of a hollow tree on one of the branches of upper Cherry Creek, about five miles due west of what is known as the Rock house, on Rock House Canyon. An old rifle was standing against the tree. They hunted long and earnestly everywhere there in the vicinity but found no other parts of a human body which might have been that of Blevins.

Ketcherside believes the remains had been torn apart and scattered by wild animals. Every one agreed, however, that the rifle was the one habitually carried by Old Man Blevins.

"What became of the rifle?" I asked Ketcherside.

"The gun? Oh shucks, I forgit. It laid round the ranch for a long time, and, and w-e-l-l," he drawled, "it's gone now."

(To be continued.)

CAPTAIN THOMAS H. RYNNING

By JOE CHISHOLM

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gun Notches, The Life Story of a Cowboy-Soldier,* by Captain Thomas H. Rynning, as told to Al Cohn and Joe Chisholm, which will be published this fall, contains material upon that little celebrated organization, The Arizona Rangers. Rynning was in command of this body of peace officers during its most active days, and Al Cohn and Joe Chisholm both lived in Arizona while he held that office. Few know there ever was such a force of men, or are familiar with its brief and brilliant record. The comment and excerpts in this article are by one of the collaborators of the book.

CAPT. THOMAS H. RYNNING'S book, *GUN NOTCHES*, will be off the press (Frederick A. Stokes, New York) about the time this should appear in the Historical Review, early in October. It is possible that by stressing some of the purely local features of the book, Rynning's relation to Arizona's development may be more graphically shown than in the voluminous tale of *GUN NOTCHES*—for, as Rynning says, he has forked leather wherever there's a West.

Tom Rynning, of Norse stock, was born up in the cold country—Beloit, Michigan. In Chicago he worked as an apprentice for a cabinet and stair-building firm and laid the foundation of that knowledge of building which has earned him a reputation as a skilfull artisan throughout Arizona. It has often seemed wonderful to me that after his lifetime of cowpunching, bull-whacking, soldiering, and border ranging, he can still at a moment's notice turn his hand to the most delicate wood carving or to cutting and setting in place the massive beams in skyscrapers.

But Tom was never destined to live the easy life of a mechanic. Despite his wood craftsmanship he was down in the rough Pecos region of west Texas in his teens, where he developed into one of the country's most expert riders. Hundreds who knew him in later years as Captain of the

Arizona Rangers have seen him mount a running horse without using his hands. And if there has ever been another rider who duplicated that feat I have not heard of him.

From the Pecos he rode with several memorable drives in the eighties. In those days a cowpuncher working around in west Texas would be six months in the saddle from beginning of the round-up until the trail herd was delivered near the Santa Fe railroad at Dodge. And they were in wild, untamed wilderness for most of those long miles over which they hazed their steers. Crossing Oklahoma, for instance, they encountered only four white communities. Just over the Red River from Texas into Indian Territory (as Oklahoma was then known) was the Diamond Tail ranch, then Fort Sill, next Fort Reno, and clear up against the Kansas line they passed the Eagle Chief ranch.

But though there were no other white humans along that state-wide stretch there were scattered bands of Indians to stampede their thousands of cattle, big rivers to cross, such as the Red, the Washita, the Canadian, North Fork of the Canadian, the Cimmaron and many a wild creek in between. They had to be super-riders and as hill-wise as any aborigine to make those drives.

The tales of those trail herds, of their stampedes, and the many homeric incidents attending those great movements of wild longhorns, rawhide mustang cow-ponies and equally tough men, are such as make one's pulses sing, but they were not unique. Tremendous as they were in the way of spectacles and forerunners of history, they were participated in by many men. But at the end of one of those long moves into the north with thousands of bawling, horn-rattling steers, Tom and his buddy, Sage, pulled off a ride that probably was never duplicated in even that hard-riding land.

The two youngsters were mixed up in a raid through Dodge in the nature of a protest against the cold-decking of one of their outfit's waddies at a game of poker in that

hard-boiled city. A bunch of Bat Masterson's men on one side and about as many cowpunchers on the other cashed in as the waddies charged in against the straight-shooting Dodge men.

Then Tom and Sage, still only in their teens, started out on the ride across southern Kansas, clear down the width of Indian Territory, and well into Texas, to shake off their pursuers. Three hundred miles in three days and a half those two kids rode, galloping all day and all night long, hustling new ponies each time their mounts had done their own game share of that epochal race from vengeful pursuers. And years afterward Tom Rynning soldiered in Cuba with Ben Daniels, who had been one of Bat Masterson's force that rode out of Dodge City after the two young cowboys. After such training it seemed only natural that in the end Tom Rynning should captain the hard-riding rangers who made Arizona safe for normal existence.

But there was plenty more riding ahead of Tom, even after he had quit the Pecos ranges. At nineteen he joined the cavalry at Fort San Felipe and, in the words of Rupert Hughes, "had enough adventure to destroy a dozen average heroes." He packed for Generals Crook and Miles in Mexico; rode with the old Eighth Cavalry on the longest march known to military history; made, as a courier from Fort Meade in Dakota to near Stoneville in Montana, the longest one-horse ride for the time elapsed in the military records of that day. Perhaps it still stands in the cavalry's annals as not having been surpassed.

In the Rough Riders he came to be a favorite of Leonard Wood, Theodore Roosevelt and Alexander Brodie, because of the fact that he went back after the capture of San Juan Hill and stole from the Tenth Cavalry the ammunition without which Teddy and Wood could not have held their captured position against the Spanish counter attack.

And that friendship between him and Roosevelt and Brodie was what made Tom head of the Arizona Rangers,

and resulted in thousands of killers and cattle rustlers being sent to Yuma, and the Hassayampa becoming safe for other than thieves and cutthroats for a change.

In saying that that friendship was responsible for his captaincy of the historic Arizona Rangers I am not quoting Tom. I know many of those things because I was virtually born in Arizona, and I knew Tom well at that time. He had just been married, and although I had not yet become acquainted with Mrs. Rynning, I knew that neither of them wished for that Ranger job for Tom. He was part owner of a going building contractor's business in Douglas. He had piles of work coming up everywhere, for Tom Rynning was and is today one of the best mechanics and builders in the Southwest. So, a newly married man, he had to make the choice between providing for his own and his wife's future, or taking the illy-paid Captaincy of the Rangers because his two comrades-in-arms, President Roosevelt and Governor Brodie of Arizona, were urging him to do what no other man seemed able to do—make Arizona safe for law-abiding Americans.

Whatever passed between Tom and his bride is something beyond my knowledge. But he agreed to take over the Rangers and reorganize them.

About 1900 it had got so lawless on most of Arizona's frontiers that the small cattlemen were fast going out of business. John Slaughter down in the southeast corner of Cochise county, Bill Greene down in the southwest corner and the Erie Cattle company and Chiricahua Cattle company in between, had enough hard-riding and hard-boiled waddies to keep the rustlers jogging along from their herds. But the cattle thieves had become banded together in fair-sized groups and were just too much for the little cattle men.

Some bunches of cattle rustlers had got so bad that the civil authorities were not even attempting to do anything with them. They were the racketeers of that day,

and more than one sheriff knew that among their deputies were members of the cattle rustling bands.

The honest Arizona authorities were desperate. Even the U. S. Cavalry didn't seem to be able to stop the wholesale outlawry. So in March, 1901, the Arizona legislature passed a bill giving the governor of the Territory authority to create a body of men to bring law back to the border. Governor Oakes Murphy appointed as captain, Burton C. Mossman of Bisbee, with one sergeant and twelve privates. They were called the Arizona Rangers.

Twelve men to control thousands of desperate thieves and murderers!

They could be increased to twenty-five in time, if needed!

Captain Mossman's little force began running down the outlaws. They got Black Jack Christian's trail and ran him and his bunch of killers and thieves clear out of the Territory into New Mexico.

Next, Mossman got Chacon. He got him with assistance of Alvord and Stiles, two dangerous and cold-blooded killers of the border counties of Arizona. Chacon had escaped from the Solomonville jail where he had been confined for one of his killings. He shuttled around the border until communities on both sides of the lines were terrorized. By the time Mossman made Burt Alvord and Billy Stiles members of the Arizona Rangers in return for their promise to lure the bad man across the border into a trap, Chacon had become chief of police of Arizpe, Sonora. Under promise of a big haul, which they promised Chacon that the three of them could make in the way of horses, Burt and Billy induced him to come up to a point near the Hereford ranch on the San Pedro. A fourth man, they told him, would lead them to where they could pull off the robbery. The fourth man would be Mossman.

That was in 1902. Rynning had been appointed to reorganize the Rangers and relieve Mossman on sight. Tom met Burt in Brewery Gulch. Mossman said, "If you relieve me now I'll lose Chacon."

Rynning said, "I haven't seen you yet. Go ahead."

Mossman then asked Tom if he would like to go along, and of course Tom said yes. But after thinking it over a few moments Burt said that probably the arrival of an extra man might alarm Chacon.

Stiles, Alvord and Chacon got into a corral near where they were supposed to steal a lot of horses and next morning before dawn Chacon was captured. There are two or three or maybe four stories about it. Stiles is dead; nobody knows what became of Burt Mossman. They told several stories. Mossman told the other. Rynning says he prefers to believe Mossman. Mossman had courage to go into a huddle with Chacon and Stiles and Alvord—all about an even stand-off with a rattlesnake. Chacon was hanged. To keep the record straight, the bad man's name was Augustine Chacon and the particular murder for which he was hanged was that of Pablo Salcido, ten years before.

Then Tom Rynning took charge.

I'll tell here what I think was the reason for Tom Rynning's being asked to take charge of the Rangers. Tom Rynning tells nothing of this in his book.

Burt Mossman was a man with plenty of courage, a cavalier sort of fellow with the ladies, a handsome fellow, likable. He and Tom Rynning had only one thing in common—that is, they were both handsome. But while Burt Mossman was a debonair fellow, Rynning was machine-like, with the discipline that had made him a trusted lieutenant of Wood and Roosevelt and Brodie. Mossman was a politician who gained temporary advantages by putting Alvord and Stiles on his Ranger crew. Rynning ran those bad ones down the moment he became chief of the Border riders. Mossman was more interested in his and Ed Tovrea's Brewery Gulch butcher business than he was in the Arizona Rangers' development. Tom Rynning gave up a business that promised easy living to do the work Roosevelt and Brodie had asked of him

because he felt that he could not handle both jobs like a soldier.

From the day that Tom Rynning became captain of the Rangers, the statistics are proof of the wonderful service its members rendered.

First Tom Rynning moved the Rangers' headquarters down out of Brewery Gulch, Bisbee's main street, to Douglas. Douglas was just forming, and probably was the toughest town that ever existed in history or fiction.

Tom increased the Ranger force to its full legal limit —twenty-five. He got rid of outlaws like Stiles and Alvord. He told his men to keep their guns out of sight when in town, not to argue even with bad men, to talk peace right up to the moment when they had to shoot.

I once heard him instructing some of his "boys."

"See that bunch of deputies?" he asked as he pointed to where a line of county officers stood strung out in front of the arriving train.

"Yep," said the boys.

"Well, don't let me ever see you standing around with cannons on your hips like that to give this range a bad rep with decent people."

"Yep!" said the boys.

Tom had already learned what he was up against in the way of the sheriffs' offices. Maybe that's why he got the cattle rustlers on the run eventually. And don't misconstrue me. There were some splendid sheriffs in Arizona, such as John Slaughter, Scott White, Bucky O'Neil. It there were not plenty of fine ones even the Rangers couldn't have got by.

Among the men whom Rynning was instructing when the Douglas train came in, were several I knew.

They were Harry Wheeler, Billy Olds, Johnny Foster, Jeff Kidder, and Webb whose first name I don't recall.

Jeff Kidder was a nephew of Lieutant Kidder who was killed with Custer at the battle of the Little Big Horn. Jeff Kidder was one of the fastest men with a gun

that ever lived. Tom Rynning says he was the fastest. He surely showed it when he died.

After Captain Rynning had left the Rangers to take charge of the Yuma penitentiary Harry Wheeler had succeeded him as Captain, by Tom's request. Jeff Kidder rode into Naco from the Tres Amigos country west of Nogales. He had racked in to have Harry swear him in again as a Ranger. Harry wasn't there. Jeff would have to wait an hour. So Jeff hung his holster with his belt full of shells on his saddle horn, stuck his gun into his waist-band, and loafed across the line to talk to a bartender friend on the Mexican side of Naco.

A short time before the Mexican line riders and some Arizona rangers had joined in a running fight with Mexican smugglers and one of the latter was killed. The dead smuggler was identified by the Mexican authorities as a *rurale,* or Mexican soldier. Other *rurales* swore to get Jeff Kidder, who had been in the chase that resulted in the *rurale's* death.

As Jeff stepped into that Naco, Sonora, *cantina,* men with murder in their hearts were trailing him. The saloon stood on a corner. As the Ranger talked with the bartender two *rurales* stepped to the side door, two to the front one, all four opening fire upon the unsuspecting Jeff without warning. One of the bullets of the men to his rear went through his lung, inflicting a death wound.

But so lightning fast with a six-shooter was Kidder that he had pulled his gun and killed three of his four waylayers before they could wound him the second time.

Then, knowing he was fatally wounded, two loaded shells left in his gun, Jeff began crawling on hands and knees for the line. When he had got to within a hundred yards or less of the United States, other Mexicans jumped him. Then Jeff got a fourth man, but one of their shots blinded him and he missed with his last shot, something unusual for a Ranger.

An hour later Harry Wheeler arrived in Naco and learned what had happened to his Ranger. He rode across

the line, got the drop on four Mexican officers, made them tear a door off its hinges and carry Jeff on it across the line. But Jeff's ribs had been kicked in and his other wounds were mortal.

The boys of the Rangers had an oath amongst themselves—not part of the official oath—that they'd get anybody who ever killed a Ranger outside of fair fight.

Sometime after Jeff was assassinated Billy Olds said he thought he'd quit the Rangers. He said he was going down to Mexico for a spell. Billy talked Spanish like a native and knew Northern Mexico like a book, so there didn't seem anything strange about his decision to make the trip.

Nearly two years after that he rambled back across the line and hung around the Rangers' headquarters for a while, looking rather satisfied. It had taken him all of that time to get the three Mexicans who had killed Jeff Kidder.

In the beginning of Douglas, just when Rynning had moved the Rangers' headquarters there and reorganized the force, there was need of all the nerve the boys under Tom possessed. I'll quote a little of Tom's own story in his *GUN NOTCHES:*

To tell all the killings that come off there and all the desperate holes we got into before we made that man's town safe to walk around in, would fill more than one book, so I'll only tell a few things that'll give you a slant at what kind of a layout Douglas was in the start-off.

The Cowboy Saloon was one of the usual deadfalls. It was run by Tom Hudspeth and Lon Bass; and Walker Bush, who owned a couple other hard dumps, was in on it. Bass was brother to the famous outlaw who was killed in Texas years before then. This Bass in Douglas had a long record of killings.

One of my Rangers, Webb, happened to pace into the Cowboy Saloon one evening, just looking round at the gambling and the painted girls. Bass come over to the Ranger mighty surly and told him when he wanted any officers in his place he'd send for them.

My orders to my boys was to take anything like that rather than risk starting a row, so Webb walked out without saying a word. That night Bass and Hudspeth come to me in the middle of the street, where

there wouldn't be any witnesses to our talk, and told me they'd kill Webb next time he shoved his nose inside their place.

I says, "You better forget that killing talk. When you start anything like that just remember there'll be two sides to that play. And don't forget about that boy Webb being just about the fastest man with a gun that ever hit Douglas."

I warned Webb to stay away from there unless duty plumb forced his hand. Of course he didn't like that, and I didn't noways like it either; but our job was to calm down Douglas, and our personal feelings was something else.

One night when Webb and Long Shorty Corson—a mean deputy constable—was a ways from the Cowboy Saloon, a shooting started in there. Long Shorty says, "Come along," to Webb, but Webb says, "One man ought to be enough to handle anything that's come up in there."

"What's the matter?" Long Shorty sneers. "Afraid?"

"No, I ain't afraid," says Webb, and starts for the shooting. Long Shorty was going with him, but Webb turns and says, "You stay out! I already told you one man's enough to handle any trouble in there."

At the rear of the Cowboy Saloon were two wine-rooms. As Webb come in, looking round cautious-like to see who was shooting, Bass sprung out of one of the rooms and jabbed his gun into the Ranger's face so hard it cut his cheek to the bone.

Of course Bass intended to shoot, but Webb was so lightning fast on the draw that he shot Bass through the heart before he could pull his trigger, and as the bad man spun round, a second shot from the Ranger's gun went through Bass sideways, cutting his heart the second time. Of course both shots were fired in lots less than a second.

Ranger Frank Wheeler and I weren't far away and we run our horses up to the saloon and jumped into the place. As I come in a half-breed dealer at a crap-table just to the right of the door, shot at me, but the bullet passed in front of me and hit another Ranger who'd run in with us, Lonnie McDonald. The bullet went through his lung.

I took a back-handed shot at the dealer without turning—for I didn't know yet what the play was in front of me—and busted his arm and side so's he didn't deal much craps for a while.

The place was pretty near dark, for those old-time coal-oil lamps would always blow out when there was much shooting in any place they was burning. Just one failed to go out. Right away I locked the doors and wouldn't let anybody in or out.

Then just as quick as I'd sized things up I drew a diagram of the saloon, showing where the dead man lay, where the bar, wine-rooms, gambling-tables was, and where the men in the gun-play stood when the shooting come off.

Some of the gambling-tables had been knocked over, and gold,

silver, and paper money was laying all over the floor. Tom Hudspeth says, "I guess I can gather this money up, now that you've murdered my partner."

"What did you say?" I asks him, looking at him mighty hard.

"I mean since he's been killed," says Tom.

"You'd better say 'killed'," I told him. "You know you and Bass told me you was going to murder Webb first time he come in this place, and that I warned you he was one of the fastest men with a gun that ever lived."

That sure riled me a plenty. It was plain as the horn on a saddle that they knew Webb was close to the saloon and they had pulled all that fake shooting to get him in there and murder him.

Hudspeth had a stove shovel he was using to shovel the money off the floor into a canvas sack, but he was so nervous he couldn't make any headway at it. So I told him to hold the sack and I scooped up his *dinero* for him.

I took Webb in charge. Sheriff Del Lewis, a big six-foot-five giant of a man, come to me and demanded custody of Webb, but I told him he couldn't have him. He says I knew it was the law that the sheriff must arrest him and take him into custody.

I says, "I know it's the law, all right; but I ain't going to have this boy murdered. If you took him he'd be killed before he crossed the street."

Del kept insisting on having the Ranger, saying he'd protect him, till finally I got tired of it and says, "Hell, Del, you couldn't protect *yourself* with this bunch. And half those killers are your deputies right now. This boy will be in court in the morning, and that settles any argument between you and me." And it did.

Next day I brought Webb before the justice of the peace to have him arraigned. "When you set his bail I'll give you cash," I told the Judge.

"What do you think would be about right in the way of bail?" says the court.

"Oh, about a thousand dollars," I tells him.

So he sets the bail at $1,000 and Charlie Overlock, a leading business man of Bisbee and Douglas, hands me the money and I give it to the Judge.

Douglas had just been organized a few months before, the Judge being in office only a little while; but all of them had got a taste of how the outlaws intended to buffalo the court and the other officials of law and order, before us Rangers got on the job. They felt mighty grateful to us for the way we were making it safe for them to walk the streets.

While we was in the courtroom a rounder, called the Iron Gall Kid, come in and whispered to me that they was fixing to kill Webb

when he'd pass the Coney Island Saloon No. 1. That saloon was run by Walker Bush, a hard hombre who had at least seven "notches" on the handle of his '45.

Walker Bush's saloons, the Cowboy Saloon, and other hard dance halls like them, were hang-outs of a gang of killers who'd been run out of Texas, and Carlsbad and Eddy in New Mexico. They'd never had any other business in life but killing and robbing.

I says to Webb, "I've got word they're fixing to kill you when you pass Walker Bush's. Think you'd better take the alley?"

Webb looked mighty insulted at that, not knowing that I was kidding him. "You know I never took an alley for no man living, Tom," he says, mighty resentful.

I give him his gun and says, "Johnny Foster and me will go along and see you through."

He says he didn't need us to protect him, but we went along, anyhow. We walked up the middle of Douglas' main road, Tenth Street, me on Webb's right, Ranger Lieutenant Foster on his left. First two-three blocks we went, there wasn't a soul in sight. Which showed word had gone out the killing was going to come off out there.

As we come to Walker Bush's saloon on our left, we see five men standing in the front door, two with shotguns, three with Winchesters.

I seen we couldn't pass them. They could get us in the back with the shotguns just as we got past, or let us up the street far enough to outrange us with the rifles.

Us three were all army men; had soldiered together in Cuba. I knew my lieutenant and Webb would understand any military commands I'd give. As we come opposite the five killers I barked, "By the left flank, MARCH!"

We swung square towards the men with the shotguns and rifles, me pacing fast on the flank, Johnny Foster standing still on the pivot, and then stepped towards them at a brisk walk.

Naturally we expected we was going to shoot it out right there and wanted to have our faces towards them, but as we marched square into the front door of that saloon the five desperadoes tore into the saloon and then tore out through a screen door on the side of the building, and took the screen door with them, hinges and all.

Inside the deadfall we paraded up to the bar. I slammed a dollar down so hard it made a deep dent in the mahogany, and called for the drinks. When Walker Bush come up with the bottle, that bad man's hands was shaking.

"I'm not shaking for the drinks," I says, "I'm paying for them."

"Did you see them tear that screen door offen its hinges?" he asks.

"What was the matter with them?" I asks.

"They was going to kill you."

"Well, why didn't they do it?"

"Because they haven't got the guts of a louse. Hev a drink on me."

"No, I wouldn't drink with you," I says. "I'm paying for my drinks."

"Cap," says Bush, "if you'll shake hands with me I'll be your friend for life. I was against you, but from now on I'm with you."

I told him then we was bringing law and order to that man's town and bringing it to stay.

Right away we got busy and cleaned up the town. Told every killer and bad man who didn't have a good excuse to be in Douglas to get out, and get out quick. There was one especially bad hombre I hunted for till I found him. Name was Tom Pickett.

Pat Garrett, the fearless law-bringer who shot that vicious killer, Billy the Kid, and broke up his band of outlaws over in New Mexico, had told me about Pickett. Said he had been one of the Lincoln County outlaws over in New Mexico and was just plain assassin.

"If you get close enough to him, kill him," says Pat, "for he's dirty. He's got more good people killed than you'd believe, and he'll frame up more killings on your range if you let him go."

When I found Pickett I told him to mosey along, pronto. He tried to beg off, but I told him he was moving inside a quarter of an hour.

"Cain't I hev time to git my things together?" he whined.

I says, "You ain't nothing to get together except your horse and saddle and if you're in Douglas fifteen minutes from now I'll sure make a good Indian out of you."

I forget how many more we made hit the grit, but we got rid of the worst of them along with Mr. Pickett, and the town begun to be part-way safe for other pepole besides murderers and thieves.

When Webb's trial come up in Tombstone there wasn't much to it. After all the evidence was in and I give the court the diagram I'd drawn a few minutes after Bass' killing—for which the Judge commended me—the jury didn't have much doubt about who was the bad ones and who was trying to bring law and order into the toughest hell-hole on the border.

What the half-breed crap-dealer's bullet through Lonnie McDonald's lung didn't do to that tough Ranger, his *companeros* tried to do next day. They brought him over to where I'd established their quarters near my house, and the night of the shooting I heard them discussing his case.

"What Lonnie shore needs is heaps of good nourishing chow to strengthen him up," I hears Webb saying.

"Keno," agrees the other boys. "Lots of fat meat and thick ol' flour gravy. When a feller's weak from a wound through his bellers thataway, he's got to be fed up a plenty."

Next morning my wife went out to dress Lonnie's wound, and she got there just in time. His Ranger pals was just getting ready to make him eat a big round stead with a lot of greasy spuds and some gravy that a fork could stand up in.

"My goodness, boys," she says, "don't you know a man with fever from such a serious wound shouldn't eat anything heavy? It might kill him."

They thought she was all wrong, but being gentlemen they decided to humor her and let her feed him on soft-boiled eggs and such light stuff, and his fever dropped a bit and his wound begun to heal.

That was one case where a fellow sure would have been killed by kindness if the boys had got their way about Lonnie's fodder.

But I find it will be impossible in an article of this length even to attempt touching upon a fair-sized sample of the vivid incidents that form the book's Arizona Ranger section alone. Again to quote from Hughes' foreword to the volume "To point out all the fascinations of this book would be hardly less than to repeat."

More than a year ago Al Cohn suggested that we ought to get Tom's story. Al had known Tom at Douglas twenty-five years ago when Al had run a newspaper there and Tom was Ranger captain. My own acquaintance with Rynning ran even farther back. Both of us were agreed that the man's life story would be remarkable, if it could be chiseled out of him. Al said he'd stake me if I'd go down to where Tom and his family lived in San Diego, and put in six weeks writing the ex-Ranger leader's yarn.

I went down to San Diego and put in six solid months without yet having recorded the wonderful events of this remarkable man. When I came back Al and I put in months boiling it down, every chapter we were forced to lay aside giving us a pang because every paragraph we had to eliminate was a gem of adventure. But we had to get it down to something like 100,000 words, about the size of *Trader Horn*.

The volume is not so large because of the man's volubility. On the contrary, Tom Rynning is a modest fellow, living quietly in San Diego, and hard to get talking about himself. For him life has been so extraordinarily crammed with action along all our frontiers that he has forgotten the half of it himself.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

CHAPTER IV.

AN OLD DIARY FOUND IN MEXICO

Written by MRS. GRANVILLE H. OURY,
and annotated by
COLONEL C. C. SMITH, U. S. *Army Retired*
With a Preface by Him

PREFACE

IN 1843, William H. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" was published, and in the same year, because of his urging it, Madame Calderon de la Barca's "Life in Mexico." In 1832 Fanny Inglis (Madame Calderon de la Barca), who was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, came to Boston, with her mother and sister, where the three established a school for girls, and where Fanny's literary tastes attracted the attention, and won the friendship of Prescott, Longfellow and Lowell. Later, through the publication of her "Ferdinand and Isabella," she became acquainted with Don Angel Calderon de la Barca, Spanish Ambassador at Washington to whom she was married in 1838.

In 1839 Don Angel was sent to Mexico, the first Spanish minister to be accredited to that country. From November, 1839, to January, 1842, Madame Calderon de la Barca lived in Mexico, and that she fully and keenly observed what she wrote of in her "Life in Mexico" is attested by the preface of her book, written by the great historian Prescott, which is quoted below:

"The present work is the result of observations made during a two years' residence in Mexico, by a lady, whose position there made her intimately acquainted with its society, and opened to her the

best sources of information in regard to whatever could interest an enlightened foreigner. It consists of letters written to the members of her own family, and really, not intended originally—however incredible the assertion—for publication. Feeling regret that such rich stores of instruction and amusement, from which I have so much profited, myself, should be reserved for the eyes of a few friends only, I strongly recommended that they should be given to the world. This was done, with a few such alterations and omissions as were necessary in a private correspondence; and although the work would derive more credit from the author's own name than from anything which I could say, yet as she declines prefixing it, I feel much pleasure in making this statement by way of introduction to the public.—William H. Prescott, Boston, Dec. 20, 1842."

Madame Calderon's work is in diary form, and whether the one following was patterned after it I do not pretend to say. But this can be said—both are instinctive, and both were written by ladies of literary taste. A preface for Mrs. Oury's diary, would, in substance, be such as the one Prescott wrote for Madame Calderon de la Barca, though with such modifications as a difference of twenty-two years might make, for one was written in 1843, the other in 1865.

While I was sojourning in Durango, Mexico, in 1922, the diary of Mrs. Granville H. Oury, wife of the Honorable Granville H. Oury (lately delegate to the Confederate Congress from Arizona, an officer in the Confederate army, and in the early 80's delegate to congress from Arizona Territory) came to my hands. It is given here just as it was arranged, by chapters. In other words, Chapter IV of this history is composed of nine chapters of Mrs. Oury's diary.

Characters and events mentioned in the diary include such personages as Maximilian; Francisco I. Madero's family in Mexico, Judge David S. Terry, Dan Showalter, well known in the civil war days and, prior to that time, in California and the Southwest; and others more or less prominent in both the United States and Mexico.

At the close of the civil war there were many who had lately fought in the army of the south who declined

to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, betaking themselves to foreign lands, principally Mexico and South America. At this writing there is a colony in Brazil made up of descendants of these irreconcilables. Among those who went to Mexico was Mr. Granville H. Oury, late of Florence, Arizona, and with him his bride, the writer of the interesting diary following.

The condition under which Madame Calderon de la Barca's diary was written, and that under which Mrs. Oury's was penned—the former being the wife of a diplomat in high position, and with no worries as to personal safety; and the latter the accompanying bride of an officer of a recently defeated army, seeking a new start in life, in a strange country infested with savage Indians—must make considerable difference in the character of the entries, but in principle they are alike in all respects, save as to their length—one being for a period of two years, the other for a few months only.

Mrs. Oury's diary, of which I secured a copy from the original in Durango, Mexico, in 1922, was in the possession of her adopted daughter, Mrs. Harry V. Jackson, wife of Doctor Harry V. Jackson then established in Mexico, and internationally known for his studies on the poison insects of Mexico, especially the deadly scorpion of Durango.

At the close of the civil war, Mr. and Mrs. Oury found themselves in San Antonio, Texas, the families of both having gone to that state from Virginia in 1848. From San Antonio the Ourys started for Mexico, in which country they traveled for some months, then settling in Arizona. To the diary I have added some notes from my own knowledge of Mexico, to clear up, in places, anything that might appear ambiguous, and to round out the narrative.

C. C. SMITH,
Colonel, U. S. Army, Retired.

PART I.

June 20th, 1865—Tuesday: We left San Antonio about 4 P. M. Camped nine miles from town, two miles west of the Leon. About this time a stranger rode into camp and introduced himself as Adams Sanders*—my brother whom I had not seen for more than three years. He had ridden to San Antonio in the hope of seeing me before I started, but finding that we had just started that afternoon, concluded to overtake us. No small undertaking, for he had already come nearly fifty miles, and as he belonged to an infantry company during the war, had not been on a horse before for nearly four years. I will not attempt to give any idea of my great joy at seeing my brother—I had buried all hope of ever seeing him again—indeed, had begun to fear that he had been murdered with the slain on the battlefield of Franklin.

Mr. Oury advised him to proceed with us to Sonora, Guaymas is our point of destination, believing it to be the best move for him under existing circumstances. He was anxious to go, but regretted to leave without remaining longer at home (had spent but one night with them), but as this was likely to be his only opportunity and having the offer of assistance much needed, his better judgment prompted him to smother all tender emotions and consult only his future welfare and interest.

Supper over and the point settled, I hastily scribbled a few lines to my father, apprising him of my brother's determination, which I trust he will approve, though I well know what a severe trial it will be to him. At twelve o'clock we retired, a heavy dew fell on us and the mosquitoes were troublesome.

June 21—Wednesday: At daylight Addy started back to San Antonio to leave Mike, a favorite horse of my sister's (a present to her from Mr. Oury) that he had ridden on his trip out; and several articles of clothing belonging to my brother-in-law, kindly lent by my sister in order that the poor "soldier boy" might make a decent appearance in "the city." He had seen Mr. Suchart in San Antonio as he came through and knew that he would deliver all safely. We made an early start, passed Castroville, when Mr. Neville bought butter, eggs and green corn—crossed the "Hondo" and camped at a beautiful pond forty miles from San Antonio, where we found plenty of water, grass and fat beef. Our mess consists of Capt. Dodson, Mr. Neville, Mr. Billy Wilson, Mr. Oury, Addy and myself, also the teamsters, Mr. Collier, who drives our ambulance, and Silvario, a Mexican, the wagon.

Note: *Adams Sanders was in the Confederate army. Settled in Tucson, Arizona, in 1865, and engaged in the business of supplying the town with water by means of a water wagon. About 1894 returned to his old home in Seguin, Texas, where he died. He was originally from Virginia.

We soon had an excellent supper—one dish which gave general satisfaction was prepared according to my direction—green corn cut off the cob and fried with butter, salt and pepper. Mr. Oury had been disposed to ridicule my culinary knowledge, but was so much pleased with the result, that he took some over to Col. Showalter,* who is badly crippled by a fall from his horse and is suffering greatly.

This has been my only effort, so far, at cooking. Mr. Neville makes real nice biscuit, Mr. Wilson excells in frying steak, Capt. Dodson and Mr. Oury broil and roast ribs, sweet breads, etc.

Addy came up while we were at supper, having ridden 52 miles, entirely alone, through a rather unsafe country. However, he met with no adventures, but had the good fortune to get his dinner at a Dutch domicile on the roadside. Mr. Oury made me a nice bed in the ambulance, he slept close by on the ground. We had a long and exhaustive talk with Addy about his "Virginia Visit" (a pleasant theme to him) and his adventures generally during the war, and then retired.

June 22—Thursday: Rose very early, drank coffee and started. Addy riding a gray pony given to Mr. Oury by Capt. Swope, Mr. Neville, a mule which Mr. O'Neil gave Mr. Oury in payment of $200.00 borrowed at Brownsville; the mule is worth about $75.00. I ride in a large ambulance drawn by four mules. The ambulance and two mules belong to Mr. Wilson. Mr. Oury has a wagon drawn by four mules loaded with provisions, baggage, etc., and he allows two soldiers, picked up in San Antonio, to ride in the wagon. I am very comfortable, indeed—have a bed in the ambulance and sleep half the day. It is a small room and I keep things hanging all around for convenience. The gentlemen are all very kind and attentive to me, especially Mr. Oury and Addy, who anticipate every wish, and so far I have enjoyed the trip exceedingly.

We passed through Dennis,** a little Dutch settlement, where I bought a chair, which I find is quite an *essential* in camp, stopped and took breakfast and dinner in one, a mile and a half beyond the "Seco" —there I commenced making some woolen shirts for Col. Showalter, but progressed slowly.

Note. *Colonel Showalter was traveling in Mexico under the same circumstances as the Oury party. He was prominent in California in the days before the civil war as a "Chiv" (Chivalrous gentleman from the South), and a troublemaker. He and other Southern sympathizers were run out of California by Gen'l. James H. Carleton, commanding the "California Column" which operated in Southern California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas during the war. Showalter had killed a man in a duel in California prior to the civil war, and he himself ultimately came to a violent death at the hands of one Kavanaugh, at Guaymas, Mexico, in a drunken brawl.

**The name of this town is D'Hannis or D Hanis, and not Dennis. It is in the western part of Medina County on Seco creek, and now a station on the Southern Pacific railroad.

About noon Judge Oldham (the man who canvassed Texas in opposition to Sam Houston when he ran for Governor in '57 or '58) and Col. Terry* overtook us and went several miles further to camp.

In the afternoon we passed them and camped on the "Savanal,"** killed a beef, had supper and put on a guard, Addy was on the first guard. The mules stampeded and created a little excitement.

June 23—Friday: Breakfasted before leaving camp. Nooned at the "Frio." Mr. Wilson, who is the life and amusement of the mess, was much concerned over the loss of a glove and presently more seriously at the disappearance of his "Caballo." However, his mourning was of short duration, for both were soon found. Killed a beef and had a late dinner—gentlemen all indulged in a siesta while I stitched away on the aforesaid shirt, "seam, gusset and band." In the evening passed through Uvalde,*** where we got some cool well water. Camped two miles out of town, found splendid grass but no water, consequently we broke camp early and without breakfast.

June 24—Saturday: Riding without coffee gave me a violent headache which lasted 'til night. At 8 A. M. we stopped at the "Nueces," breakfasted and the boys indulged in a bath and clean shirts, improving their personal appearance decidedly, after which, with considerable difficulty, they succedeed in constructing a shade, by means of blankets, wagon sheets, etc.—Mr. Oury, the while, being snugly seated in the ambulance, enjoying his cigarettes, and watching with deep interest the progress of the "Shade Making," soon created a vacancy by spreading himself for a nap. My head ached so severely I could not sleep. Addy made me a strong cup of coffee before starting and I bathed my head in cool water and bound it tightly with a handkerchief, but the road was so rough that I got no ease 'til we stopped traveling. We camped on Turkey Creek, some distance off the road, in a low, brushy place, where we had mosquitoes in abundance. Col. Terry's party camped near us, but each kept their distance. I have yet become acquainted with only Judge Oldham, who is quite intelligent and designs writing a book, which he thinks will be highly interesting and instructive. Says he has been a lawyer and a senator and succeeded in both capacities, therefore feels confident that he will succeed as an author. He contemplates locating on the

Note: *Col. or Judge David S. Terry, who in 1858, in California, killed Senator Broderick in an alleged duel. Terry was a fiery Southerner, who died as he had lived—by violence. At the time Mrs. Oury's diary was written he was traveling in Mexico as an irreconcilable.

**The name of this creek is Sabinal, not "Savanal." The place where the Oury party camped on this creek is now the railroad station (S.P.R.R.) of Sabinal.

***This town was originally the site of a military post known as Fort Inge, named for Lieut. Z. M. P. Inge, 2nd U. S. Dragoons who was killed in Capt. May's charge on the Mexican batteries at Resaca de la Palma, May 9, 1846.

Amazon. So much for the "Judge."* Soon after reaching camp "the boys" slaughtered both a beef and hog. Mr. Oury caught several beautiful cat fish and I promised myself a feast for breakfast, but to my great disappointment our board was fishless. Not one of our mess understanding the scientific operation of preparing a catfish(?).

After dark I repaired to the creek and regaled myself with a thorough ablution which I enjoyed amazingly (Addy stood sentinel), my only trouble being fear of snakes. By-the-by, I saw a long striped snake next morning in the very spot where I had bathed.

June 25—Sunday: My slumbers were disturbed at an early hour by a rather vehement harangue on the subject of "cooking, dish-washing, etc.," from Mr. Wilson, familiarly known in camp as "Billy." He was emphatically asserting that he had done his last cooking and desired to resign his situation as "Steak Frier"—declared that there existed a superfluous number of dishes in camp, and began lessening the number by giving an old tin plate with a hole in the bottom, a very unceremonious pitch into the brushes. "Billy" is a good natured fellow and as is usual with persons of his peculiar temperament, has an unconquerable aversion to work, indeed, the boys not infrequently accuse him of being *lazy*, but as I am a spectator and observe the proceedings with much interest, and I trust impartially, I must say in justice to Billy, that *one* other at least ('twill hardly be necessary to call names) seems equally as averse to bodily exercise as himself. Though by dint of much persuasion, we succeeded in getting numberless little jobs out of both, I believe that neither of them are ever present on dish-washing occasions and Mr. Neville always has the biscuits to make. Well, breakfast came at last and though we had no fish, Mr. Wilson's fry of beef and pork was excellent. The Terry party and ours moved on. Some others, traveling in ambulances, who only intended going to Eagle Pass, laid by to repair an ambulance. The day was excessively warm. Failing to find water we could not stop, as usual at 8 or 9 o'clock, but drove 22 miles and camped for the day. Then some Mexicans, living at a ranch nearby, kindly offered to drive a fat beef into camp. We bought and paid for the calves we killed whenever the owner could be found but, as the country was swarming with cattle, apparently with no owners, "the boys" could see no reason for not having fresh meat when it was so available. Several men on horseback accompanying our party, 'tho not belonging to it (I rejoice to say), met some "Renegades"** returning to

Note: *The Judge was another irreconcilable, as his intention to locate on the Amazon shows.

**These "Renegades" were probably Mexican traders with liquor made in the Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico, for barter in San Antonio. The "gentlemen" who held the "Renegades" up were some of the rough element that flowed into Texas at the close of the civil war.

San Antonio with loaded wagons, brought them to a halt and in their own vernacular, "quietly went through them"—justifying the shameful act by some complicated mode of reasoning that possibly appeased their leather consciences. They helped themselves to a good supply of Brandy and Wine, would have taken canned fruit but couldn't carry it. On reaching camp they generously presented Mr. Oury with two bottles of Brandy and two of Gin, and to me they gave four bottles of claret, which we dared not refuse as these gentlemen(?) are of the desperate sort and we are too weak to risk offending them. Well, the water is sometimes fearfully unpalatable and the claret will be useful, however dishonorably obtained. "Our boys," after lolling around and discussing the matter for some time, at last ventured out as hot as it was and some had dinner. Then, the Mexican appearing with "the beef," they got no "siesta" for it had to be butchered and jerked forthwith.

Being Sunday I couldn't sew, and the thought occurred to me of keeping a Journal. I was fortunate enough to find a nice blank book among our stores, and with the aid of a lead pencil, have hurriedly jotted down incidents as they occurred to my memory.

Mr. Oury had become exceedingly amiable and good natured and had exerted himself in the preparation of an excellent "stew," which, to our chagrin, did not "get done" for dinner, and was devoured with considerable relish by Billy W. (whose appetite, like his temper, is always good), with Addy's assistance.

June 26—Monday: Mr. Oury rose at daylight. Rode over to Judge Terry's camp and went with him across the Rio Grande into Piedras Negras* to make arrangements for our crossing. We remained in camp 'til evening drying the beef. After breakfast I finished the shirt and employed myself in various ways 'til dinner. Some of the gentlemen indulged rather freely in their impressed brandy, but did not misbehave. We started at 2 and drove to within 6 miles of Eagle Pass. Here we found Mr. Oury who had arrived at 2 and was awaiting us, very tired and hungry, having had neither breakfast nor dinner.

He had succeeded in making arrangements with the Mexican General, who he says is an intelligent and polished gentleman, for us to cross with one pistol and gun each. So he has distributed his five pistols and three guns among our boys. The "five shooter" Capt. Wash Hill gave him, he is going to present to the Mexican General.

Having fasted all day he enjoyed his supper hugely and made a strong appeal to the party to relieve him from guard duty, which

Note: *Piedras Negras (Black Rocks) later became Cuidad Porfirio Diaz—City Porfirio Diaz and now goes by that name. It is on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, opposite the Texas town of Eagle Pass.

they emphatically declared would be impossible, and moreover insisted upon it being necessary for him to exercise two hours in order to digest the quarter of beef he had demolished. His pathetic eloquence semed to make no impression upon their stony hearts. Then I scolded, upbraided, threatened and at last offered a bottle of brandy, all to no purpose. He must stand his watch, they all said. At midnight when they called him, he quietly rolled over and referred them to Billy Wilson, who readily obeyed the summons, but this morning denies waking at all, and maintains that Mr. Oury's credit is ruined. They joke each other roughly and have some highly interesting and amusing quarrels.

June 27—Tuesday: Immediately after breakfast Mr. Oury started in to complete arrangements for our crossing in to Mexico. We soon after followed and have been waiting here two hours with little prospect of crossing before night. A number of wagons were in ahead of us and we must abide our time. Mr. Oury is on the other side. This is a miserable place, Eagle Pass. General Shelby,* who is still here, is trying to sell his arms to the Mexican General at a great sacrifice. It is believed, indeed he has himself declared his intention of joining the Liberal Party.**

June 28—Wednesday: I am now considerably behind. I handed the book to Mr. Oury and asked him to help me a little. He began reading what I had written and was soon so highly entertained that he went to sleep and dropped the book on the ground, giving me little encouragement to hope for assistance in that quarter. Yesterday I left off, sitting in the ambulance in the center of Eagle Pass. Hungry, tired, disgusted and altogether out of humor. While there, a party, consisting of Mr. Gillett, wife and three children, his brother John Gillett and an Indian servant girl, Mr. Gillock, wife and adopted boy, caught up with us. They were detained at San Antonio a few days and made a very rapid drive through. I have not made their acquaintance yet.

Note: *In the Kansas City Star of March 18, 1929, was a long article on Gen'l Joe Shelby. The article says, in part:

"General Joe Shelby, scion of a distinguished American stock, with innate predilections for the Southern Cause, equipped a company in LaFayette county at the beginning of the Civil War and followed the war in a mingled spirit of devotion to the cause and a love of pure adventure, romance and daring which invested his personalty with a glamor of knight-errant days. As a Brigadier General he bore the brunt of battle at Westport Highlands in 1864 and led a spectacular expedition into Mexico to tender his sword to Maxmilian."

The article also states that Shelby took 1000 men with him to Mexico. The writer of this article is evidently in error, for Mrs. Oury's diary shows plainly that he wished to espouse the cause of the "Liberals," who were against Maximilian. Mrs. Oury makes no mention of Genl. Shelby's 1000 men.

**The "Liberal' party was the party of Juarez, opposing Maxmilian.

I am the youngest woman of any party and by far too timid and retiring to seek acquaintances—fear I go to the opposite extreme and rather repel advances. Col. Dorsey, an old Missouri acquaintance of Mr. Oury's, is with Gen'l. Shelby. He is very anxious to go on with us and is trying to raise twenty men to enable him to do so. We did not commence crossing 'til late, and it required some time, as their boats are miserably constructed affairs. I remained on the bank 'til the last and had ample opportunity for observing. On the Texas side a great many of Shelby's men were selling flour, etc., to the Mexicans. The bank was also lined with the lowest class of Mexicans, half clad women and men, peddling bread, watermelons, etc., but that which most excited my disgust, was a number of Mexican men in a perfect state of nudity, swimming up and down the river and parading the banks. I afterwards learned that these creatures are employed to assist in swimming cattle across. Several droves were crossed while I was there. At last my turn came, the boat had to be dragged up the river some distance, by those thinly clad bipeds, and there attached to the cable. The river is very muddy and swift. Piedras Negras is an abominable place, narrow, crowded streets, where we were compelled to remain while the gentlemen rushed around making various purchases—onions, "frijoles" (beans), pickles, bread, etc. Capt. Strobe presented Mr. Oury with five bottles of whiskey. Mr. Oury gave the Mexican General the "five shooter," a large box of cartridges and two guns. We left town late, drove fast, crossed Little River, a very pretty little stream, passed through a little Mexican settlement and camped a short distance beyond. This was my first night in Mexico, indeed. my first step beyond Texas soil for nearly eighteen years. I forgot to state that several Negroes* took leave of absence while in town and several have since left, belonging mostly to Capt. Strobe, a gentleman traveling with the Terry party. He has lost forty since starting. The Gillett party came out and the whole outfit camped together.

Hitched up and drove a mile or more to good grass, laid by to rest the teams. Mr. John Henry Brown, an old Missouri friend of Mr. Oury's (cousin of Mrs. Andrew Neil of Seguin), was camped near by with his family. He is well acquainted with all the "Mo. kin"** and had once met my father in Seguin. He and his son Julius came to call on us—wanted us to persuade his father, whom we found equally anxious, but they were traveling with a family whose destination was

Note: *Evidently Capt. Strobe—in seeking a new country—believed he still owned slaves, but the Negroes, as it appears above, thought otherwise.

**The "Mo. kin" (Missouri kin) of Bowling Green and Louisiana, in Pike County, Mo. When the Oury family (and the Sanders family, from whom Mrs. Oury came) left Virginia in 1833, some went to Missouri, others to Texas; among the latter Wm. S. Oury, brother of Granville and my grandfather (mother's father), who was one of the dispatch carriers for Travis out of the Alamo in 1836.

"Sinaloa," and he could not leave them. Julius hung around all day and gave up reluctantly. They were both intelligent, clever gentlemen and I regret that they could not join us. I did not see Mrs. Brown. The gentlemen ate watermelons, drank whiskey, took "siestas," ate dinner and then went back to the river and bathed.

I stitched away on another shirt. Had a long talk with Julius Brown later in the afternoon. I called to young David Terry, son of Col. Terry, to pay him $40 for two little mules Mr. Oury had bought of him. Conversed with him for some time on various topics. He was an intimate friend of Marcus Gordon and speaks highly of him. About midnight we had a genuine thunder storm. "The boys" hopped around briskly in search of a shelter. Mr. Oury crept into my apartment, which was perfectly dry, but somewhat crowded. Addy found a snug place underneath. The lightning was vivid, accompanied with continual roars of deafening thunder, and you can imagine I felt rather nervous.

June 29—Thursday: We breakfasted late—everything was wet and we waited awhile "to dry." While in Piedras Negras Mr. Oury obtained a way bill of the road from Mr. Jones, a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with all the roads in this country. On the 28th the several parties consolidated and forced Mr. Oury, much against his will, to take charge of the whole, as it was necessary to have a leader. He started the "'train" out in order and rode in front to pilot. After climbing over two or three hills and traveling some distance, Judge Terry hurried to the front to inform him that Mr. La Spiers, who had come through here three months since, advised us to take another road, which he presented as nearer and better. After a short conference, the party wound around and commenced a retrograde. Mr. Oury is not fully convinced yet that this road is better, thinks Mr. Jones would have advised it, if so, and fears some obstacles, but Mr. La-Spiers made such a positive statement that he was forced to yield.

After reaching the road we traveled some distance before finding grass and water. We had all become tired, impatient and out of humor. It was hot and the mules tired. At last Capt. Dodson and some of the front scouts discovered a beautiful pond of water and tolerably good grass a mile from the road, whither we hurried. "The boys" employed themselves in cooking dinner, for we were all hungry —while I seated myself to patching. Had to cut the pockets out of one pair of pants to patch another pair with. Mr. Oury had only started with the "road clothes" he supposed would be sufficient for himself, but had to divide every garment with Addy, so the supply will be short. Hunger increased the number of cooks and dinner was soon ready. Mr. Wilson felt exultant over his success in making a dish of "picadio."* This consists of dried beef, beaten on an ax with

Note: "Picadillo," the Spanish word for hash.

a hammer, then stewed with onions, salt, green pepper and tomatoes, and then fried, with a little fat added. It is a nice camp dish and we have it daily. Mr. Neville has a cut finger and had been making "flap jacks," but finding that these consumed too much lard or bacon grease, Mr. Dodson began a regular siege of leather cakes (which I regret to say has undergone no abatement since).

Our supper was eaten with a keen relish and the boys soon spread down and retired. Mr. Oury was on guard in the middle of the night and was taken very sick, but continued his round without letting it be known.

June 30—Friday: The Mexican driver of Mr. Gillett absconded in the night, with one of his horses, to their great inconvenience and regret. It was also soon ascertained that the Terrys were minus seven animals. However, these were recovered before leaving. Dave Terry very peremptorily discharged a valuable Ngro boy, whom he detected making preparations to steal away. The Negro was very penitent and begged hard to be allowed to remain but Dave was immovable and left the poor fellow alone in camp several miles from *anywhere.* I hope he found his way back to "Piedras Negras."

After a few miles we came to a ditch* running for miles and thickly bordered with timber. The country is full of them—they were dug years ago by "Piones"** and now resemble natural streams, except that they are so straight and regular. The water is beautifully clear—all the farms through the country are irrigated by means of smaller ditches leading from the mother ditch, which often runs 100 miles. We followed this one several miles and came to a small town called "Morales,"*** rather a pretty Mexican town. Here we found a few Americans. We bought green corn and peloncillos (small loaves of sugar). The ditches were running through the town in every direction and the verdure was almost rank. Patches of corn at every corner, upon which the natives seem to subsist—for at every door, gate and corner were to be seen bare headed, black Mexicans standing (shirt on the outside of their pants) eating ears of roasted corn. We went down and across every street, and leaving town we still followed the "Acequia" (ditch) which extended thirty miles on our road, traveled through brush and thickets 'til we began to despair of ever finding good grass.

In the meantime our *Cavalry* had taken a wrong road and hearing at a ranch that the country was full of Comanches, Kicapoos and Choctaws, I began to feel very uneasy. At four we found a beau-

Note: *The large ditch is called the acequia madre, mother ditch; the smaller ones, running from the main large ones, acequias.

**Peons or peones, laborers.

***Morelos, not Morales.

tiful camp, large, level and covered with a carpet of tender mesquite grass, on the border of another large ditch. The "Cavalry," having followed their road into the ditch, turned and came up, just as we were halting.

Dinner over, Mr. Oury and I went fishing and caught several small fish. In the evening Judge Terry and lady called, they are both quite agreeable and intelligent. Mrs. Terry is a large, fine looking woman, has red hair and a lovely complexion, which she preserves by wearing a brown linen mask. She is a woman of considerable character and energy, drives a two horse buggy, frequently harnesses her own horses and assists generally in their camp. (Altogether a striking contrast to my easy life.) The Judge is handsome and inclined to be sociable. They have three interesting boys.

PART II.

July 1—Saturday: While breakfasting, we were told that two large mules (Mr. Wilson's) were missing. All our boys set out in search of them. Mr. Neville found them with a herd of horses and with difficulty separated them. Then it was some time before the others came in. The Mexican driver had ridden off a mule with the harness on. Addy found him at last and after considerable delay we got started. Mr. Griffin (one of the Terry party) lost a mule, which doubtless was stolen. We nooned on the top of a mountain three hours. Fortunately for us, it has been raining ahead and we find water in all the holes. Mrs. Terry had her tent thrown over our wagon and Col. Showalter's, making an excellent shade between, where she took her lunch and "siesta." About 5 we found a large "laguna" (lake), filled our barrels, watered the animals and drove back a mile to good grass. Here I assisted Addy a little in preparing another dish of corn. Mr. Oury's slumbers were much disturbed by an old mule promenading through camp and eating green shucks. Col. Showalter complained that Mr. Oury kept him awake "fussing" with the mule.

July 2—Sunday: Continued our route over the mountain, the ascent is so gradual that we are scarcely conscious of climbing, the tall range in front of us affords a grand view and at a distance seems impassable, but there is a gap which is just coming into view. Finding no water, we did not noon, but drove on to the "San Juan Sabinas," having crossed a little stream three miles back called the "Alamo." On the Sabinas is a ranch belonging to Dr. Smith, who is now at "Saltillo." It is occupied by Mexican Piones. There is a beautiful "Acequia" running near the house and several fields of corn in sight. The houses are all built of adobe, flat roofed and no windows, narrow carved doors. The huts of the "Piones" are mostly constructed of twigs or stalks of some kind, thatched roofs and apparently entirely unfurnished, except with myriads of dirty, naked children. No

signs of civilization are visible. They are existing emphatically in a purely primitive state, but, during the afternoon, there came under my observation, a far more degraded and uncivilized race of human beings, the "Kicapoos," who were camped near us and disposed to be very sociable. As I had never seen an Indian, and all my ideas of them were borrowed from Cooper's novels, I watched their movements with curious interest, which very soon resolved itself into extreme disgust and abhorrence. Ugh! the filthy, horrid creatures, and the most persistent "beggars" I ever saw. They had fought with the Federal Army in Arkansas and were partly *civilized*. I drank a cup of coffee and went fishing, soon caught two beautiful fish, then gave my hook to Mr. Wilson. In all we caught a nice mess for supper. Owing to the proximity of the Indians, it became necessary to put out a double guard, which, however, did not prevent the stealing of one of our horses. I spent a sleepless night, haunted by the sight of those horrid, loathsome creatures.

July 3rd—Monday: Early, the Indians were prowling round and making themselves disagreeably familiar in camp, begging tobacco, coffee, etc., like a set of hungry wolves, except that wolves are not so civilized as to know the use of tobacco, whiskey, etc.

The evening previous, Judge Terry had found, three miles distant, an excellent camp, where he proposed remaining a few days, in order to have some washing done and recruit the animals. We crossed the Sabinas, passed another ranch, where we engaged the washing, came two miles further and camped on a large pond of rain water, where we have oceans of the finest mesquite grass I ever saw, and the mules are enjoying a perfect feast.

Our mess cut willows and constructed such a cool, shady and comfortable wigwam that they came out reluctantly into the sun to cook. Yesterday we had a mess of "frijoles" and they are palatable. The soup is also good. In the afternoon I took a long nap, finished my second shirt and cut the third one. Those indefatigable Indians found us again and began begging tobacco. We put out a double guard and lost no animals.

July 4th—Tuesday: After breakfast Mr. Oury and Billy Wilson went back to the river to fish. I paid Mrs. Terry a call, took a nap and have nearly finished shirt No. 3.

Mr. Oury and Billy have just come in with a long string of fish, tired and hungry. Addy and Capt. Dodson fixed dinner for them and they ate hugely. Col. Showalter, who can now walk a little with crutches, has just come over to have a talk with us.

(*To be continued*)

APACHE MISRULE

(Concluded)

By JOHN P. CLUM

A Bungling Indian Agent Sets the Military Arm in Motion

The official record shows that all of the twenty-two companies of reinforcements were on detached service in connection with "field operations against hostile Apaches in the Department of Arizona." In the circumstances we have narrated *three troops of cavalry were ordered out from Camp Thomas to make a demonstration in force with an offensive objective at the sub-agency upon the San Carlos reservation as a feature of the "field operations against hostile Apaches in the Department of Arizona."*

While this considerable body of troops are approaching the reservation from the east, let us, in imagination, visit the sub-agency and endeavor to visualize the scenes being enacted there. *At once we wonder why the troops are coming,* as the scenes about the sub-agency give us the impression that we have arrived *in the midst of a gala day festivities.* And so we have, for Ezra Hoag is very busy distributing the weekly rations of flour, beef, etc., to the bands of White Mountain and Chiricahua Apaches whose camps are located in that vicinity—and every "ration day" is very much of a gala day among these Indians. There is a vast throng of busy, interested, orderly and contented Indians. Why are so many troops coming to threaten, alarm and arrest them?

This sub-agency was constructed by my direction in the summer of 1875. I placed Ezra Hoag in charge at that point at that time, and he had been in charge there continuously ever since. *He was the sole employe at that point*—and I doubt if he ever *owned a gun.* All of the Indians liked Ezra Hoag. He was just and sympathetic,

and the Indians—including "the wild Chiricahuas"—were his friends, and he was their friend. *They had spent years in this friendly fashion,* and the Indians found that Ezra Hoag was always interested in everything that concerned their welfare and progress, and that he was rendering them a friendly and willing service as he labored with the distribution of their weekly supply of provisions, *and these simple people responded to this spirit of kindness and reciprocated with their respect, friendship and confidence.*

We can readily understand, therefore, why every "ration day" that was presided over by Ezra Hoag was a gala day to the multitude of Apaches who gathered about the sub-agency, and that on those occasions there was spontaneous obedience and orderly behavior while the care-free throng indulged in gossip and jests, feasting and laughter, dancing and song. *Their suspicion and alarm because of the rapid marches and concentration of so many troops about the agency had been allayed by the very recent and very positive assurance of the agent that they would not be molested in any way,* so they had put aside their fears and entered upon the gala-day spirit of the occasion.

"*Then the military move was made on the sub-agency.*" Then, suddenly, without apparent necessity or cause, and without the slightest warning, the gala day festivities were rudely interrupted as the three troops of cavalry came galloping down from Camp Thomas and halted in battle array at the sub-agency. *Their arrival was a hostile gesture.* They were there *for an offensive purpose —in force,* and, if necessary they *would use that force* to attain their objective. And it might require the active support of *the entire force* to accomplish their purpose—otherwise, *why bring three companies of mounted soldiers fully equipped for battle?* Agent Tiffany had assured them a few days before that they need have no fear as they would not be molested in any way. *Were they to believe the agent, or what they saw confronting them?* Im-

mediately all of their former suspicions and fears rushed back upon them. The feeling of alarm grew and spread, and, a few hours later, "the wild Chiricahuas fled toward Mexico."

George and Bonito, the alleged "suspects," sent word to Major Biddle that if he would withdraw his troops they would accompany Clerk Hoag to Camp Thomas and again surrender to General Willcox as soon as the issue of beef was completed, but Major Biddle spurned this offer of peaceful surrender and "moved his troops nearer to the camps of the Indians." I have been told recently—on good authority—that Major Biddle actually deployed his troopers in skirmish line, and I do not doubt that this is true.

The result of this display of force and *threat of battle* was the flight of the "wild Chiricahuas," but Major Biddle *failed to apprehend either of the two "suspects"* he had been ordered to arrest. The *stupidity and wantonness* of this move of the military arm at the sub-agency on September 30, 1881, is emphasized by the fact that *none of the scores of White Mountain "suspects"* who were then "prisoners of war," and who were marched down to Fort Grant for trial, *were found guilty of any wrong.*

And General Carter erred mildly when he said the wild Chiricahuas left "a trail of blood and pillage to mark their hurried flight." The single purpose of those Indians at that time was to arrive at their stronghold in the mountains of Mexico with the least delay possible, and their flight was too "hurried" to permit them to indulge in any raiding detours. But the wild Chiricahuas did leave trails of blood and pillage on subsequent raids as the sorry consequences of the movements of the military arm and the rapid marches and the gradual concentration of the troops at and near the agencies, and these consequences, if truthfully recorded, would constitute some interesting pages in the several regimental histories.

It was because I knew Ezra Hoag's sterling character

that I placed him in charge of the sub-agency in 1875. The disturbance among the White Mountain Indians in the summer of 1881 resulted in certain conditions at the sub-agency, the satisfactory adjustment of which demanded the application of sound common sense and superior judgment on the part of Mr. Hoag, and Agent Tiffany says that he was "very efficient and judicious in all this trouble." No other man knew the Chiricahuas as well as Ezra Hoag did at that time, and no man was less liable to state an untruth regarding them than he. For these reasons, as I have stated heretofore, I firmly believe he told the simple truth when he said "the Indians were literally scared away by this movement of the troops." Furthermore, the official record of conditions and events occurring at and about the sub-agency at the time fully sustains Mr. Hoag's assertion.

Included among the fugitives was Nah-chee—the son of Cochise. He had been loyal and peaceable on the reservation for so many years that he could no longer be classed as a "wild" Chiricahua. It is obvious, therefore, that when Nah-chee violated the solemn promise he gave his dying father in 1874 that he would keep the peace pledged with General Howard in 1872, and cast his lot with the hostiles *there must have been a sufficient reason —a super-inciting cause.*

This casual review of the record brings us face to face with the fact that *the flagrant mis-rule* of the Apaches, due to the incapacity and stupidity of Agent Tiffany and the malevolent maneuvers of the military arm within the boundaries of the San Carlos reservation between August 30 and September 30, 1881, *broke the seven years of peace on that reservation and precipitated an outbreak,* some of the disastrous consequences of which have been recorded in the so-called campaigns against Geronimo. But the heavier penalties of this mis-rule *were visited upon the great mass of well-disposed Apaches* who were compelled to endure for a weary period of twenty years—from Aug-

ust, 1881, until January, 1901—the oppressive presence upon the reservation of such troops as the military arm deemed "*an exhibition of force sufficient to overawe and keep them in subjection.*"

The sad drama reported by General Willcox under date of Tucson, October 12, 1881, contains a paragraph that is almost humorous. He says: "The California reinforcements have been of great service, and were sent down promptly and as called for, and well equipped for the field. Part of them are now in pursuit of the Chiricahuas on the border. The outbreak of these Indians on the night of September 30 has been duly reported, and *the causes of their sudden change are unknown.* It is supposed to be the fear of being disarmed. If this is true, the outbreak was likely to come at any moment, and could not have come at a better time. This because we had adequate force at hand, and it has been used to such advantage that the smallest possible damage has been suffered. *This tribe is now in full flight and utterly defeated.*"

This is another choice sample of press agent material for consumption abroad. The truth is that the fleeing "wild Chiricahuas" were not intercepted by the troops and did not hesitate until they were safely within their old familiar stronghold in the Sierra Madre mountains of Mexico. It is also quite true that "an adequate force was at hand" in Arizona, and equally true that "the smallest possible damage was suffered" *by the hostiles,* for the reason that, barring a skirmish with their rear guard in which a sargeant was killed and three soldiers wounded, the troops never had even a glimpse of the fleeing Indians. I happened to be one of a party of citizens that followed the trail of the "wild Chiricahuas" across the international line into Mexico. *There were no troops ahead of us, nor any in sight behind us, and we did not see any Indians.*

In the same report General Willcox says "the troops were moved to the Cibicu country" where they drove the White Mountain "hostiles" from their strongholds "into

the folds of the reservation." But we have learned that their "strongholds" were their cornfields—situated in the very heart of the reservation. On October 12 he had a part of his adequate force "in pursuit of the Chiricahuas on the border" with "this tribe in full flight and utterly defeated." Perhaps the general did not know that the flight of the "wild Chiricahuas" had ended at least a week before he penned his press agent's report, and that after they were safely within the rugged Sierra Madres of Mexico they did not give a tinker's damn how many troops he might have in pursuit of them "on the border"—since no arrangements had yet been made allowing pursuing forces to cross the international line.

"This tribe" may have been "utterly defeated" in the military mind of General Willcox at the time he composed his official report on October 12, but the embarrassing feature of the situation was that *the tribe didn't know it.*

"This tribe" had evaded the "adequate force" in Arizona, which consisted of the 6th cavalry and the twenty-two companies of reinforcements, and, therefore, it is extremely difficult for a layman to comprehend the course of reasoning that led General Willcox to imagine that these Indians were "utterly defeated."

When General Crook visited the "wild Chiricahuas" in Mexico in 1883, their general appearance and attitude did not indicate that "this tribe" had ever been "utterly defeated." During 1885 and 1886 General Crook and General Miles employed 3000 regular troops and 400 Indian scouts (besides some Mexican regulars) in the campaigns against a part of these same "wild Chiricahuas," and, although several surrenders were arranged, *"this tribe" was never "utterly defeated."*

The *TOMBSTONE EPITAPH* of September 30, 1881, contained an editorial by me entitled, "Review of the Recent War." This article occupied two and one-half columns and presented many interesting and important

facts. It was published in the morning and the "wild Chiricahuas" fled from the sub-agency that evening. In recent years I have sought in vain for a copy of that editorial. The data it contained would be of special value and interest now.

However, I have before me a copy of the *EPITAPH* of October 20, 1881, containing another editorial by me, indicating my attitude regarding the "Cibicu War," and proving that *I did not hesitate or delay to expose and condemn in most positive terms*—through the columns of my newspaper—the flagrant misrule of the Apaches at the time when the culpable blustering and blundering were in progress, *and when those responsible for the outrageous mal-administration of the affairs of the San Carlos Apache reservation were in the full swing of their official power and activity.* The editorial follows:

YOUR AUTHORITIES, GENTLEMEN?

The "Review of the Recent War," as published in the *EPITAPH* of September 30, was not written in vain. It has been extensively copied by the San Francisco press, and now comes a request from the Hon. Secretary of the Interior for our authorities. We shall take pleasure in complying fully with the Secretary's desire. His letter reads as follows:

Department of the Interior,
Washington, October 10, 1881.

My dear sirs:—I have received a copy of the *TOMBSTONE EPITAPH* of September 30, 1881, containing an article headed "Review of the Recent War." I would be greatly obliged if you would send me your authorities for the statements therein made.

Very respectfully yours,
S. J. Kirkwood, Secretary.

Editor Daily *EPITAPH*, Tombstone, Arizona.

We are somewhat at a loss to know just what the Honorable Secretary intends by inquiring as to our authority for the statements made in the review referred to. The greater portion of our comments in the said article were made upon the reports of Agent Tiffany and Generals Willcox and Carr, together with one or two telegraphic specials, all of which formed a part of the review. One or two other facts were stated, of which the writer has personal knowledge.

Our authority for the publication of the article as a whole is found in that grand principle which permits a free press, in a free country, to state to a free people the cold and cruel facts, divested of all superfluous trimmings, when, in the course of human events, such things become necessary.

We are inclined to the opinion that Secretary Kirkwood makes the above inquiry in the hope of obtaining such additional evidence as will enable him more positively to fix the responsibility where it justly belongs. If such is his desire he will find a ready ally in the *EPITAPH*. Three weeks have elapsed since the publication of the "review," and nothing has transpired to disprove any of the statements therein contained, but, on the contrary, subsequent events have more positively convinced us that our premises were correct. Following is a concluding paragraph in the review as published September 30:

"Thirty days have elapsed since the troops marched on to Cibicu, and after a month spent in massing the military forces, marching and countermarching about and among the Indians, arresting the chiefs, alarming the braves and firing over the heads of the squaws, we must admit that we are much surprised to know that the Indians still refuse to leave the agency and join in that outbreak, which it is evident designing officials have been preparing for them for six months past."

Since then the chiefs have been paroled and frightened away. The countermarching produced one important result when Colonel Biddle paraded his command at the sub-agency, made an advance on George's camp, *and succeeded in driving him and the Chiricahuas from the reservation.* Colonel Bernard has marched boldly, bloodlessly and inefficiently to the Sonora line—and thus the "war of extermination" continues.

It will soon be time for us to write an addendum to our "review," which will include numerous additional statements supported by ample authority—and then we shall not be surprised if we receive a letter of inquiry from the Secretary of War.

ARIZONA MUSEUM NOTES

By *ELIZABETH S. OLDAKER.*

The recent gift to the Arizona Museum of a large oil painting of the Flying V Cattle Ranch is of unusual interest. The Flying V Ranch is located between Cherry Creek and Canyon Creek north of Sombrero Butte, ten miles east and a little south of Pleasant Valley, about sixty miles north of Globe. This ranch was just three miles south of, and the nearest neighbor to, the old Ellison ranch, the girlhood home of Mrs. George W. P. Hunt.

Mr. Frank Ketcherside, who was foreman of the Flying V Ranch for twenty years, but who now resides in Phoenix, says that just forty years ago he took charge of the ranch. The Pleasant Valley war had been going on, and the ranch was badly run down. With a few cattle and a little money he eventually built up the outfit so that two thousand calves a year were being branded. He enjoys recalling those happy, busy days on the range. "Many were the times," he says, "that Duett Ellison (Mrs. Hunt) and I rode and punched cattle together. Oh, but the Ellisons were fine people! Everyone had to like Duett Ellison, she had such a lovely way with her. Wherever she was, or whatever she was doing, she was always the same and had that same lovely way."

Mr. Ketcherside says the picture which is now in the museum was painted by C. Eytel, a German artist who traveled through this country in 1903. He says it is a very true likeness of the premises and especially good of the log cabin. Mr. Eytel, he says, began the picture one morning when the men were starting out to work. In the foreground are four men on horseback and a pack horse. From left to right they are E. L. Benbrook, Roy Bell, both cowboys working on the ranch at the time; Mr. Ketcherside, the foreman, and Mr. J. J. Vosburgh, the owner of the ranch.

The painting is from the estate of the late Margaret E. Vosburgh of Los Angeles (widow of J. J. Vosburgh, who died some five years ago), and has been presented to the museum by Dr. John V. Flaherty of Phoenix, a nephew of Mr. Vosburgh, and Mr. Meade Woodson, Los Angeles attorney, a nephew of Mrs. Vosburgh, and administrator for her estate.

An excellent photograph of Al Sieber has been presented to the museum by Mr. Frank Ketcherside, to whom the picture was given by his old friend, Al Sieber, in person.

BOOK REVIEWS

APACHE. By Will Levington Comfort. New York, E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1931. Pp. vi, 274. $2.50.

In this short fictional biography, Mr. Comfort, a novelist, turns his attention to the writing of Southwestern history. APACHE is an effort to describe the life of Mangus Colorado, the great chieftain of the Apache nation.

Comfort's approach to his subject is psychological. He endeavors to imagine the feelings and thoughts of the typical Apache as the white man encroached upon his hunting grounds. Mangus Colorado (Red Sleeve), the chief of the Mimbreno Apache tribe which occupied the Santa Rita copper mining district, won his name fairly by deadly personal combat with his fellow-tribesmen; but he did so only after a life spent in long thought and meditation which won him the contempt of his fellows. To quote Comfort's preface:

"The exact time of Mangus Colorado's birth is not known, but in 1863 he was said to be seventy years old, and at that time the most celebrated physically and mentally, the rim-rock Apache, of his race. 'The King Philip of the Apache nation,' wrote Captain Cremony in 1868. 'Beyond all comparison the most famous Apache warriorr and statesman of the century.' "

Such being the case, we are to infer that the celebrated Geronimo and the savage Victorio learned the art of Apache warfare under the tutelage of Mangus Colorado. How much of this, Comfort's assumption, is true, we cannot well say, for the annals of the Apache do not enlighten us on this point. But it is fairly certain, from other records, that Mangus Colorado was a close ally and friend to Cochise of the western Apaches; and he may have imparted to the latter some of his skill in combatting the relentless hordes of advancing whites, skill which in the long run was wasted.

Comfort would have us believe, as many another fiction writer has told us, that the Spaniards and Mexicans were utterly faithless and merciless in all their dealings with the Apache nation, and that while many American pioneers were quite as faithless as the Mexicans, yet some Americans might be trusted. The records, however, do not bear out this impression, for the Spanish-speaking people of the southwest were quite as honest in dealing with the desert tribes as the Americans.

So much for the impressions that Comfort would leave with us. For the rest, his story is reasonably based upon the facts as we know them; only the interpretation varies. Perhaps the most interesting and valuable feature of the book is its effort to express Apache Indian thoughts in a medium familiar to us. The book should not be read as serious biography, but rather as a historical novel which, with all its

mistakes, does help to make alive for us many scenes of the early southwestern frontier. RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

SIX HORSES. By Captain William Banning and George Hugh Banning. With a Foreword by Major Frederick Russell Burnham. New York, The Century Company, 1930. Pp. xix, 410. $4.00.

The epic of the western stage-coach is the theme of this popularized history. The opening lines give an idea of the style and subject:

"Stages, with their teams of six, are backed up in long rows, sweating porters and baggage-masters in front and behind. John Chinaman, with long tail wound at the back of his head, is running distractedly through the crowd in search of a lost bundle; anxious women, prolific in crinoline and gorgeous in silks and satins, are fretting and scolding over crushed bandboxes; and stern-looking men of an official cast are shouting fiercely:

" 'This way, gents! Over here with your baggage! Bring it along if you want it weighed; if you don't, it won't go—that's all!' "

Thus the breezy style which characterizes the entire book and revives for us the days of the Overland Mail. The work is divided into four parts, each bearing the name of one or more great organizers of stage-coach lines, James E. Birch, John Butterfield, Ben Holladay, and others. "An Afterword," by Captain William Banning, consists of "'Commentaries of a Stage Driver," written by this veteran of the trails.

Although the book does not deal exclusively with stage-coaching in Arizona, Part Two is largely devoted to a description of the stage lines which ran across the state from east to west. Of these the most famous was the San Antonio and San Diego Mail, "popularly known as 'The Jackass Mail' which was organized in the late fifties, partly to accommodate government troops stationed along the trail through central Arizona and the Gadsden Purchase, and which later became the route used by Butterfield and Company, the longest of all the stage lines to the Pacific Coast. Because of the description of wayfaring along this early line, this portion of the work should become known to Arizona readers.

Even a casual examination of the book impresses one with the amount of material consulted and compiled in preparation of the manuscript. Enough research was devoted to this end to justify a scholarly approach to the subject; instead, we have a popular and intriguing discussion of one of the most picturesque phases of western history. This is history culled not so much from manuscripts as from moldering newspapers of a bygone day; and it is fascinating. Yet the statements are substantiated by a multitude of facts, and further supported by a fairly complete bibliography on the subject of western stage-coaching. SIX HORSES well repays a reading.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

STARRY ADVENTURE, by Mary Austin. $2.50. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mrs. Austin has re-created the Southwest so faithfully and so admirably in a dozen fine volumes, that her place in the literature of America is firmly and indisputably established. So secure is this position, that even so trivial a piece of fiction as "STARRY ADVENTURE" cannot threaten it.

The only strength of Mrs. Austin's new novel lies in its magnificent picture of New Mexico. For the rest, it is overplotted, sentimental, and lacking in reality. Its characters are idealized; its style is trying. To create a more intimate atmsophere, a more personal communion between her readers and Gard Sitwell, her hero, Mrs. Austin writes almost throughout the book in the second person. For instance, to choose a paragraph at random:

"It was, you privately supposed, just that tiny carping prick coupled with your fatigue, and your realization that you were among the two or three men guests without dinner jackets that started you off with a vague antagonism for the rest of the company . . ."

The effect adds nothing to the charm of the tale, and, moreover, it makes Gard appear a very immature young man, and slightly stupid.

"STARRY ADVENTURE" presents a group of people etched against a background of New Mexico. The Sitwells hold the center of the scene, and until his death, the life of the household revolves about Professor Sitwell, whose ill health has brought the family to the ranch in the shadow of the Sangre de Christo range. Into the country come the Hetheringtons whose destinies touch and mingle with the destinies of the Sitwells. The war catches up with them and affects them all, even Grampaw Gardiner, who never seems quite plausible. Then the war is over, and the countenance of the world has changed; but New Mexico remains untouched and still holds fast the spirit of Gard Sitwell. Into Gard's Eden comes beautiful, sophisticated, worldly Eudora Ballantin, exciting to look upon and dangerous to know, and from her Gard learns about life and love and disillusion. But Jane Hetherington comes back in time to support his tottering universe, and together they set out upon Gard's starry adventure.

In the end everybody marries or is about to marry, and there is a rightness and a glow about all the world.

To those who wish to know Mary Austin at her best I recommend "The Land of Little Rain," "Isidro," "The Arrowmaker," and almost anything she wrote before "Starry Adventure." And at her best, and in her particular field, she has not been touched.

GOLDIE WEISBERG.

GUN NOTCHES. *The Life Story of a Cowboy-Soldier.* By Captain Thomas H. Rynning, as told to Al Cohn and Joe Chisholm, with

a foreword by Rupert Hughes. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, 1931. 332 pp. $3.00.

Novel and history alike pause and fail before this book. There is no way to record the western plainsman except in his own language and in the vein of his peculiar rectitude. In this volume the dialect is valid, the peculiar rectitude is made apparent. It is difficult to believe that a man who has passed such a life as Tom Rynning's is, at the age of sixty-five, healthy and vigorous in the California city of San Diego. He belongs to a race which we already consider historical: Wild Bill Hickok, Clay Allison, Bat Masterson, who chased Rynning and a cowboy companion on a three hundred mile ride out of Dodge, Kansas, after Rynning's outfit had shot up the town. In addition to Rynning's career as an Indian fighter and lieutenant of Rough Riders, new material is presented; there is told for the first time the history of the Arizona Rangers, of whom Rynning was captain. Cattle-rustling and killing had become so prevalent in Arizona about 1900 that the Arizona territorial legislature as a last resort created, in March, 1901, the Arizona Rangers, consisting of a captain, a sargeant and twelve privates. They had 113,000 square miles to cover. They actually ranged from Colorado to hundreds of miles below the border in Mexico. Rynning, secretly, held a captain's commission from his friend, General Luis Torres, military governor of Sonora, which enabled the ranger leader to trail law-breakers past the border. Torres, now eighty-seven, lives in Los Angeles, a revolutionary exile and close friend of Captain Rynning. The performance of the Arizona Rangers was more spectacular than that of the Texas Rangers. These existed in companies, although their tradition was that one Texas Ranger was sufficient for one riot. The Arizona body never had over twenty-five members. They recovered stolen horses on the north of the Grand Canyon in Colorado and brought murderers from the Sierra Madre of Mexico. Rynning's men were Spanish-speaking, southwesterners, former Rough Riders, top hands, Texas rangers, and ex-sheriffs. He had a Choctaw Indian and his "Tonto Basin warriors," as he calls them, punchers from under the Mogollon Rim where the Tonto Basin ranchers' war, which Zane Grey uses in his novel, *To the Last Man*, was fought. They stood "slanchways" from the accustom? ed weight, from their boyhood, of a forty-five six-gun on one hip. Five of them defeated and disarmed an army of 400 Mexicans during the miners' strike at Clifton in 1903. They could ride and rope better than the rustlers, and understood the ways of cattle and horses. Rynning himself was unique in that he could mount a running horse without using his hands, a feat for exhibition of which Buffalo Bill offered to take him to Europe. It was an ordinary thing to trail the hoof-marks of a wanted man's horse two hundred miles, watching the "sign" and avoiding ambush at the same time. Under such surveillance, law

emerged out of the chaos for the remedying of which President Roosevelt had urged his friend Lt. Rynning to give up his contracting business in Tucson and assume command of the Arizona Rangers. Although their number varied from fourteen to twenty-five, their convictions averaged a thousand a year, none of them minor. The sheriffs then operated under the fee system. Rynning thus appeared to take away part of their income. However, for the most the sheriffs could not have made his captures, with the exception of such an officer as Sheriff John Slaughter of Tombstone. Many of the deputies were in league with outlaws. Rynning did not hesitate to tell them so. Bitter enmity grew between the rangers and the sheriffs, who were instrumental in the political maneuvering which resulted in the abolishment of the rangers by the Arizona legislature in 1909. However, the rangers faced the sheriffs down as they did the outlaws. When the sheriff of Cochise County tried to arrest a ranger for killing a man in the line of duty, Rynning told the sheriff he couldn't protect himself, much less a prisoner, that, further, half of his deputies were killers. Rynning took the ranger to court himself. A judge helped the sheriffs by fining another ranger for performance of duty, a fine which the governor remitted. But Rynning's rangers were of his own blood, men who had handled guns until they shot from instinct, each a genius in any immediate situation which demanded not only courage but an eminent force of character. Ranger Timberline Bill Sparks furnished the ultimate showdown between the two opposing forces for law and order. "A little while after that when Timberline Bill Sparks was in a courtroom at Clifton, Sheriff Parks and thirteen of his deputies filed into the room. It was sure plain they was after the ranger, but he stepped to the door when the last of them had come in, locked it, and stuck the key in his pocket.

" 'What are you doing that for?' asked the Sheriff.

" 'So's none of you————————-will get away if you start anything with me,' says Bill, and they changed their minds."

If Rynnning had to get himself out of a tight place in Mexico by promising a pair of bandits "to call his dogs off" by going back to the line so that the outlaws could have a fresh start, he kept his word. Bravery and truth in a man, bottom in a horse, ready and firm adjustment of laws to circumstances, these were the kind of things admired of the plainsman and entering his peculiar code and rectitude. The authors made a fine decision when they choose Tom Rynning's speech for the conveyance of the book. Cohn is a scenario writer and Chisholm a newspaper man and author. The incidents of the book are smoothly chosen and coordinated. The regrettable portions of the work are those in which they have attempted to adorn Rynning's tale. On the first page, the collaborators have forced forward a best foot, or what they think is, saying "our outfit's roaring guns painted flam-

ing streaks of death across the dark that's my whole life's reddest picture of fierce fighting men," etc. If Tom Rynning ever talked like that he wasn't a plainsman. One has only to turn anywhere inside *Gun Notches*, where Rynning is in the thick of a tale, to discover his language. In the future editions the book deserves, it may be hoped that Messrs. Cohn and Chisholm can reduce the whole to the terms ot their subject, the unmistakable idiom of the plains. The book is the best of its type published in years, that is to say, of the personally adventurous existence of the American frontiersman.

Of interest to Arizonans is that half the book deals with events and people in this state, many of those mentioned being still alive and residents of Arizona. Outside of scienitfic works, *Gun Notches* further is one of the few good books, fiction or otherwise, which has been written about the state.

SIDNEY KARTUS.

MEXICO: *A Study of Two Americas.* By Stuart Chase in collaboration with Marian Tyler. Illustrated by Diego Rivera. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1931. $3.00.

The two Americas are the United States and Mexico. Mr. Chase, as poet-professor, stands offstage pulling the strings which dance his two puppets, the machine as the United States, and the handicrafting Aztec as Mexico. In its structure the book resembles an economic survey; it does not fail throughout for 1, 2, 3 listings. But in the writing Mr. Chase dribbles into italics as he discovers that Mexico, too, has a past: buried pyramids, gold hidden from Cortez, Aztec sorcerers, herb charms, tombs of Zapotec kings. These he finds good to consider in their color and glitter, human sacrifice and constant war. Apart from this archeological indigestion of the poet, Mr. Chase offers useful information and comment on Mexico. He compares the slow-moving handicraft culture of the Mexican peasant with the hurried factory organization of the United States. The habits, pleasures, food and drink, shelter, clothing and health of the "machineless men" of Mexico are described as well as they are pointed by the illustrations of Rivera. Mr. Chase renders plain the contrast between the Mexican who makes and sells a beautiful bowl for two cents, but has mud with which to build his house and corn for his stomach from his garden, and the American industrial worker devoid of art, of work, of *fiesta*, of idleness and satisfaction. In addition, he has found room for Mexican history, ancient and modern, as well as current politics. His delving into the Mexican national life is painstaking and *muy simpatico.*

SIDNEY KARTUS.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mr. John P. Clum, associate editor of the *Arizona Historical Review,* reached his eightieth year September 1. Mr. Clum's long and active life has been embellished by his interest in historical and social comment. As a pioneer of Arizona, he founded in 1878 the first daily newspaper of the territory, the Citizen of Tucson. He established other papers, among which was the Tombstone Epitaph, in the town of which he also was first mayor, in 1881. This activity cannot be ranked below his services in the civilizing of the Apache Indians, for whom he was Indian Agent from 1874 until 1877. Mr. Clum had been educated at Rutgers before coming west, and his qualifications allowed him to understand the value and facilities of the press in the advancement of Arizona. After leaving Arizona, he acted for years as chief of division of post-office inspectors. He resigned in April, 1911, and after various other ventures, acquired a ranch in the Coachella valley of California, as well as a home in Los Angeles, where he now lives. Mr. Clum's writings in the *Arizona Historical Review* record those times in this state which are already considered as of the past. The commonwealth has been and continues to be indebted to him.

The doctor's dissertation of Dr. R. K. Wyllys, contributing editor of the *Arizona Historical Review,* is in the process of being published by the University of California Press. The title of the thesis is *The French in Sonora.* Dr. Wyllys has also nearing completion his biography of Father Kino.

CONTRIBUTORS

WILL C. BARNES was a cattle rancher near the locale of the war he describes at the time it took place. One of the warring parties started from his chuck-wagon, and he had an encounter on a canyon trail of the Tonto Basin with one of the participants with whom he was not on good terms, the two having already had a meeting in Holbrook which threatened to be fatal. After serving in both the Arizona and New Mexico state legislatures, being a member of the first livestock sanitary board of Arizona and administering other public posts of responsibility, he entered the forest service, becoming a supervisor. Later he became secretary of the U. S. Geographic Board. He is retired now and devotes himself to southwestern research and writing, being co-author of the new book "Cattle," and sole author of other volumes. Mr. Barnes holds the Congressional Medal of

Honor, won in Arizona for bravery in a fight against Apache Indians while he was a U. S. soldier. He is now making a trip around the world.

JOE CHISHOLM, with his collaborators, has done Arizona history a remarkable service by recording in a book which will be issued this fall the little known exploits of the Arizona Ranger, as a part of the life of Captain Tom Rynning.

A native of San Francisco, he came to Bisbee by stage-coach in 1881, and was reared in the mining and cattle country of southern Arizona. After an experience on California newspapers, he, with others, founded the Bisbee Daily Review in 1900. Altogether, he has at one time or another edited half the newspapers of Arizona. He is now a feature writer for the Los Angeles Times.

JOHN P. CLUM is familiar to readers of the Review, being a constant contributor. First mayor of Tombstone and first editor of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, he was the Indian agent who captured Geronimo in the '70's and brought him in irons to the reservation to live. Mr. Clum makes his home in Los Angeles.

COL. CORNELIUS C. SMITH is a grandson of William Sanders Oury, of the Oury family which made the trip into Mexico described in Mrs. Granville H. Oury's diary. Mrs. Oury was the wife of the brother of William Sanders Oury. Col. Smith is now on the retired list of the army, after a service record which includes the Congressional Medal of Honor gained in a fight with Sioux Indians. He resides in Riverside, California.

LAST FRONTIER

JULIA Y. REIDHEAD

Julia Y. Reidhead, 97, one of the few remaining members of the Mormon hegira, died in Phoenix, July 1, 1931. Born in Reidsville, Me., Oct. 23, 1933, her parents became Mormons when she was four, and followed the church west. Driven with her parents from Lima, Ill., by mobs in 1845, she was taken to Mt. Pisgah, Ia., where her father made wagons for the great trek across the plains. The Reidheads, members of the Joseph Young wagon train, arrived in Salt Lake City in 1850, finally settling in Provo, Utah. Marrying John Reidhead in 1863, in 1877 she came with him to Arizona. They established themselves on the Showlow River in Apache County until driven out by Indians, going then to Woodruff, Ariz., where Mr. Reidhead died in 1916. In 1927 Mrs. Reidhead came to live with her daughter in Phoenix, where she remained until her death.

BO J. WHITESIDE

Bo J. Whiteside, 78, at Prescott, August 22. Born in Parks Bar, Calif., Feb. 6, 1855, Whiteside came to Arizona in 1880. He was a sheriff, a territorial legislator, and a legislative attache for years.

COL. WILLIAM A. GLASSFORD

Col. William A. Glassford, 78, in San Francisco, August 6, 1931. Born in Southwest Missouri, he joined the U. S. Signal Corp when 21, was made a lieutenant in 1885, and shortly afterward chief signal officer of the Arizona department. He erected the heliograph signal system which led to the capture of Geronimo. Following a retirement after further distinguished army service, he made his home in Phoenix until shortly before his death in a hospital in California.

SOLOMON WAITE

Solomon Waite, 84, July 28, at St. Johns, Ariz. Born in Oxfordshire, England, Oct. 27, 1847, he left England in 1871 and arrived in Salt Lake City the same year. There he was married, and when the L. D. S. authorities called for volunteers to settle in Arizona, he answered, coming to St. Johns in 1884, where he lived until death.

HARVEY HUBBS

Harvey Hubbs, 76, at Kingman, July, 1931. Born in California, he came to Arizona 50 years ago. Prospector, freighter, cattleman, he also held the public esteem of Mohave County, where he lived, being sheriff, treasurer and supervisor at various times in his career.

Other pioneers to pass recently are: Henry G. Robertson, Ann S. Vaughn, F. D. Haymore, Mrs. Forrest R Graham, Thomas Dean, Mrs. Charles Fowler, Mary Jane Smith, Martin Gold, Frank Powers, E. T. Jones, John Connor, Mrs. E. J. Doyle, Jeff Beem, David L. Stinson.

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ARIZONA HISTORY

The following books published by the state, are for sale at the office of the State Historian, Capitol Building, Phoenix, Arizona.

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A limited number of Volumes 5 and 6 of this History at $5.00 per volume

A few unbound copies of Volumes Three and Four of the Farish History at $3.00 each. These volumes are otherwise out of print. Reading matter intact.

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By JOE CHISHOLM

Doctor James Douglas was an empire builder.

Looking back through the perspective of half a century I see his lean and energetic figure—serious eyes blending the fires of seer and worker—looming against the back drop of Arizona's past as the Far-Southwest's most useful pioneer.

Many other homeric characters stand out vividly in my memory of Apacheland. Bill Greene, gambling and dynamic copper king. John Slaughter and Tom Rynning, the law bringers. General George Crook, most efficient and yet most humane of soldier warders against the Apaches. John P. Clum, courageous and honest Indian agent, who perhaps did more than the military to keep the savage red men within bounds.

They were all magnificent men, all essential to founding and upbuilding of a state out where white men had planted their last precarious outposts on the farthest rim of Anglo-Saxon civilization. But Douglas, when all of their achievements have been weighed, was the greatest builder of them all.

Up in the Mule Mountains in the lower right-hand corner of Arizona where he began that work which has meant so much for the state and contiguous regions, there were other useful men, iron pioneers without whom that *terra incognita* never could have been won and held for our breed: Judge Duncan, Horace Stillman, my revered dad who, with his pick-handle and prayer book maintained law and order at the head of Mule Gulch. But Professor Douglas was more useful than they because his aristocracy, learning, and world-wide contact with institutions gave him a greater leverage in doing things.

When he first went into the Mules he was already known to the mining world as a man who understood just about all that could be learned of metallurgy and its

practical application to mining. But he was heralded by no brass bands or chambers of commerce. The most popular bartender in Mule Pass (now Bisbee) in those days was the nearest institution they had to what we now call chambers of commerce in Phoenix or Los Angeles. The Professer had to take the best or worst of it along with the rest of the hard-boiled frontiersmen, going in there on horseback if he missed the Sandy Bob stage from Tombstone.

In the beginning we used to regard him as what might nowadays be called a high-hatter, although as I grew older I came to realize that he didn't even think about himself. He was too busy for any self-esteem. He was the busiest man I ever knew. It was that abstracted air of his as he went among the miners, mule-skinners and the rest of the r'aring boys, intent always on his work, that led them to misunderstand him in those first far days.

A story related of him, if it be true, illustrates that abstraction of his. It is to the effect that once when the stage-coach was held up between Tombstone and Bisbee the highwaymen found it necessary to tell the Professor a second time to get out and "stick 'em up," but Douglas asked them in his courteous if absent-minded way, not to bother him, please. Probably he was figuring out how much copper ore he could gather in the Mules for the new electrolytic process of which he was the foremost expert in the United States.

But, busy though he might be, he was always courteous. If he wished one of us kids to run an errand for him he would not speak to us in the only language to which we were accustomed—"Hey! You little son of an asterisk, I'll give you two-bits if you'll run over to Kate Sweeney's or Sol Israel's and git me a noospaper."

No sir! When Professor Douglas wanted a newsper and was too busy to gallop over on his own long legs and get it himself, he would say, "Young man, could I induce you to get me a newspaper from Miss Sweeney's

news-stand? And I shall be up at the Queen shaft by then."

Or by the time I caught up with him he would probably be away off at the Atlanta shaft he was just starting. Always I'd have earned my ten-cent tip by the time I would have caught up with the striding Professor. He was always working like a government mule and naturally saw no reason why the rest of the world shouldn't be on the job, too.

He was a cultured man who spoke correct English. For instance, he pronounced the word "induce" properly, but to our ears, used to our own pronunciation of "indooce," he seemed to say "injuce." And the Professor certainly "injuced" people to do things, what with his superior knowledge and unceasing work.

He was a doctor of literature and a lot of other learned things before he laid off for his well-earned eon or two of rest; but he was Professor to us in the frontier days, and that title has always stuck with the old-timers.

It was only natural that later James Douglas had an LL. D. conferred upon him and came to have other titles added to his name, for among his forbears were many distinguished men. The Douglas family, in fact, is one of the most powerful and romantic in the stirring annals of Scotland.

Professor Douglas' grandfather was a man of talents, and his father one of broad culture and one of the most distinguished men of science in Canada. The latter, also James Douglas, took his career in his own hands at an early age. Complaining when twelve years old that the standard of education in the Academy at Woodhouse Grove, Scotland, was below that to which he was accustomed, he ran away from the institution where his father had placed him and became indentured to a physician.

Later he entered the medical department of Edinburgh University. His first summer holiday was spent aboard a Greenland whaler. After graduating as a surgeon at Edinburgh and London he entered the services of

the East India Company, but later returned to England and took charge of Sir Gregor MacGregor's fatal colony to the Mosquito Coast of Central America. More dead than alive he was rescued from the Black River by a Yankee skipper and taken to Boston.

After his recovery his success as a surgeon led to his appointment as Professor of Anatomy at the Auburn Medical College. From there he went to Canada, where he built up a large practice, became noted for his scientific attainments, and founded the Dominion's first public institution for the care of the insane.

His son, the James Douglas of this narrative, was born in Quebec, November 4, 1837. As a boy he was much in the company of his brilliant father and received much inspiration from him. He entered the University of Edinburgh in 1855. After two years he returned to Canada and completed his studies at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, receiving his A. B. in 1858.

He then returned to Edinburgh, took a course in theology and was admitted as a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. This theological training, along the broadest lines of scholarship, proved to him a valuable asset, for not only was all his life to be dominated by deep religious conviction and Christian spirit, but the experience he received in public speaking and the literary tastes he developed during this period colored his whole career.

And Professor Douglas' religious outlook was as broad as all humanity. In the early days of Bisbee, when the monthly advent of the Catholic priest afforded the wild camp's only public worship, I have seen the Professor and my dad, one of the Church of Scotland, the other a Roman Catholic, kneeling devoutly on the floor of the ramshackle wooden school house in Brewery Gulch, before the altar—the teacher's desk surmounted with burning candles whittled to fit into the necks of empty beer bottles—as each pored over his own bible while burly Father Gallagher celebrated mass.

After Douglas' second return to Canada he travelled extensively with his father in Europe and the Orient, visiting Egypt three times and bringing back important archaeological collections which today may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

When his father's health failed James Douglas studied medicine that he might assist the elder Douglas and carry on the work of the Quebec Asylum for the Insane which his father had established and which was still largely in an experimental state. His father also had invested heavily in gold and copper mining properties in Canada and the United States; so, while studying medicine, the son interested himself in mining and metallurgy in an endeavor to conserve his father's investments.

Thus he was led away from his chosen path of literary and religious work, and his father's mining properties proving for the most part unfortunate, James Douglas was compelled to make a living as best he could out of an occasional fee and lectures on chemistry and metallurgy. But he entered these new fields of endeavor with the same keen intelligence, enthusiasm and honesty of purpose that he always displayed in whatever he attempted.

And that honesty of Douglas' cannot be over estimated. It was to that quality as much as to his profound knowledge and energy that the Phelps Dodge mining and concomitant industries throughout the Southwest became such tremendous assets to the country. Never a dollar of their money was used in speculation. Every penny of it went into honest development and faithful upbuilding, and other capitalists in their region were held to that line of straightforward industry by the conditions Douglas had established.

He was professor of chemistry at Morrin College, Quebec, for three years, and while there began, in association with his life-long friend, the late Dr. Thomas Sterry Hunt, experimenting with the hydro-metallurgy of copper. Those methods have since proved invaluable to the copper industry.

His keen powers of observation and description, coupled with his wide scientific knowledge, soon created a demand for his services as an investigator and mining expert. It was in this capacity that he became acquainted with Mr. Dodge and Mr. James, of Phelps, Dodge & Company, and it was upon his advice that they became interested in the Detroit Copper Company and later acquired the Atlanta, Copper Queen, and other copper properties at Bisbee and elsewhere in Arizona and Mexico which developed under his management into the greatest factor in the building of the Far-Southwest.

When one considers that background of ancestry and education, and the man's eternal energy, it is not difficult to reach the conviction that once Professor James Douglas had gone into the Apache-infested Mule Mountains in quest of ore it was just about certain he would find it, and develope it, if those crags contained any.

He came into that community of a few hundred souls when it was known only as Mule Pass. Jack Dunn, George Warren, Pie Allen, and a few more of that now half-forgotten vanguard were there ahead of the Professor. Mayhap Judge Duncan, Horace Stillman, Jim Kreigbaum, and my dad were also there before him. But he was one of the first.

Although my dad was one of that region's most colorful pioneers, this is not his story; yet I'll have to touch upon his life somewhat to tell the story of Douglas. I have known few more useful men than my father. He was a carpenter, justice of the peace, coroner, maker of coffins, conductor of funerals, reader of the burial service over the dead of all creeds, and, as possessor of the camp's only legal library, was rated by the miners, cowpunchers, gamblers and rounders as the court of last resort in all legal squabbles. The "library" consisted of a badly battered book containing the Revised Statutes of 1873 of the Territory of Arizona. He held court in the rear of the White House saloon, where he often found it necessary to break up a game of stud that he might use

the poker table as a desk to open court with the necessary pomp and circumstance.

Division Superintendent Longstreet of the Southern Pacific had sent my father down to Tucson from San Francisco in 1879 to erect some buildings there at the rail's end: a freight house, loading platform, etc. He sent about twenty carpenters along in charge of my dad. But the morning after they arrived there wasn't a single wood-butcher on the job. The mining excitements of Tombstone, Silver King, the Quijotoas, Total Wreck and Harshaw held too strong a lure for the boys.

Even the regular Southern Pacific telegraph operator had succumbed to the excitement and joined one of the morning rushes. But my father dug up an emergency brass-pounder somewhere and got a message through to Longstreet asking him to send another load of carpenters. Then he went over to where his bedding was rolled up and sat down on it to inhale his old corncob.

A lanky man, probably ten years younger than my dad, say just past forty, came along and engaged the disgruntled carpenter in conversation. It must have been a wild talk-fest. The younger man was Professor Douglas. Both he and my dad were as full of conversation as most Hoot Men. Both were Scotch Canucks. But finally they chiselled out of each other that the darned country was nothing to get over-excited about.

Then in the course of another period, probably an hour, they learned each others' names, that dad was going to build a railway station if he could make any condemned carpenters stand hitched long enough, and that the Professor was going up into that misbegotten defile in the Mules known as Mule Pass in quest of copper ore.

I haven't got the straight of it yet as to which of them got into Mule Pass first. Neither the Professor nor my dad was what you might call voluble. But later when the Professor was sinking the Atlanta shaft at Bisbee and there really were about four hundred people in that wild pass my dad was framing timbers to hold the shaft up.

I used to carry my father's lunch up the steep mountainside at noon and listen to him and the Professor spilling conversation around at the rate of about twenty words an hour while my dad smoked his rotten old corncob and the Professor looked at it askance and sniffed in profound disapprovaal. Not that he would ever let down from the courtly consideration he showed to everybody. But he would sometimes suggest that he might bring some good tobacco on his next trip from New York. My father would get that and let his eyes twinkle a bit and ask the Professor if he believed in tariff reform, or maybe it would be predestination.

The only thing they ever got a good argument worked up about was something to do with General Sherman. It seemed that he came through Tucson while my dad and the Professor were "visiting" there. President Grant or some other president had sent Sherman down that way to see if the United States could induce Mexico to take Arizona back without fighting about it. Some of General Sherman's folks were mixed up with "demonetization" of silver, as I remember it. The Professor wasn't much to discuss politics, but I heard him tell my dad that Cleveland probably was right about the gold standard. My father, though, was lined up with the rest of the Westerners of those days, who thought that without plenty of silver money we'd never amount to much.

But, both being Scotch, they couldn't see the use of wasting wind on something that wasn't bringing them in any money. The Professor was looking for ore and my dad was pulling for him so that his own good four bucks per day would continue rolling in for timber-framing. Most of the talk during the noon hour was about the Atlanta shaft.

Anyhow, eventually Douglas caught Ballard, Riley & Martin—original owners of the Copper Queen—with the goods on them. He lined them up into a regular bunch of copper producers and finally bought them out. Beginning there he founded the greatest industry the Far-South-

west has ever had. So a word about the beginning of it will not be amiss.

The Professor had a shrewd Cousin Jack (Cornishman) by name of John Prout as mine foreman. The Professor, I realized later, was shrewder than Prout, was watching him. And my dad was an interested observer of the game. My father would come up out of the shaft after swinging the timbers in place so that the miners wouldn't lose any time, and probably have to tell a messenger from town that he couldn't come down to the White House to try another horse thief for a day or two, until they got another set or two of timbers in place and blocked up. Then while he caught his breath he and the Professor would talk things over. I would listen while I waited to take home the empty dinner pail.

The Professor would tell my father that he had induced his people to put another ten or fifteen thousand into the sinking of the shaft and that he hoped they would strike ore before the funds gave out. My dad would grunt hearty assent while he chewed his grub, and would hope too. I know that my father knew where the ore was. I think the Professor thought that my dad knew, but he wouldn't ask him anything. That wasn't the Professor's way. And that needs explaining.

The Rundle boys, who were working for the adjoining Copper Queen Company, lived in the same building with our family. Mrs. John Rundle rented half the house from us and her husband's two brothers boarded with her and her husband. Evenings they would sit on the porch and talk. And sing. All the Cornish people are fine singeras. Prout, Professor Douglas' foreman, boarded with the Rundles. In the evening the conversation would go something like this:

"Damme, John Prout, we can 'ear thy boys in Atlanta shaft 'ammering right above we. And us belong being in rich ore right below thee."

One day Professor Douglas said to my dad: "I had almost decided to quit trying to induce my people to in-

vest more money in this Atlanta. But my foreman said he felt so sure, because of the present formation being cut by the shaft, that we would strike ore within another fifty feet, that he would put up his savings of five thousand dollars to keep the work going. I don't care to have him invest in the venture, but such positive belief on the part of an experienced miner like John Prout has almost convinced me that I should go a little deeper."

Then the Professor regarded my dad intently, whether in expectation of some comment or in disapproval of the rotten corncob I did not then know. But after letting it sink in a while the dad grunted, removed the corncob and said: "John Prout never had five thousand dollars in his life."

The Professor made no comment on that. Perhaps he had found out what he was after. Those canny Scots may be short on words but they do a lot of thinking.

So the Professor went a little deeper and caught the Copper Queen people drifting in his ground—and in ore.

In his writings about the Warren (Bisbee) district's ore development the Professor said nothing about that incident. Perhaps he would have considered any talk about that to be gossip. I think, though, the Professor had a strong hunch right along that John Prout had inside information about how deep the ore lay. The two companies had a law suit and later compromised and consolidated and the company came to be known as the Copper Queen Consolidated. Anyhow the Phelps Dodge people took their plunge into copper as a result of Douglas' activities up in the Mules. For a long time after the consolidation of the two properties most of the ore whose mining and reduction built cities and railroads and cattle industry in that region came out of the Atlanta claim.

From the very beginning Professor Douglas took an intense interest in the people whom he considered dependent on his mining activities. I remember hazily how he deplored the necessity of denuding the Mule Mountains around Bisbee of their trees. I know he was laughed at

by the miners because he even went among the lowly Mexican wood-choppers in his desire to find some way of replanting oaks, cedars, and junipers his mines and smelter were using for fuel. He would even talk to us kids about it, for although he learned to speak and read and write Spanish he didn't have time to acquire the cross-cut-saw Mexican-Yaqui lingo we knew. He needed us as interpreters now and then.

Every summer in the early eighties the folk of the mining camps died off like flies from dysentery and the other dread maladies that came along with typhoid. And then Professor Douglas would come hurrying into the Mules and induce the miners to come to the little school house—later to the library building he induced his people to build—and lecture them about adopting the best methods of sanitation known in those days. And he didn't limit himself to lecturing. Plenty of work he did along that line himself.

A lot those booze-fighting, faro-playing hombres cared about that sanitation fad of his. They got their clothes washed by the Mexican women every few months and "lived natural." But the Professor was shrewd, diplomatic. He got one of those projectors they called magic lanterns in those far days and had it always salted away there some place. Then when his thirst for travel and scientific research would be cut short by a hurry-up message that the deadly typhoid was once again slithering through Mule Pass he would come rolling in on the stage-coach with one of those old-fashioned valises full of photographic plates he had collected from everywhere—among the turreted cities of England and Scotland, in France, Germany, pictures of natives along the Nile hoisting water with wheels.

I don't remember if he ever brought any pictures of Sullivan and Kilrain and their contemporaries, but he would have had he thought that would get the miners interested in his illustrated talks and gathered in the hall so that he could explain sanitation and other essential mat-

ters for their welfare. He was a resourceful man. He wished the boys to listen to things they must understand if Bisbee were to be fit to live in. And he surely made them listen.

Long before the days of sewers and the other necessaries without which we could not now live the Professor had that camp in the Mules on a health basis that was something to talk about among miners and cowpunchers throughout the Far-Southwest.

Before then you could see the stricken miners lying on canvas cots in Brewery Gulch and along Mule Pass (today's Main street of Bisbee) white as sheets, their scared but game partners fanning them to keep down the fever. No chance of getting over it they knew. The last of Jimmie Carr's prairie-schooners had unloaded their coke and store supplies and started back with all the sick boys they could pull over the grade to Tombstone and the overloaded hospital.

But after the hard-working professor had pounded some sense into those wild but not unreasonable boys and had got things cleaned up something as Leonard Wood did later in Cuba and Gorgas in Panama, there were no more clean sweeps by Old Man Death in the Mules.

James Douglas had six children, two sons and four daughters. We knew only the two boys in Arizona. They were Walter and James S. Walter Douglas for years was head of the great mining industry which owed its existence to the Professor. And Walter kept the Bisbee mines and the other Phelps Dodge camps up to the high grade the founders of that great institution aimed at. There never was a stockade in any Douglas mining or smelting town. You could trade with the company store in any of those communities or with the smallest independent merchants. It was all O. K. with the Phelps Dodge folk. They made up the deficit of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. and kept up country clubs for those who wished to play golf and tennis.

Of course I could think, if I tried hard, of some things for which Walter Douglas should be censured. Such, for instance, as buying controlling interest in the newspaper known as the Bisbee Review so that he could fire me. But even in that fell deed he has been commended by some benighted folk who say that all that ever was the matter with Arizona journalism was the misfortune of me being mixed up with it.

The Professor's other son, whom we used to call "Rawhide Jimmie," fooled the whole family by developing one of the greatest copper mines of the Southwest, the United Verde Extension; so they don't call him "Rawhide Jimmie" any more. It may be well to explain that in the early days a small mine, or partly proved mining prospect, was always known as a rawhide outfit. While Walter was placed at the head of the famed Copper Queen from the beginning, the Professor's older son used to be put in charge of rawhide prospects all over the Southwest and Northern Mexico. So naturally he came to be known as "Rawhide Jimmie."

In connection with this I recall an amusing circumstance. A teamster by name of Jim Durnell, who needed a jerkline for his mule team, was said to have purloined the boarding mistress' clothesline at the Senator mine when James S. Douglas was in charge of that property up in the Bradshaw Mountains. Thereafter whenever they met they would greet each other caustically as "Rawhide Jimmie" and "Clothesline Jimmie."

When James S. Douglas had established himself as a mining millionaire in his own right he was now and then moved to ask me when we cut each others' trails around Arizona, as if his memory were vague about the matter, if my father wasn't the carpenter who used to live in Bisbee. Considering that I was always a good hobo hard-rock miner who had never asked the Douglases for anything, not even a job, that used to get me wringy, which probably was Jimmie's intention. I considered that as a carpenter my grand old dad was as top-hand in his line

as any mining millionaire who ever came down the pike.

But when Jimmie and I got Woodrow Wilson elected I decided to overlook all that sort of thing. One thing the Douglas clan and I always agreed about was that matter of the immortal principles—whatever they are—of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. Jimmie's son, Lewis, is now Arizona's Democratic congressman.

How we got Wilson elected was like this. I hit the border from up Gila county way somewhere around midnight the night of the presidential election in 1916. It looked rocky as the mischief for us Jeffersonians and Jacksonians. Uncle Billy Plaster, last of the first Texas Rangers, was standing on a corner champing his spitting tobacco. He was also demanding of an outraged Democratic world, "When th' battle of Noo Orleens was fit, whar was Andy Jackson?"

Along about three o'clock in the morning Major George Kelly came boiling out of his Douglas newspaper office and told us that Ohio and California had gone Democratic. Right then and there Major Kelly, Uncle Billy and I started a three-man parade. We hadn't gone far until we encountered a disconsolate mining millionaire who looked as if he hadn't more than fifteen cents, Mex, left between him and the poor house. That was James S. Douglas.

But when we imparted the glad news he glowed like an arc-light, figured right away that he might be able to pull a few dimes out of the wreck after all. Then we started a four-man parade. We went over to the Gadsden hotel and Jimmie hired the Seventeenth Cavalry band, or as much of them as could still navigate after helping the black Republicans celebrate Hughes' victory all night. Then we visited every prominent Republican in Douglas, especially those who had political jobs or had gone to bed early after betting their last cartwheel on Charles Evans Hughes.

I suppose there are still indignant Republicans in Douglas who think we should be prosecuted to the full

extent of the law for our daylight-saving efforts at that time, making leading citizens come out on the front porch at three in the morning and stand at attention while the band played "Dixie" and Uncle Billy Plaster told 'em about the great achievements of the ga-lorious old Democratic party.

But all Arizonans are good sports. After they got over their first paroxysm of cussing and caught the spirit of the thing they would tuck their nightgowns into their pants and come along with us to dig out some other overjoyed Hamiltonians to stand around in their shirt-tails and shiver while the Seventeenth Cavalry band discoursed popular Tammany melodies.

A few prominent Republicans escaped over to the U. S. Cavalry post or across the border to the Mexican customs house. You couldn't be expected to capture all of them, travelling light like that in their shirt-tails and our technique being cramped by the reports coming our way regularly that the provost guard was trying to run down the Seventeenth Cavalry band and us.

Sometimes I have thought that Doctor Douglas would roll over in his grave if he knew what an awful time his son Jimmie and the Cavalry band had raised along the border.

But the Doctor's sense of humor was healthy. Otherwise he couldn't have been so kind and helpful. Moreover, Jimmie made a thorough job of mopping up the border Republicans that night, and Doctor Douglas always admired thoroughness.

Bisbee, Douglas, Naco, Globe, Morenci, Clifton, Nacosari down in Mexico, with their modern mining plants and smelters and railroads; the El Paso & Southwestern Railway System; the coal mines of New Mexico and the rail lines that tap them—all those great enterprises and many others allied with them have sprung from Professor Douglas' hustling thoroughness around the Mule Mountains when it was a toss-up whether the Apaches or the whites would make their claim to Mule Pass stick.

LOLA OURY SMITH

By EFFIE R. KEEN

In passing through Riverside, California, recently, I had the pleasure of a visit with Col. Cornelius C. Smith, U. S. Army, Retired, and members of his family. The country home of the Smith's is at 4933 Jurupa Avenue, near Riverside, and is a treasure house of trophies gathered from the far places of the world where his duties as an army officer carried the colonel during his years of service.

Col. Smith is a native of Arizona, and a contributor to this magazine. I had heard of his mother and had some data concerning her. This data, and information given by Col. Smith, make up this sketch, which will interest old timers of Southern Arizona.

Dolores Oury Smith, affectionately known to old Tucsonians as Lola Oury—the eldest child of the late Wm. S. Oury, prominently featured in "Some Unpublished History of the Southwest," by Col. Smith, and now being published in this magazine—was born in Sacramento, California, in 1852. When a little girl of four, she came in a covered wagon with her father and mother to Tucson. Her sister, Louise, who afterwards married Col. J. B. Girard, Surgeon, U. S. Army, was born on this journey.

At the age of ten, Lola was taken by her father to St. Louis, Missouri, and placed in the Sacred Heart Convent in that city, where she remained until she was sixteen, returning to Tucson early in 1868. In July of that year she married Capt. Gilbert C. Smith, U. S. Army, then stationed in Tucson. The wedding was interestingly reported in the WEEKLY ARIZONIAN, of Tucson, under date of July 4, 1868, as follows:

"Wedding in Tucson"

"Although cupid is not young, he is not the least the worse; his locks are still golden; his cheeks glowing, and the bright, twinkling glance of his eye is a radiant as ever.

"So we must judge from his success in Tucson, for we, today,



Lola Oury Smith

have to chronicle a wedding celebrated with much good cheer. On Wednesday evening Capt. Gilbert C. Smith, U. S. Army, long the popular quartermaster at this place, was joined in the holy bonds of matrimony to Lola, daughter of William S. Oury, Esq. The prominence of Capt. Smith and the Oury family, one of the best known in Arizona, makes the event the great one of the season. The din of generous preparation had been heard for many weeks, and the ceremony was witnessed by perhaps the largest gathering of notables ever convened at a wedding in the territory. The governor and all the civil officers living below the Gila; Gen. Crittenden, his staff and officers from nearly all the military posts; the leading American and Mexican citizens of Tucson and other towns, and the ladies (God bless them!), were all in attendance. The house had been tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and was brilliantly lighted, the guests were dressed in a manner that would have been creditable in the large cities of the Atlantic, and the supper was a complete triumph. To say that 'all went merry as a marriage bell' is to give but a poor idea of the hilarity of the occasion. Everyone seemed in glowing spirits. The parents of the blushing bride were wreathed in smiles and had a hearty welcome for their guests; the bride herself was exquisitely dressed and looked better than ever before, which is saying much. The vicar and his assistant performed the wedding service according to the interesting form of the Roman Catholic Church, and the bride and bridegroom sustained themselves with admirable dignity, seeming fully to realize

'That marriage rightly understood
'Gives to the tender and the good
'A paradise below.'

"We won't pretend to say how many warm kisses the bride received, or how many cordial, and we believe, most sincere congratulations were showered upon her and the gallant captain. If good wishes avail anything, then indeed must their wedded life prove a 'paradise below.' After the congratulations the dancing began, the music being furnished by the Camp Grant troupe, and it was kept up until broad daylight, with a proper interval for the feast of edibles and drinkables which had been so lavishly spread. Those who call Arizona a dry desert country should have seen the groaning tables and tasted the various luxuries. The substantials were washed down by some of the choicest wines ever brought to the territory, and the health, long life and complete felicity of the newly married was the ever ringing merry toast."

Mrs. Smith was a beautiful, a clever and a remarkable woman, possessed of wit and charm, and early took a prominent place in the social life of the old army, and

in communities near wherever her husband happened to be stationed. She is remembered by her friends as a talented and accomplished woman. She danced perfectly, sang well, was a brilliant conversationalist and a superb horsewoman. She possessed to the highest degree that attribute which made the person to whom she was talking think that he or she was the one being in the world in whom she was thoroughly interested. Among her Mexican friends, who were legion, "Lola" was "muy simpatica," and what more could a Mexican say in praise and admiration?

On her periodic visits to Tucson she never forgot to see the lowly, as well as those in her own sphere. She was known throughout the entire army for vivacity and hospitality, and her home at the various posts where she lived was always an open house; a place sought by officers and their ladies, and where there was much social activity. She numbered among her friends, in early days in Arizona, many officers who later in life gained distinction—General Chaffee, commander of the American forces in the Boxer troubles in China; General Shafter, commander of the army in Cuba which defeated the Spaniards; General W. H. Carter, who became adjutant General of the Army; Generals O. B. Willcox, Geo. S. Anderson, J. B. Kerr, George Crook, E. A. Carr, Nelson A. Miles, Zenas Bliss, Thomas Slavens, MacArthur, whose son is the present chief of staff of the army, and many other old time officers.

Mrs. Smith had three sons and two daughters, the sons all becoming army officers, and the girls marrying in the army—surely a creditable record of a mother's influence. She was a proud and spirited woman, accepting the sufferings of her long last illness—cancer—with the patience and resignation of a martyr. She died in Washington in 1909, at the age of fifty-seven. She had been a widow for ten years; when she passed, her body was placed beside that of her husband, Colonel Smith, in the National Cemetery at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

THE PLEASANT VALLEY WAR OF 1887

Its Genesis, History and Necrology

By WILL C. BARNES

(Concluded)

William Graham.

Killed near Pleasant Valley in the latter part of July, 1887.

From all available information this, the youngest of the Graham family, was shot from ambush as he rode down a lonely trail between Payson and Pleasant Valley. The boy was but eighteen years old when he fell a victim to the feud that was to engulf his whole family.

As to who did it, there are two claimants to the rather doubtful distinction. John Tewksbury is said to have once claimed that he did it. Earle R. Forrest, who has written a very full account of this war, states plainly that "William Graham, a boy of eighteen, was shot by J. D. Houck, a Tewksbury partisan who had been driven to the brush and was fighting alone."

Some years after the war Houck, then living at Holbrook, told the writer the story of the killing. He was in his cups at the time but knew very well what he was saying and to whom it was said. The gist of his story was that he was over in the valley scouting round with a warrant for the arrest of Jim Stott for horse stealing when he and young Graham met almost face to face on the trail not far from the valley. "We both drew at sight of one another," said Houck, "but I shot first and got him."

Houck was very quick on the trigger and a dead shot. In June, 1931, Charles E. Perkins told me the following remarkable story of this killing which has never before been made public.

Be it remembered that Perkins never left his store during that eventful summer of 1887 except to go out and help bury some unfortunate victim of the feud. His

store was used openly by both sides as a source of supplies and he probably knows more real facts about the whole trouble than any other living person.

"Bill Graham was not alone when he was killed," says Perkins, "but was with a cowboy named Ellenwood. Graham was some distance ahead of Ellenwood when the shooting took place. Ellenwood hurried away from the spot just as fast as his horse could carry him. He wasn't a partisan of the Graham faction, but merely a foot-loose cowboy riding the chuck line. He laid low for an hour or two and then crept back to the point where the shooting occurred. On the way he met poor Bill seriously wounded but able to crawl along with terrible suffering. Ellenwood, with great difficulty, helped the poor devil till they came to a ranch where he stayed with Graham for nearly two weeks, doing his best to save his life. He was too badly wounded, however, and died at last. The ranch where he laid was known as the Haigler place, owned by a cattleman of that name. It was on Haigler creek just above its junction with Marsh creek, about half way between the valley and Payson."

John Paine.

Killed about August 9th, 1887, at the Newton, Middleton, or Wilson ranch, on Wilson Creek. Best known as the Newton ranch.

Paine was a cowboy in the employ of the Aztec Land and Cattle Co. (the well-known Hashknife outfit). He was living with his family at what was known as "Four Mile Spring," a few miles southwest of the town of Taylor, in Navajo County. His main job was to see that no sheep herds watered at the springs or grazed on the adjacent range.

The man was unusually well qualified for such a job. He feared nothing that walked and loved a fight. He was pretty bad, drank excessively and was always ready to make a "six shooter play."

He had a wife and three children. I recall we took

up a collection around the Hashknife wagon on the round up to send his family back to Texas after he was killed.

Fish says Paine was a bold, bad man and used to attack lone sheep herders and beat them up. As I recall Paine's operations, no sheep herders ever got that close to him. They surely gave the gentlemanly guardian of the Four Mile range a wide berth.

When the news of the Pleasant Valley trouble and the disappearance of Old Man Blevins reached the north side of the mountain, Paine, always ready for a scrap, joined Tom Tucker, Bob Gillespie and Hampden (Henry) Blevins on an excursion to the valley ostensibly to look up the old man. Fish says there was another man in the party whom he calls "Thomas Covington, alias Edward Clark." This man I cannot identify. I certainly never saw him and I saw the party start for the valley. Tucker and Gillespie were working for the Hashknife outfit. Blevins was a stray. He had no job nor any visible means of support that any of us could locate.

We were camped at the Big Dry Lake some thirty miles south of Holbrook on the summer round up. There were two wagons, the Hashknife and my own. Tucker and Blevins rode into camp about sunset as we were eating supper. That night all sorts of conferences and "medicine talks" were going on around the camp.

Ed Rogers, foreman of the Hashknife wagon, told me that Tucker, Paine, Gillespie and Blevins were going over to Pleasant Valley to try and find out something about the old Man Blevins, and as they put it "start a little old war of our own." Rogers and I did our very best to talk them out of going but were unable to convince them there was any danger in the trip. After borrowing all the surplus ammunition in camp, they left at daylight the next morning but without a pack horse or supplies of any kind, except those of war. This was on or about August 3d, 1887.

The rest of their expedition comes in piecemeal but is fairly well substantiated.

On August 9th these men rode up to what is known in Pleasant Valley circles variously as the Middleton, the Newton or the Wilson ranch, on what is now known as Wilson creek but at that time called Middleton creek. It is a short distance below the old Ellison ranch. Old Man Middleton brought one of the first herds of good cattle into the valley from Oregon about 1875 or '76. Vosberg and Newton bought him out later on and established the Flying V Brand and ranch. This place was their headquarter ranch. Wilson, by the way, was a brother-in-law of Middleton.

They rode up to the ranch boldly and, without dismounting, hailed the house and asked if they could get something to eat. "We are keeping no hotel for such as you," was the surly reply to their inquiry. The cabin was loop-holed—as in fact were probably all cabins in Tonto Basin at that time.

A few words passed. Tucker and his party swung their horses and started to ride away. A volley from the house killed Paine and Blevins and wounded Tucker and Gillespie. Also two horses dropped at the fire.

Just who was in the cabin and did the shooting is not known nor probably ever will be. It was not Tewksbury property. Newton nor Vosburg nor their manager, Ketcherside, were, none of them, on the side of the Tewksburys. They were trying awfully hard to be neutral—a difficult part at that time. The Grahams, however, always maintained that the cabin was occupied only by Ed and Jim Tewksbury. There are indications, however, that possibly Jim Roberts was with them. In all probability the Tewksburys were scouting round looking for some of their enemies and found the cabin open and unoccupied—nobody locked their doors in those early years. It didn't look hospitable to do so.

They made themselves at home. Some unkind fate threw four of their enemies directly into their hands.

Jim Roberts was a horseraiser with a little place on the head of Tonto Creek "Under the Rim." He declared

he had lost several horses, especially a valuable stallion. This he charged to some of the Graham crowd. To even matters up he threw in with the Tewksbury side.

"Jim was their very best fighting man," one old timer who went through the war tells me. When Mulvenon came through the valley on his second trip he coaxed Roberts to join his posse, which he did. Roberts, in 1927, gained considerable fame and notoriety when at Clarksdale and acting as deputy sheriff, he, single-handed and alone, shot and killed a fleeing bank robber who, after holding up the bank, was escaping in an auto. He was 73 years old at the time.

This fight at the Newton or Middleton ranch was the actual opening battle of the Pleasant Valley war. When Sheriff Mulvenon and his posse reached the place, about August 2, 1887, they found the log house and barn burned. There were two newly made graves near by and the bodies of two dead saddle horses not far off. Charles E. Perkins, the store keeper at Pleasant Valley, says he and John Meadows from Payson went over and buried the men a few days after the fight. Nobody knows who burned the buildings. The Grahams, according to two different men, always declared they did not do it.

Mulvenon looked the place over carefully for some evidences that might lead to the detection of the crime but found nothing worth while. He realized that his posse of but five men was far too small to meet the situation and went back to Prescott, where they arrived safe and sound on September 4, 1887.

Meantime, the territorial papers and also the San Francisco and Los Angeles dailies carried rather lurid stories to the effect that Sheriff Mulvenon and his whole party had been ambushed in Tonto Basin by some of the factions, and everybody killed.

The Prescott Journal Miner of September 2nd, 1887, says:

"Sheriff Mulvenon and all of his possee have been killed in Tonto

Basin. We have wired Holbrook and Globe but get no reliable information from either."

The issue of the next day, September 3, carries a short announcement covered by a wire from Camp Verde announcing the safe arrival of the Sheriff and party at that military post.

The Globe Silver Belt of August 3d, 1887, carries a short interview with George Newton, who had just returned to Globe from a hasty visit to his ranch (the Middleton or Newton ranch). Newton said that all that was left of the ranch property was the huge stone chimney and fireplace. Near at hand were two new graves and beyond them the dead bodies of two saddle horses. Newton estimated the loss to the firm at above $1,500.

Hampden Blevins

He was commonly known as "Hamp" among the cowboys at Holbrook. Fish in his story calls him Henry. He was one of the four who came over into Pleasant Valley with Paine and Tucker, the son of Old Man Blevins, and, as the writer remembers him, a very peaceable, decent sort of a chap. He was a half brother to Andy Cooper, killed later by Sheriff Owens at Holbrook. Had Hamp remained in Holbrook he no doubt would have fallen in that fight which swept the whole male side of his family out of existence.

He was killed on August 9th, 1887, with Paine at the Newton or Middleton ranch, and was buried there by Charles Perkins and John Meadows a few days after the affair.

Henry Middleton.

Fish in his manuscript says:

"On September 1, 1887, John and Ed Tewsbury and John Roberts killed Henry Middleton and wounded Joe Ellenwood at the Tewksbury ranch in Pleasant Valley."

Just who this man was is not very clearly known. Charles E. Perkins feels sure he was a wandering Hashknife cowboy. He must have changed his name when he

went over into the Basin looking for trouble, for as far as my recollection goes there was no man working for the Hashknife company at that time by that name. Men acquainted with the Middleton family that first settled on what is now known as Wilson Creek, declare he was not of that family. He was likely a "stray."

At any rate a man by this name was killed. Of that there is clear evidence. Mulvenon reported his death as occurring "near Perkins store." This could well have been for Perkins' store was not far from the old Tewksbury ranch. Perkins says Middleton came into the valley with some other men but left it and joined forces with Joe Ellenwood whom he met one day.

They drifted round the region for several days and were waylaid by the Tewksburys and Middleton killed and Ellenwood wounded. Three days later John Tewksbury himself lay dead in front of, or very close to this same ranch.

Mr. Perkins says he helped bury Middleton, furnishing the rough box in which he was placed. It was fashioned from pieces of old packing boxes in which goods for his store came. He says further that the first time he ever saw Middleton he noticed the thumb on his left hand was missing.

John Tewksbury.

The Flagstaff Champion of September 10th, says:

"On September 3, 1887, one of the Graham gang killed John Tewsbury and William Jacobs. Sheriff Mulvenon and Deputies Francis and Odell and a posse again started for the Basin. They were to meet Jim Houck and a party from Apache county at Payson."

This was Mulvenon's second trip into the Basin to make arrests and try and put a stop to the war.

John Tewksbury and Bill Jacobs had come to the family home in Pleasant Valley for some unknown purpose. Tewksbury's wife was at the ranch as was John Tewksbury, senior, the aged and nearly helpless father of the Tewksbury boys. There is no question as to who did the killing. The Grahams had lost a member of their fam-

ily, young Bill Graham, and at least four of their adherents and sympathizers. It was high time for reprisals before all of them were wiped out.

Securely entrenched on an adjacent hillside, the Graham men watched the Tewksbury cabin. As their victims rode towards it, both were riddled with bullets fired from ambush. They fell from their horses and lay there staring at the sky with sightless eyes, in plain sight of the home.

Much romance has been woven around this killing. The favorite story is to the effect that the Grahams from their secure position, their rifles trained on the bodies night and day, kept Mrs. Tewksbury or the father from coming out into the open and burying or securing the two bodies. They lay in plain sight, rooted around by the loose hogs, common all over the valley in those days, and in fact being devoured under her very eyes.

She is said finally to have defied the attackers, and with her own hands and facing the rifles of the enemy, went out from the cabin and, alone and unaided, buried the two torn, sun-swollen bodies. Nor was a shot fired at her.

A very romantic, compelling story. The actual facts are that for several days the Grahams did keep guard over the cabin, in all probability hoping that more of the Tewksburys would ride along and they could cut more notches in their rifle stocks. However, over at Payson, a little hamlet some twenty-five miles to the northwest, Justice of the Peace John Meadows, than whom there was no braver, more daring man in all the valley, hearing of the affair saddled up his horse and rode over to the Tewksbury place to investigate. Whether he forced the Grahams to withdraw or they did so before he arrived on the scene is not known. Perkins says they had gone before Meadows arrived. Doubtless they knew he was on the road. News travelled fast in those days.

With Perkins' help, Meadows dug two graves and buried the bodies just where they fell. "It was not possible

to move them. They were badly torn by the hogs," says Perkins, "and decomposition had gone so far that burying them was a most disagreeable task. All we did was to dig two very shallow graves and roll the swollen, mutilated bodies into them with our shovels."

None of the old timers can explain how or why the Graham crowd dared remain on guard over the Tewksbury home for these days. They must have known that Perkins was in his store, and that there was bound to be more or less travel through the valley, which would naturally carry the news to the outside world. Yet according to Perkins they certainly did stand guard over the bodies for at least three, if not four days.

Up to this time the Tewksburys seem to have had by far the best of the war. Excepting the Indian sheep herder shot in February, none of their men had even been wounded, while they had inflicted terrible punishment on their opponents. It was, however, the last real pitched battle between the factions.

William Jacobs.

Killed with John Tewksbury on September 3d, 1887. Jacobs and John Tewksbury were said to have been fast friends. They died together without a chance to fire a shot or escape from the trap they rode into. We know very little as to Jacobs' part in the general warfare. If he took an active part in any of the affrays, there is no reliable record of it. From all accounts Jacobs was just an ordinary sheep herder of German descent, with very little education. He had a band of Daggs Brothers sheep which he was running on shares. It has been claimed that it was his bringing these sheep into the valley which brought on the trouble.

Contrary to the general belief, especially among historians and writers, the Pleasant Valley War was not one between sheep and cattle men. The sheep were merely an incident in it, a part of the Tewksburys' plan to harrass the Grahams.

John Graham and Charles Blevins.

The exact date of this double killing by the posse under Sheriff Mulvenon at the Perkins store in Pleasant Valley cannot be given. The warrants on which he acted were sworn out and issued from the office of Justice of the Peace John Meadows, of Payson. The records of his office were all destroyed by fire and cannot be examined for this information.

The Prescott Journal Miner of September 8th, 1887, states that:

"A conference over the Tonto Basin troubles was held yesterday in the Governor's office between Governor Zulick, John C. Herdon, District Attorney, and Sheriff Mulvenon. At this conference it was decided to raise a strong posse to go over into the Basin and clean things up."

The same paper of September 9th, says:

"Sheriff Mulvenon and Deputies George Bristow, E. M. Tackett and S. J. Sullivan will leave for Pleasant Valley tomorrow. They will be joined at Payson by Deputy Dan Francis and a posse of men from Flagstaff making a party of some 16 or 17 men."

On September 15th, the Journal Miner says editorially that the whole party was held up at the Verde river crossing by unusually high water in that stream.

The Globe Silver Belt of October 1 carries an account of the killing of Graham and Blevins by Mulvenon, which would indicate its occurrence in the latter days of September. As nearly as Mr. Perkins can give the date, the Sheriff's party reached his store about September 29 or 30, 1887. In order to keep his movements secret, Mulvenon, when he got into the Basin, held up and took with his party every person they met on the road. From men who were in the region and know the facts, it is learned that Mulvenon came to the Perkins store ahead of his posse, talked the situation over with one or two men there, and rode off. At that time Perkins was building a stone residence adjoining his store building. The walls were up, about five or six feet with a number of openings for doors and windows. Mulvenon returned that afternoon, sent

about half of his party down the trail with all the horses and kept the dismounted men with him.

They busied themselves during the night in turning the unfinished building into a very snug fortress. The windows and doors were partly filled with rock laid so as to provide plenty of port holes. This is the building that still stands, the only stopping place for travellers in the valley.

This sending away of part of his posse and all the horses was a clever stunt. It was also doubtless the origin of the item that appeared in many of the territorial papers in the early part of October, 1887, to the effect that "rumors had come from the Pleasant Valley that Sheriff Mulvenon's whole posse had lost their horses at the hands of some of the outlaws and were afoot."

Mulvenon's ruse was a success. Early the next morning his men saw two mounted men ride into the valley, stopping some distance from the store. They carefully surveyed the scene, rode slowly and at some distance from the buildings in a wide circle entirely round them. Apparently satisfied the place was deserted, they rode slowly up to the new building. As they reached it and leaned forward in their saddles trying to discover what, if anything, was behind those walls, Mulvenon stepped out from one corner of the new building, a double barrelled shot gun in his hands.

"Boys," he said, "you know me. I have warrants for your arrest. Surrender."

Both riders wheeled their horses as one. Both drew, or attempted to draw their guns. Both fell from their horses, dead. A charge from Mulvenon's shot gun tore a great hole in the neck of Graham's mount. At the same instant came a volley from inside the wall. Blevin's body was fairly riddled. Graham had two holes clear through him. Mulvenon afterwards told a friend that he simply couldn't bear to shoot Graham and shot at his horse, hoping he would give up and surrender.

Mulvenon's party buried the two and continued on their way round the valley.

Thus John Graham was the second member of the family to fall in the feud. Charley Blevin's father and one brother, Hampden, had been killed early in the war while but three short weeks before, a brother, Sam Houston Blevins, a half brother, Andy Cooper, and a brother-in-law, Mose Roberts, had gone to death before the rifle of Sheriff Owens at Holbrook. A brother, John Blevins, wounded in the same fight at Holbrook, was the sole remaining male member of the tribe.

Al Rose.

Rose was killed a few days after the fight at Perkins store. The exact date is not known. It was undoubtedly in the latter part of October. The Globe Silver Belt of October 15th, 1887, carries this item:

"George A. Newton returned to Globe on Tuesday last from Payson. He says Al Rose and Miguel Apocada were examined before Justice of the Peace Meadows and discharged. Ed and Jim Tewksbury, Jim Roberts and Joe Boyer were bound over to the Grand Jury to meet at Prescott on November 7th."

Rose then was alive on the fifteenth of October. Rose had previously been reported killed in many of the of the territorial papers. The Globe Belt of October 1st has this item:

"Sheriff Mulvenon went to Al Rose's cabin and found he had not been killed but only shot at. Mulvenon asked Rose to come along with him. Rose refused to surrender at first but finally gave it up and went with his party. With him Mulvenon brought a man named Miguel."

Some of the papers called this man McGill. He was Miguel Apocada. Nothing more is heard of him in this trouble. He dropped completely out of sight when turned loose by Meadows.

Fish in his manuscript says:

"A few days after the killing of Blevins and Graham in Pleasant Valley, Al Rose who was a Graham sympathizer, was found dead over on Spring Creek with eleven bullet holes in his body."

The Prescott Courier of November 7th, 1887, says:

"An unsigned wire from Camp Verde to John Marion of Prescott says, 'A man came here today who says Al Rose was murdered by masked men. This man helped bury Rose.' "

An editorial in the same issue says:

"Mr. Sixby of Tonto Basin says that Louis Naeglin told him that Rose was killed at the Houdon ranch. Naeglin says he was present at the killing, having stopped over night with Rose. After the killing the men left the ranch without any further attempts at shooting or trouble."

It is evident from this testimony that an attempt was made to kill Rose some time in September but no harm was done him.

Then, some time after the trial at Payson on October 15th, when he was turned loose by Justice Meadows, Rose was shot and killed at or near his ranch on Spring Creek, or the Houdon as it was often called. This closes the list of deaths of well known men in the war. Mr. Perkins believes sincerely that at least six more men were shot down along lonely trails by partisans of one side of the other. He gives the name of only one, however, which he can vouch for. He helped two other men bury a man named Elliott in a lonely glade not far from the valley some time after the Rose killing. Of this man nothing is known beyond the fact that he married a widow in the valley by the name of Mrs. Bishop. He was a sort of drifter and as far as Perkins knows, had taken no part in the trouble on either side. Doubtless all of these unknowns were men passing through the valley or lured there by the tales of warfare. Drifting round the valley they were bumped off as suspicious characters, their names not asked nor known. They were strangers and the warring men on both sides were taking no chances. They shot first and investigated afterwards. It was the safest way.

The list of wounded men is not as long as might be expected. Usually in war the wounded outnumber the dead two to one. Here, however, the matter was reversed. Those Pleasant Valley feudists surely shot to kill.

John Gilliland.

This man whom Fish calls Gillen and some writers Gilman, was James Stinson's range foreman in 1886. That fall he and Ed Tewksbury met one day on the range. They exchanged some rather heated words over the alleged disappearance of a number of the Stinson cattle and several first class saddle horses.

Gilliland was not afraid to speak his mind on this subject and Tewksbury naturally resented his insinuations. A friendly exchange of shots closed the incident.

Ketcherside tells me that Tewksbury once told him of the affair with considerable merriment.

"We was both a foot," Tewsbury explained, "Old John got sort of wringy an' was talking pretty strong about some folks stealin' some of Jim Stinson's cows. Nachelly I denied it. John he gits madder an' madder an' starts to draw his pistol. We both fired together. He missed me clean. I gits him through the leg. John he broke an' ran one way an' I sure hit the grit the other. Didn't want to hurt John nohow."

It's probably safe to say that this was the first shot fired in the Pleasant Valley War.

Tom Tucker.

Tucker was wounded in the fight on August 9, 1887, at the Middleton or Newton ranch, when Blevins and Paine were killed. Tucker, I believe, was born and raised in New Mexico. He had been working for the Hashknife Cattle Co. over near Holbrook for some time and was a first class cow hand. He was a big, good-natured chap, not hunting trouble of any kind. Old Man Blevins was missing, however, and he was willing to help find him.

Tucker was badly wounded, being shot in the right side just above the nipple. His horse carried him from the fight until he slipped from his saddle, exhausted from loss of blood and pain. He fell unconscious. How long he lay he never knew. He was roused in the night by a tremendous rainstorm followed by plenty of hail, a not uncommon thing in that region. The cold revived him. In this condition, with an iron nerve he dragged himself al-

ternately unconscious, and then able to move slowly, for an hour or two.

He finally reached the ranch of Robert Sigsby, or Sixby, who took him in, dressed his wounds and cared for him as well as he could. Sigsby said afterwards that when Tucker came, his wound, which was wide open and uncovered, was fly-blown and maggoty, and the man was in a frightful condition.

Tucker stayed with Sigsby for some time until his wound was healed sufficiently to enable him to ride. Then he slipped away from Sigsby's one dark night for Holbrook and safety. Accompanied by Bob Gillespie the two came to the round up wagons which, oddly enough, were camped at the Big Dry Lake, the very spot from which they started for the basin some time before.

Both showed plainly the effects of their adventure. They stayed exactly one night with us and at daylight the next morning "drifted yonderly" for New Mexico. In 1905, when the writer was Secretary of the New Mexico Cattle Sanitary Board, Tucker was our cattle inspector at Socorro.

"When I crossed the line into New Mexico," he once confided to me, "this country over here looked awful good to me. I headed straight for the old Rio Grande and never again had any hankering to see Arizona." Perkins agrees with the story of Tucker's wound being fly-blown. Says it was in terrible shape. He probably saw Tucker soon after he reached the Sigsby place.

Bob Gillespie.

Like Tucker, Bob was working for the Hashknife company over on the Holbrook range. He was a Texan of rather low mentality. To be led rather than a leader. He followed Tucker blindly and looked only for adventure—which they both secured in rather large measure.

Several historians and writers mention Gillespie's name as among the killed at the Newton ranch on August 9th, 1887. But I myself saw him when he and Tucker

rode into our camp at the Big Dry Lake in September, 1887. He was even then sitting sideways in his saddle from the effect of his wound. The bullet that struck him first went clear through the cantle of his saddle, then in and out of the fleshy part of his buttock.

"I was a leanin' down low over my hosses neck," he explained, "a ridin' for dear life an' a lammin' the old skate with my quirt; me aimin' to git out there jist as fast as I could, when I gits this here little souvenir."

Gillespie never told any one of us where he had been in the meantime, but in all probability he had been with Tucker while he was in hiding for the two came out of the valley together. No one, not even Tucker, ever knew what became of Gillespie at the New Mexico line. The two chastened and sobered warriors parted, each going his own way.

Joseph Ellenwood.

Wounded on September 17th, 1887, near the Tewksbury place in Pleasant Valley.

Ellenwood, or Underwood as some call him, was evidently a roving cow person. Nobody seems to know where he came from or where he went to after the fighting was over. He first came into the picture when young Bill Graham was killed. According to Perkins, Ellenwood helped the badly wounded boy to a place of safety, where he nursed him till the latter died. He again broke into the lime light when riding near the Tewksbury place in the valley with Henry Middleton. Here the two were ambushed.

The story of this fight comes from a reliable source. Middleton fell from his horse, dead at the first volley. Ellenwood, unhurt, dismounted and ran to the shelter of a nearby tree. There, gun in hand, he was attempting to get a pot shot at some of his attackers. The tree was rather small and he accidentally exposed one leg. This caught the eyes of one of the concealed warriors, who promptly drew a bead upon it, planting a calibre 45 rifle bullet below the knee. Suffering agonies, Ellenwood held his

ground till dark. Then with the aid of some friendly sympathizer he was placed on a horse and rode to the nearest doctor, at the San Carlos Apache Indian agency. Here he evidently recovered fully, for the Globe Silver Belt of January 14th, 1888—almost five months later—says:

"Joseph Ellenwood was brought yesterday from San Carlos, where Doctor Davis has been treating him for a gunshot wound received in the Pleasant Valley trouble. Ellenwood is under arrest on a bench warrant issued from Yavapai county. Sheriff Mulvenon reported this man as being wounded by the Tewksburys in Pleasant Valley, in the Belt of Oct. 1, 1887."

This closes the list of known killed and wounded in the Pleasant Valley war. Several writers have listed a few other names but close investigation proves them in error. *Jake Lauffer,* for example:

He is reported as wounded at the Houdon ranch on Spring Creek on August 4th, 1888. This, be it noted, was almost a year after the war in the valley, which ended in the fall of 1887.

One well known man has told the writer that:

"Jake Lauffer talked too d—d much for his own good of things of which he knew nothing. That's why they took a shot at him."

The Flagstaff Champion of August 18th, 1888, carries the following item:

"Jim Houck, who is from the Tonto Basin, says Jake Lauffer was shot at and his arm broken by ambushed assassins, at his ranch about two weeks ago, August 5. Two other men, Cody and Colman, on their way to Lauffer's ranch were shot at. Only Cody's horse was wounded. This, says Mr. Houck, was done by Jeff Wilson, Jim Scott and Jim Stott who were arrested by Houck and his posse, on warrants sworn out for their capture. The persons, however were taken from them by an armed mob of some 40 masked men who hung them after taking them some distance down the road."

This refers, of course, to the triple hanging in Apache county on August 12, 1888, at a point on the Verde road where the trail from Heber crossed it. It had absolutely no connection with the Pleasant Valley troubles of the year before.

George A. Newton of Globe.

Newton has also been listed by several writers as having lost his life in this war. Newton was a jeweler in Globe and was also a partner with J. J. Vosburg in the Flying V cattle in the Valley. It was at the Newton or Middleton ranch that Paine and Blevins were killed and Tucker and Gillespie wounded.

The claim was made that Newton had started for his ranch but never reached it. "He disappeared in some very mysterious manner," one report states. His widow was said to have advertised a reward of one thousand dollars for the discovery of his body or evidence of his death, in order that she might secure a ten thousand dollar life insurance on her husband.

The facts are that Newton was alive and well as late as September, 1891. About that time he started from Globe for his ranch, leading a large, very long-legged pack horse loaded with supplies. A few miles from the Redman crossing of the Salt River, a man named Crampton met Newton and warned him that the crossing of the river could not be made because of high water. He advised Newton to turn back and wait till the river was lower. Newton, however, said he could put his pack on his saddle horse and ride the long-legged pack horse and make it in perfect safety. They parted, Crampton going to Globe and Newton continuing his journey.

Jim Ketcherside and Crampton have both told me of the long hunt for Newton's body. The river was searched on both sides for many miles. The pack horse, with pack intact, was found half buried on a sand bar, but Newton's body nor his saddle horse was never discovered. In the pack was a bunch of letters Newton was taking to the ranch for the neighbors. Among them was one for Ketcherside, water soaked and blurred but still legible. It is understood that Mrs. Newton finally received from the insurance company the full amount of his life insurance policy.

YUMAESQUE

By CON P. CRONIN

Years ago I knew Yuma personally, knew every man and every woman and almost every child, that walked the streets. Now things have changed. I am a stranger amid the scenes of my youth. I am unknown excepting to a very few of the oldest old timers.

Many changes have occurred. New buildings have taken the places of the old adobes. The streets are nicely paved. The Mesa is all built up. It has a metropolitan air. But the old familiar faces are missed. The soul of the old town seems to have changed.

At eight-thirty in the evening I take my place in one of the soft easy chairs, in the window of the hotel on Main street. I think, "I will sit here and some one whom I know will pass." It is very quiet and I cannot but contrast with the same time of day, the same hour, during the gay nineties. Nine o'clock comes and with it comes a quietness and a peaceful calm, and in a reverie I live again through the summer evenings in the gay nineties. I picture the gulley that was Main street before Mike Nugent filled in the ruts and hollows with blue dirt from the Hill.

There were no clubs, no social organizations where men met and fraternized in the early nineties. The saloon was the only man's club—and there he congregated. Big man and little man, merchant prince and pauper, professional man, miner, cowboy and day-laborer, all congregated at some time or other in the man's social club, the saloon. Most everybody drank, some more, some less. Some gambled. Many played solo and panguingui. All is changed.

It is now almost half past nine o'clock and the streets are deserted. Everyone is at home.

I start up; I must have been partly asleep, as I imagined myself back in "Cap" Meeden's, playing sluf with Harry Carpenter, Mr. Ewing and Martin Pool, and a Mex-

ican boy came in with an oil can partly filled with dry manure and *buhach,* crying, "Fuma, cinco centavas!" Yuma, in the gay nineties, bought and sold smoke. The mosquitoes were very bad in those days. Like incense bearers, the boys swung their cans for a few moments, drove off the little pests, collected either a nickel or a dime and moved off to the next place.

I arouse myself, but again memory peoples the streets.

I sit on a truck near the old depot hotel and with several cronies, listen to Jesse Grant relate his experience in London when he dined with the Queen. Jesse was but a boy when he accompanied his father, who had just finished his term as president of the United States, on the memorable trip around the world. At Winsor he was advised that he would "dine with the *Family.*" "No, he would not dine with the Family. He would dine with the Queen (Victoria), or he would dine at the American Club in London." Diplomats, embassadors, statesmen, implored, beseeched, pointing out to the youthful American what an honor it was to dine with the Royal Family. Young Mr. Grant had made up his mind. He would dine with his father and mother and the Queen or he would dine at the American Club in London. English diplomacy yielded to American firmness and Jesse dined with the Queen; international complications were avoided. I believe Mr. Grant still lives. I know that all of the other members of the party have passed on.

Coming down the street, staggering slightly, comes a heavy lumbering man, with heavy lowering brows. I remember, although it is so many years,—that is Sam Temple, the villain of the story "Ramona." He told me once that Allessandro was a worthless, no account Injun and not at all the kind of an angel that Helen Hunt Jackson painted him. He just *had* to kill him! Sam Temple has also crossed the divide. Dreams and reveries!

And who is that solemn, quiet, dignified man with the drooping mustaches? That is Wyatt Earp, on his way

to open up his game at Jack Dunne's. How he was vilified and maligned in those days! But he lived to see his name and reputation vindicated. He also has joined the long list of the departed.

Stephen W. Dorsey—"Star Route" Dorsey—was a familiar character in those days. From his room with Harry Carpenter, to Bill Meeden's saloon was his route. Grey, pointed beard and chin resting on his breast, he was always scheming, for millions.

Many celebrities lived, sojourned and visited in Yuma in the old days. Jim Fair used to come here annually for the good the climate did for his asthma. Carrie Nation paid us a visit for half a day once, and I remember, read me a lecture on the evils of smoking cigarettes. Jim Jeffries, Champion of the World! He was world famous, in all his glory as champion when he visited me. We went on a hunting and fishing trip down to the Gulf. His huge form towered above all admirers as he wended his way from one saloon to another. He still lives and enjoys life. I attended the last Tunney-Dempsey fight with him. He likes Yuma. It all seems like yesterday. But it is today, and the old figures of my memory have departed to the land of shades.

We had good times in the gay nineties. We thought nothing of driving and riding thirty-odd miles to Fortuna to attend a dance, dance all night and drive or ride back the next morning. Some of us drove, while many of the young folks, both boys and girls, rode in the saddle.

And those dances given on the Hill! How we looked forward to those occasions. The dance floor was built right over the Colorado river, the prison band rendered the most romantic music, and we danced many times until day-break. The parents of many of the youth of Yuma today, first met and loved, and plighted their troth at the parties given on Prison Hill. Dreams and reveries!

We gave a circus once, the young men of the town. We were mostly members of the newly organized lodge of Elks, and conceived the idea of an amateur circus. It

was a wonderful success. Harry Clark was the bearded lady. Mulford Winsor and myself did several stunts—teamed up. One of them was a shooting stunt. Everyone pitched in to make it a success. We had the most sedate and solemn members in the most ridiculous positions. John Gandolfo sold balloons and C. D. Baker sold peanuts!

Buffalo Bill came to town and we entertained him.

It was a year or two after the Spanish-American War, and "The Bill Show" featured the Battle of San Juan Hill, with a score or more of actual members of the Rough Riders. Bill was an Elk. It was a very hot Sunday in May. I remember part of the committee on refreshments consisted of "Doc" Robinson, Dick Renick, Frank Lee and Lew Alexander. The committee prepared a wonderful repast for Bill, Annie Oakley, Johnnie Somebody and the distinguished members of the "Bill Show." There were sandwiches of all kinds, and a wonderful assortment of ice cold beer, ice cold beer, ice cold beer and more ice cold beer. There was ice cold beer in barrels, and ice cold beer in tubs and barrels. It was a very hot day. The reception committee, consisting of the more distinguished members of the lodge, waited on Bill and Annie Oakley to escort them in style befitting the repast. But in the meantime, some unofficial committee had secured the presence of the Rough Rider contingent and the cowboys of the show. Imagine the onslaught on that ice cold beer! Imagine the devastation wrought by that score of Rough Riders, aided and abetted by a dozen cow waddies! Sandwiches and beer disappeared like sin before the wrath of justice, and when Bill and Annie and the select of the invited arrived, an emergency committee was drafted to bring relief from the premises of Honest John Shanssey, located just below.

The first house on the Mesa,—aside from the one at the Orange Ranch,—was the Blaisdell house. I built right across the street—the second house on the Mesa, where the city is now situate. The old timers will remember.

But, how many of the old timers realize the wonders of that site!

One evening as the shadows lengthened, I sat with my wife on the back steps of our new home. It suddenly occurred to my mind that I was envisaging a panorama unique in all the world. From my back door step I see, in one stupendous sweep of country, two nations, two states, two territories, and five counties.

It is nearly eleven o'clock! I stretch, reach for my cane and walk out doors. There is not a soul in sight. A solemn stillness reigns.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD DIARY FOUND IN MEXICO

(Continued)

Written by MRS. GRANVILLE H. OURY
and anotated by
COLONEL C. C. SMITH, U. S. Army Retired

July 5th—Monday: Dr. Smith arrived last evening and Judge Terry has gone to call and ascertain something relative to the road, etc. Some of our boys learned through him that the road we expected to take is impassable on account of scarcity of water, this will compel us to go to Parras,* which is a much more pleasant and desirable route, except that it necessitates considerable expense in the purchase of corn for the animals. Col. S. tells me we will pass through some pretty towns and find abundance of fruits and wine. I am anxious to taste the far famed Parras wine, that which they export being much inferior to that kept for home use. I am also desirous of seeing a better part of Mexico than that which we have seen. Last night, the monotony was broken by a visit from one of Dr. S.'s mules who unceremoniously relieved us of half a sack of sugar, for which offense "the boys" threatened him with being "tied up" of nights hereafter.

Many thanks to Messrs. Wilson and Oury, we had a nice mess of fish for breakfast. At eight o'clock broke camp and at eleven nooned. The boys scattered out and soon returned with armfuls of wood, made coffee, fried meat and some very nice fritters, which we ate with syrup made of the "peloncillos."**

We all enjoyed our meal greatly, having amazing appetites.

Dinner dispatched, each made a break for a shade, and now, as I sit in the ambulance, I can see a human figure stretched on a blanket under every bush, there are no trees, only a bush called "Huisache." Mr. Oury is snugly spread out on my bed in the ambulance and

Note: *Near Parras is the home of the wealthy Madero family. Later, Francisco I. Madero became president of Mexico, driving out Porfirio Diaz. Madero and his vice-president, Pino Suarez, it will be recalled, were murdered by Victoriano Huerta. The Parras wine Mrs. Oury speaks of, with other liquors, has been made by the Madero family for several generations.

**The name used to denote a loaf or brick of crude cane sugar. In many parts of Mexico panocha is another term for this sugar loaf.

Addy on his blanket underneath. Declares he wouldn't swap places with anybody. "Billy" I imagine is having some trouble with the sun, every few minutes I notice his head pop up and he looks wistfully at the others, who are able to sleep. The animals are mowing the greenest and juiciest of mesquite grass with surprising activity. It is refreshing to see them revel. We have been passing all day, perfect seas of waving green grass, the finest I ever beheld, and not an animal of any kind to be seen upon it. Indeed, there are no cattle in this part of Mexico. We have not been able to buy a beef thus far and it seems to me that no country could be better adapted to stock raising. There may be no certainty about water, which I presume is the difficulty, 'tho there is an abundant supply at present, in consequence of the late rains, standing in pools everywhere, perfectly clear and equal to cistern water.

So far we have been highly favored in every respect, the weather has been remarkably pleasant, much of the time cloudy. I have not suffered at all from heat. At nights we have a strong breeze, followed by cool, bracing mornings. I sleep with a pair of blankets over me and don't think I shall ever be willing to sleep in the house again in summer.

Well, "the boys" have all finished their "siestas" and we are lazily crawling out, the sky looks very threatening, dark, cloudy and low rumbling thunder. It rains in the mountain gaps every day. We frequently see the rain distinctly ahead of us. We came through one gap this morning and still mountains are looming up in front of us. They say we are never out of sight of mountains while in Mexico. I enjoy it, having been brought up on a dead level prairie. Traveled yesterday eighteen miles, camped near a pretty "Charco" (pond). Plenty of nice grass.

About 9 P. M. a band of "Liberal" soldiers came dashing into camp and frightened me greatly. They wanted "pan" (bread) and tobacco. We gave them bread, but before the tobacco could be got out the sergeant ordered them away and impressed the order by several severe cuts with his quirt. The poor starved wretches are under perfect subjection and are miserably treated, driven like dogs and do not average one full meal once in three days. Several had their wives* with them. Mr. Oury was out on guard, and was sitting alone in the ambulance, the gentlemen outside near, but they (the "Liberals") came rushing up with such a noise and rode right over the tongue of the ambulance, so that I got uneasy and *got out my pistol*, ready for the emergency, but they were quite harmless.

Note: *It has long been the custom in the Mexican army for the women called "galletas" (crackers or cakes, because they cook and rustle food), to accompany the troops. These camp-followers, with their children, are to be seen at or near all garrisons and camps.

July 6th,—Thursday: Before leaving camp, a Mexican officer and some men came back in search of two deserters, whom they intended to hang, if caught. One of the soldiers asked me for bread, which I freely gave him (he offered me 50c for it), seemed very grateful and divided it with the others. We traveled about ten miles and nooned at a nice "charco." The Terry party watered and drove on without ceremony. The question had been pending several days, whether we should take the Parras road or not. Judge Terry had decided to go, but our party still hoped to hear something in favor of the other which was much shorter and cheaper. When we started in the afternoon, Mr. Oury left it to the men and the majority voted in favor of Parras, so the Parras road we took. It is now nearly dark and we have just succeeded in finding a very small hole of water and not good grass. The Terrys were already camped here. Don't know whether we continue together or not.

July 7th—Friday: The Col. and Mrs. Terry came over and made "all things straight." They had no intention of separating, but Mrs. Terry had some work to do and wished to get to camp early. After traveling several hours, we learned that two miles back we had taken the wrong road, so we cut across and had some rough jolting. When we came to the road there was much diversity of opinion and much parleying, at last somebody made a break and we all followed, crossed a stream, ascended a steep hill, and then traveled in the blazing sun a short distance. We halted at some ruined Missions.* Here our mules rested, but found an indifferent dinner. We found butter—made coffee, a "stem" of mutton, boiled eggs and corn. We have had mustard pickles all the time and the finest El Paso onions. The water was horrid, a beautiful clear running stream, but strongly alkaline. We frequently find it so.

One of the gentlemen caught twenty-five perch in a few minutes. Judge Terry and some of the boys remained to fish in the evening. In the forenoon, Capt. Dodson, Addy and some others went by a "Hacienda," which they say is the grandest one they have ever seen. It is situated in a lovely valley in a gap of the mountains. The "Lord" owned a large number of "Piones," whose dwellings were built regularly around a large square and numbered. His dwelling was handsome and contained a chapel richly furnished. We passed some celebrated hot springs enclosed with a high stone wall, belonging, I think, to him. In the afternoon, they (our boys) called at a ranch on the roadside and frightened the poor resident creatures painfully. They all hid, except one man who sputtered French at them industri-

Note: *I believe Mrs. Oury refers to the old mission or missions at Nadadores, founded early in the settlement of Mexico. A string of these missions developed from Mexico City, through Zacatecas, to the northeast; and another string from Mexico City, through Guadalajara and Durango, to the northwest.

ously, but learning that they were not French soldiers,* come to annihilate them, they poured forth in swarms, and the mystery is, upon what do they subsist, living on a dry hill with nothing edible in sight save a flock of goats! The intense heat now reminds me that we are going South. We traveled twenty-five miles. I was quite tired and retired immediately upon making camp. One of the boys slew a big wild cat.

July 8th—Saturday: Passed some pretty farms, wheat already harvested. The ranches resemble small towns, often there are two or more stores. At 11 o'clock, reached a town where the boys stopped and got "Mescal," **etc., one mile further we came to "Monclova," a real Mexican town, containing 1000 or 1200 inhabitants. We camped in a large corral close to an "Acequia." Bought corn and green stalks for the mules. Addy "confiscated" some brush from a fence and made me a cup of tea and got me some "Mex." bread. I had eaten neither supper nor breakfast and the tea almost cured my head.

In an adjoining corral there were twenty-five deserters from our army*** in a most pitable condition. They had enlisted in the "Liberal Army" and now, too late, repented their folly. The authorities had stripped them of their arms and horses and left them powerless. They are poorly clothed, poorly fed, have no quarters and no opportunity allowed them of earning a cent wherewith to alleviate their wants. They perhaps deserve such a fate, but my heart aches for the wretched creatures. Some inquired "if the Confederacy wasn't about played out." Monclova, like all Mexican towns, has narrow streets, flat-roofed "adobe" houses, plaza, large Catholic Church, high stone pavements, narrow doors, carved in diamond shapes, windows of wooden grates projecting in front of each, filled with women and children. Indeed, every corner, door and street is literally lined with men, women and children of every age and class. The men generally shirtless and often hatless. The women almost without exception wear only a chemise and dress skirt, while two-thirds of the children are perfectly nude. Generally the women are dark, homely, slovenly and utterly devoid of taste. I have seen few that are fair and I noticed two or three *handsomely* dressed men in Monclova. One attractive feature of the towns in Mexico is the verdure, though water is carried in ditches through every part of the town and these are bordered with splendid tall pecans, willows and other growths. Green fields and gardens greet the eye at every turn, in which grow luxuriantly the fig, quince, pomegranate, peach and grape (onion was the only vegetable

Note: *It will be recalled that at this time (July, 1865) French soldiers were in Mexico supporting Maximilian's occupancy.

**A very strong alcoholic drink made from the plant of this name. When refined this drink is called Tepemete and Tequila.

***The late Confederate army.

I noticed). None of the fruit was ripe, to my intense regret. The garden and field fence is usually of brush, thickly matted with green vines. Occasionally in town they use high "adobe" walls, tho' on the ranches you oftener see hedges of "bear grass" which grows here to perfection.

Each town of any size is provided with a long promenade, "Alameda" in a retired spot, where the pleasure seekers repair to enjoy rest, quiet, music and social chats. Magnificent trees of a century's growth line the broad avenue and effectually shut out the almost torrid sun. While, for the weary, are seats, in the shape of divans, at every few steps—made of cement and nicely painted. The further end is closed by a seat in the form of a semi-circle in front of which is a tall white pillar. They have also flowers but no fountain. We nooned beneath the inviting shade of immense pecans (in the corral) planted in rows and more than a century old.

Capt. Dave Terry and Mr. Kavanaugh (one of his mess) own several nice race horses* and lose no occasion of testing their speed. "The Judge," and indeed all the party, participate in these races. After much parleying, they succeeded in getting up a *foot race*, which all the sporting men of the party remained to witness, while we sober folks jogged on to camp. The Mexicans would only risk $50.00 on the race, outsiders declined to bet, and those embryo sports failed to realize the "young fortune" they anticipated. We intended stopping at "Castano," nine miles from Monclova, but, being informed that in three miles we would find good grass, we filled the kegs, watered the animals, and moved on.

Mile after mile and no grass, dark overtook us. However, it was bright moonlight. The "Capt." was back at the race and nobody willing to take the responsibility of saying what was best to do. At last we halted and held a conference. Our men went out half a mile and found not a blade of grass. Two wagons determined to stop. At this crisis, "The Capt." came galloping up, and not in a decidedly amiable mood, as all soon ascertained who ventured near his battery. Col. S., less guarded than the others, received the full brunt. "We had been instructed to camp at Castano, where we could buy corn, and instead, we had come six miles from anywhere and camped on a rocky, barren hill. No grass, no corn and the mules tired." The Mexicans evidently were afraid of us and meant to send us some distance. It was late, so we made coffee and retired, everybody out of humor.

Note: *The taking of race horses into the southwest (and into Mexico) seems to have been quite customary in the early or pioneer times of that section. After the Civil War, Genl. G. W. Cole, late of the Union Army, took some fast horses to Texas; and in 1878 Lieut. J. B. Kerr, 6th U. S. Cav'y, took to Arizona, from Kentucky, two horses, Butcher Boy and Childers, and "cleaned up" on the sports who brought horses over from California, looking for "easy money."

July 9th—Sunday: Started early in search of grass, which luckily we found not far off, also a nice pond of water, and decided to remain 'til next day. Some Mexicans drove a beef in and sold it to the Terry party for $15.00. Could not be induced to part with another. The Terrys are very kind and obliging at all times, particularly Capt. Dave. He offers us a part of everything he buys, so we had a share of the beef, the first we have had in Mexico. And we relished it, though it was not fat. At dinner Mrs. Gillock, whom I have never spoken to, sent me some grape pie. They have no servants and she and her adopted daughter, Mrs. Gillett, do their own cooking. They buy chickens and everything they see to eat. The only ladies of the party so far, who interchange any civilities, are Mrs. Terry and myself and the credit is due entirely to her, for I called once only at her tent. Mrs. Strobe, I have barely seen passing at a distance. She has three children. All their negros have left them except one woman, who was a "plantation hand." Capt. S. and his half brother, Geo. Jackson, were wealthy planters on the "Caney" and have still a good deal of money.

July 10th—Monday: Bought our first water from a tank belonging to a Mexican, found good grass. It is worthy of note, being the first offense of the kind, that Messrs. Oury and Wilson actually bestirred themselves and made flap jacks for dinner!!

Four P. M. and I've just awakened the Capt. to give the "hitching up order." We are still between two ranges of mountains. The sight is so novel to me that I have strained my eyes gazing at them. Thousands of peaks, at times bathed in sunshine and dazzling bright, again black as Erebus, frowning ominously through the slowly fading mist or fog. The flower season is past, tho I have noticed Cacti of every variety abounds. There are several varieties of Bear Grass. The "Meque" from which a liquor called "Mescal" is made, resembles the Bear Grass, leaf much wider, thicker and a paler green, the root is roasted for food, and, indeed, the plant is put to innumerable uses. The dagger grows tall here and has a trunk the size of an oak tree. But the terror of both man and beast in Mexico, is the thorns. Everything is armed with them. The sharpest, longest, fiercest thorns in the world. You can't avoid them, they are everywhere, on everything. The very atmosphere seems to bristle with them. One of our mules has been disabled several days from the prick of a mesquite thorn in his leg.

We drove back to the tank, watered and filled the kegs, preparatory to making a dry camp. A pedestrian enroute to Buena Vista,* took supper with Col. S.'s mess, and seemed inclined to continue with us.

Note: *Probably Buena Vista near Saltillo, where General Taylor defeated Santa Ana on February 23, 1847.

July 11—Tuesday: Took coffee and started early, camped at 12 o'clock on the side of a mountain, used water out of holes in the road and had to *pay* for it. We are feeling the cunning meanness of these people now. They deceive us daily, tell us we will find grass and water in one or two miles and we have to travel ten to fifteen miles to find it.

In the afternoon we passed a ranch where there was a large tank. The Mexicans were, I presume, afraid of us and told us there was plenty of water and grass a short distance ahead, so we did not fill the kegs. Fortunately, Mr. Neville would fill one and with this we cooked supper and breakfast, as we traveled 'til dark and found none. Those who had no water fasted.

July 12th—Wednesday: Started very early, expecting to find water and grass in a few miles, but such a barren country as we have come over today exists nowhere outside of Mexico. Naked as a pine floor, occasionally a brush, cactus, dagger or mesquite, but not a blade of grass. At last we halted at 12 o'clock at water, but the grass is very poor. I imagine some of the men are nearly as hungry as the poor animals. Whew! What a feast is in store for us, a nice fat cow, which we engaged at a ranch and they have just driven in. Well we had a "square" in reality, broiling steak, fried steak, liver, tomatoes, coffee and splendid biscuit, made by Addy, who thereby secures the "situation," the others asserting emphatically that they will never attempt it again. Mr. Neville says that with his twenty years constant practice, he never once succeeded in making such biscuit. Now, how can I employ myself,—I have nothing to read and have finished my shirt making, slept all morning (traveling). Mrs. Terry is not close by and I couldn't venture out in this blazing sun. Our boys are all asleep and I am alone. We are finding a fruit (Pitahaya)* now, which is creating a mania in our camp, and is delicious. It is about the size of an egg, when ripe the thorns fall off and you can peel it with the fingers as you would an orange. The inside is bright pink dotted with millions of tiny black seed; resembles the strawberry in flavor, is very palatable in its native state, much improved, they tell me by the addition of sugar and cream. We use the sugar but cream is scarce here.

After much deliberation and a short nap, I mustered courage, donned a clean dress and collar and paid Mrs. Terry a call, found her knee deep in patching, etc., says these resting days are her working days.

Note: *The fruit of a certain cactus which grows from Northern Mexico to Central America. It is something like the fruit of the sahuaro or giant cactus of Arizona, but larger and more delicate. Another fruit of this kind is the tuna or Indian fig, which is the fruit of a certain species of the prickly pear plant or nopal.

July 13th—Thursday: We had camped on the side of a little hill near a ditch, a flat between, where there was a little grass for the mules. At breakfast we discovered that the flat was filling with water and there was a great rush to get the mules, which was barely effected before several feet of water covered the ground. Evidently a heavy rain had fallen above, indeed, all the country over which we have come lately appears to have been deluged. We got off at six o'clock with the prospect of having to drive twenty-one miles to grass.

Capt. Dave Terry succeeded in making a race with a Mexican, so "the Judge" and several of his party went back to the ranch to witness it, but all overtook us at eleven A. M., considerably crestfallen, both their horses having lost. Luckily the Mexicans could only be induced to risk $20.00, else they could have bankrupted the Terrys. They do not seem to realize the fact that their horses are in no condition to run, being jaded from constant travel. This little defeat may save them a great deal. The Mexican being too timid to risk anything against the second horse, they ran him anyway, and lost.

A Mexican overtook us in hot haste in search of medical aid for a sick woman. Capt. Strobe has some knowledge of the science of healing and agreed to return. Both his and the Terry animals are upon the point of giving out. The Gillett's have already halted. The Mexicans stated that there was no grass from there to Parras (a literal fact) and offered to pasture all the animals gratis. Judge Terry wisely overtook his teams and turned them back. They couldn't have made the trip and there was certainly excellent grass only three miles back.

Col. Showalter, Capt. Sharp and Capt. Oury drove ahead steadily, with no interruption till night. Twelve hours constant pulling and only to find a little patch of grass literally black with mosquitos, which effectually prevented the poor creatures from eating. As there was nothing to stake to, they were tied up for the night after an hour's grazing and turned loose at daylight. We overtook in the afternoon a train loaded with cotton, which detained us an hour, as they were stretched across the creek, preventing our crossing. They drove oxen and unhitched upon a bare hill. Perhaps they carry forage.

I was startled about nine o'clock by a tremendous cracking of whips and jabbering of Spanish, and our men calling out to the others to "look out" for the horses, but they passed without molesting us. The Gilletts came up at daylight, owing to the wretched condition of their animals. We never expected to see them again. They had rested at noon, driven 'til dark, fed with mesquite* beans (which are abun-

Note: *These beans make excellent forage for stock—they are much relished by cattle. In the days of the Civil War, and just after, in Arizona, the Quartermaster's Department of the army paid $2.50 a sack for mesquite beans for army animals.

dant here, much better and sweeter than in Texas, and considered good food for mules), rested again and caught up. They report that the Terrys expect to remain two or three days at the ranch, if so, we will see no more of them.

July 14th—Friday: Let the mules graze 'til 8 o'clock, then started in search of good grass, which we soon found, but it was unavailable on account of the mosquitos, and we kept onward. This land has all been submerged, and is perfectly smooth, level and clean, and being white, is very trying to my eyes. The only relief afforded to the wearing monotony, being the fantastically shaped peaks towering up on each side of us. Addy and several of the boys witnessed the "mirage,"* which I missed by being asleep. I can stretch out comfortably on my mattress and sleep as though in a room, as we travel, to the envy of all the other ladies, most of whom have children and have to "sit up." The ambulance is immense and my large mattress being doubled back in day time, fills the back part, leaving comfortable seats in front, and I vibrate from bed to seat at will. Am leading rather a luxurious life.

At half past ten we halted. The grass is excellent but those ravenous mosquitos are determined to devour man and beast, the poor mules are dancing round and keeping up a desperate switching. Mr. Neville has put on "Frijoles"** and as they require a long time in cooking, the boys ate a cold lunch and have gone to sleep, 'tho from sundry ejaculations I deduce that something (perhaps the mosquitos) is disturbing their perfect repose, notwithstanding the precaution of gloving their hands and *batting* their faces.

Again, I am at a loss for employment. O! for something to read. In sheer desperation I must make somebody else some shirts. Mr. Oury, Mr. Wilson and Addy are getting short. I will get cloth in Parras and be kept busy hereafter. Goodness!! what am I to do with myself, the sun is pouring down without mercy or remorse and I am being roasted alive. Not a tree within ten miles. Not a breath of air stirring. The ambulance is standing on a sheet of white ground. God deliver me from another sight of this portion of Mexico.

Dinner at four. We were just seated when a little shower came up which greatly refreshed the temperature. Riding so constantly

Note: *A distant false lake or body of water, caused by heat waves, often seen on the plains in our Southwest and in Northern Mexico—frequently false trees and houses appear near these false bodies of water. Mirages have lured to their death inexperienced, weary travelers who are deceived by never reaching the false water.

**Beans of the red or brown variety, a staple food in Mexico. This is not a Spanish word as many suppose—the Spanish word for bean is "haba." The dictionary of the Spanish Academy gives the word frijol as an American word, probably meaning an Aztec word. In Columbia the word for bean is caraota. Since the true Spanish word for bean is haba; and in Mexico and Columbia it is frijol and caraota, it would seem that in the latter two countries the words for bean are Indian, or, as the Dictionary of the Spanish Academy states, American.

without a particle of exercise is beginning to tell on me unfavorably, so I concluded to take a little jaunt to a mountain which to me appeared within a stone's throw, tho some said it was two, others four miles off. Mr. Wilson assured me I would find Pitahayas at the base, and in company with Addy I started to it. There was a strong breeze and we walked briskly but the mountain seemed no nearer, while the camp was becoming a mere speck in the distance. Nothing discouraged, I increased speed, tho the sharp rocks and still sharper daggers pricked me at every step. But I reached the goal and tho I found no fruit, felt better for the run, the distance being about three miles, I think.

The loud peals of thunder and threatening rain warned us to hasten our return. Inadvertently we caused them a serious alarm in camp, and when we arrived found them all armed and equipped, coming to rescue us from the Indians. Addy had proposed my attempting to hit a prickly pear with his pistol, which I fired three times, he twice. Mr. Oury feared we had been attacked.

When the wind lulled, the calm brought myriads upon myriads of the most ravenous mosquitos, that had resolved upon a feast of American blood, and all our efforts to thwart them were ineffectual. The boys tied their heads up in towels and handkerchiefs, each armed with a brush fought desperately with the malicious foe. Some made smokes. "No sleep tonight, boys," and they walked around looking disconsolate. Mr. Oury and Col. S. had mosquito bars, which they stretched and succeeded in outwitting the famished fiends. I burned sugar in a frying pan and while it lasted, kept them off, but afterwards they came in scores and devoured my face, neck and hands. Capt. Dodson burnt an old sugar sack, but the rest of the boys had no means of defense, and not silently, *endured*. They look drowsy and worse from the unequal struggle today.

July 15th—Saturday: We bade the mosquitos adieu at an early hour, came eleven miles and nooned, have nice grass and water. I took a jaunt to the top of a mountain near by and got a pan full of "pitahayas." The exercise has made me perspire, and relieves me. Usually I do not perspire and suffer intensely with the roasting heat.

We all relished our dinner of "Picadio," splendid biscuit (Addy retains the situation), good coffee, mustard pickle and the pitahayas with sugar. Mr. Neville is toasting a supply of coffee. Addy has washed the dishes and scrubbed out the mess chest. The others are stretched out asleep. In the afternoon we came ten miles over very bad roads, boggy and rough, camped on the side of a mountain, where a Mexican presently came to collect pay for the grass. His master lives four or five miles off.

Mr. Oury told him to tell his master to come and he would settle with him in the morning. However, he did not come and some others, belonging at the same ranch, say he acted without authority,

which we suspected. It requires all our wits now to ward off their low, mean cunning.

Immediately after supper, we had a hard storm which created a sensation in camp. Mr. Oury came into my domicile and kept dry. Addy crawled into the wagon and out soon again. Capt. Dodson had a full benefit, being on guard. Mr. Neville lay and took it, but "Billy" kept up a terrific racket. Got under the ambulance and nearly rooted it over. It was a woebegone, forlorn looking set that stood round the fire drying next morning.

July 16th—Sunday: Started at ten, came over rough road and up one very steep hill, coming through the gap. Mr. Oury at the head of the Cavalry (he has ridden Addy's horse for two days) came to a ranch in three miles of Parras, and then learned that we are on the wrong road. So back we turned, took another road, which soon gave out. Mr. Oury galloped on to hunt a road, went round a mountain, back to the ranch, overtook us and turned us again. They had misinformed him regarding the road, refused to sell us corn, saying the French* had taken it all. Assured us we would find excellent grass two miles off.

Imagine our feelings, when halting after a long, hard day's travel, at finding a field full of weeds, and not one blade of grass, the mules tired and hungry and nothing to give them. Mr. Oury had ridden dinnerless all day on the roughest of horses, and now, such a prospect. No wood for miles around, ground soaking wet and muddy, a heavy storm almost upon us and those poor, tired, hungry mules begging for supper. It was one of our darkest, gloomiest hours so far, and I promise that a gallon of Brandy would have been acceptable just then. Well, these difficulties must be met, so the boys wandered off and gathered some dry weeds with which they could cook supper, in spite of the rain, and now, the question arose, what could be done for the mules, which were tied up to the wagons. After some deliberation, Mr. Collins (our driver) known only as Ben in camp, who is faithful and trusty—he belonged to the old Regular Army as teamster, afterwards served in the same capacity through our war—gives his undivided attention to his team, and under his care our mules have improved daily, while those of all the others have broken down; and the new Mexican, who had voluntarily "attached" himself to us, went back to the ranch to get some wheat to feed with, but as difficulties seemed to multiply with us, a furious storm came up, lasting during most of the night. The darkness could be felt. Withal, they found their way back to camp with some wheat, but the mules breakfasted instead of suppering. This ranch,** which resembles a small town, is the property of an immensely wealthy Mexican. He has

Note: *The French soldiers supporting Maxmillian on his throne in Mexico.

**The Madero family has for many years been making wine and brandy, hence the 640 acres of grapes mentioned above.

one vineyard of 640 acres square, enclosed within a wall 14 feet high, another large one at his residence, where also are many fruit trees, mostly pomegranates. A large granary occupies the center of the grounds and there is an air of system, neatness and order throughout.

July 17th—Monday: Mr. Oury rode Dick in search of grass, which he found two miles distant and we moved up. The grand sensation of the day was a visit to Parras. So we all donned our "Sunday clothes" except Mr. Oury and Addy, who persisted in wearing their flannel over-shirts and road clothes. The ambulance* was cleared of everything except the seats, my basket and a keg for brandy. Col. S. took a seat with Mr. Oury and myself, the others rode horseback.

At eleven o'clock we drew up on one "plaza" in front of the main hotel and soon I was abundantly supplied with peaches, apples, figs and grapes. The grapes are delicious, from them the "Parras Wine and Brandy" is made. I remained in charge of the stores, while the boys rushed around catering and having the animals shod. Mr. Oury had to visit the French "Commandante" and secure from him and the Mexican "prefecto" permission (and a passport) to continue our journey.

Parras is a place of considerable importance. The main plaza is very handsome, is laid out in walks, bordered with lovely roses, dahlias and other flowers. The triangles, diamonds, etc., as plots, intervening, are thickly carpeted with luxuriant grass, dotted with shubbery and flowers. The wide stone walk surrounding it is provided with numerous seats, made of cement, painted dark red and considerably ornamented. Each side of these divans would accommodate six or eight persons and they are on both sides of the walk. They have a fine brass band, which discourses enlivening music during the evening and altogether it appears to be an inviting resort. A handsome, highly ornamented church occupies the opposite corner, and I regret not being able to see inside, but Mr. Oury was too busy to take me anywhere. The streets were full of French Soldiers. The officers wear elegant uniforms, scarlet pants trimmed with black, dark green and black jackets fitting closely, and the whole elaborately ornamented with silver braid and buttons. They are superbly mounted on beautiful Arabian horses, and it is a dazzling spectacle to see them fully equipped and mounted. No expense has been spared in fitting them out. The soldiers wear yellow linen blouses and pants with wide red belts, pants tight at the ankles but very wide in the legs. Tiny red caps, tassel behind and no brim, adorn the back of their heads. Several now have loose slips of linen over the blouse and pants, extending to the knee. The Colonel in command has been very polite and courteous to Mr. Oury, but of this, more anon.

(To be continued.)

Note: *Ambulance at the time this diary was written, and for many years after, was a sort of stage-coach, not, as understood now, a conveyance for the sick.

A SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHY of Works in English, on the Spanish Missions of the Southwest

By RUFUS KAY WYLLYS

The following bibliography is intended as a reading list for those interested in studying the Spanish missionaries of the Southwest and their work. It is not offered as being in any sense a complete guide to reference works on the subject. Only those works are listed which are more likely to be encountered in the average library; but many of those listed contain much more extensive bibliographies which will be found useful for those interested in further investigation.

It is hoped that this list will form a convenient guide for the conduct of study courses on the subject of the Spanish missionary frontier.

TRANSLATED SOURCES

Bolton, Herbert E. (editor) *Anza's California Expeditions.* (5 v., Berkeley, 1930). An excellent collection of diaries and documents relating to the planting of the presidio and mission of San Francisco. 1774-1776. Volume I is especially recommended, as being the editor's own summary and interpretation of Spain in our Southwest. It is soon to be issued in a separate volume, as *Outpost of Empire.* Volume IV. contains the famous diary of Padre Pedro Font. All of the diaries are revealing of the life and work of the missionaries of the Southwest. (See review, in this number of the *Arizona Historical Review*). Contains excellent new maps.

Bolton, Herbert E. (editor) *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta,* 1683-1711. (2 v., Cleveland, 1919). This is one of the standard reference works on the career and accomplishments of Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino, greatest of the Arizona missionaries. It is to be supplemented in the future by another collection of additional and hitherto unpublished Kino diaries, edited by the same scholar. Fine maps of Pimeria Alta.

Bolton, Herbert E. (editor) *Spanish Exploration and Settlement in the Southwest,* 1542-1706. (New York, 1916). An excellent short collection of first-hand accounts of exploration from the days of Cabrillo to those of Padre Kino. Contains the well known Kino *Relacion.*

Coues, Elliott (editor) *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer: the Diary and Itinerary of Francisco Garces,* 1775-1776. (2 v., New

York, 1900). A good edition of the writings of Fray Francisco Garces, missionary-explorer of the Southwest. Coues' edition contains some errors corrected by later editors and writers, but is still the standard work on this subject.

Hammond, George P., and Rey, Agapito (editors) *Obregon's History of 16th Century Explorations in Western America; entitled Chronicle, Commentary, or Relations of the Ancient and Modern Discoveries in New Spain and New Mexico: Mexico, 1584.* (Los Angeles, 1928). This quaint old 16th-century history, by a Spanish soldier, narrates the penetration of his Spanish contemporaries into Sonora and Sinaloa.

Hodge, Frederick W., and Lewis, Theodore H. (editors) *The Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States, 1528-1543.* (New York, 1925). A collection of the narratives of Cabeza de Vaca, Coronado and De Soto.

Wilbur, Marguerite Eyer (editor) *Miguel Venegas, Juan Maria de Salvatierra of the Company of Jesus, Missionary in the Province of New Spain, and Apostolic Conqueror of the Californias.* (Cleveland, 1929). This is the story of the life of the greatest missionary of Lower California, friend and associate of Padre Kino, and founder of the long chain of peninsular missions which antedated those of Alta California.

REFERENCE WORKS

Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of Arizona and New Mexico.* (San Francisco, 1888). The old and still fairly reliable history of Arizona and New Mexico, and the basis of many popular histories of these two states more recently written. Although there have been many corrections of Bancroft's work, yet its main features are still accepted.

Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of the North Mexican States and Texas* (2 v., San Francisco, 1889). An excellent work, and still the standard reference for the background of our Southwest. Consult especially Volume I, 1531-1800, for a discussion of the missionaries of the far Southwest.

Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of Mexico.* (6 v., San Francisco, 1883-1888). Also useful as a background, although the material on missions is more scattered than in the preceding work.

Blackmar, Frank W. *Spanish Institutions of the Southwest.* (Baltimore, 1891). An old, but still very useful work, especially good for a detailed treatment of the social life of the missions, and for an estimate of their significance.

Bolton, Herbert E. *The Spanish Borderlands.* (New Haven, 1920). A short treatise on the Spanish Southwest as a whole. It contains excellent summaries of the mission systems.

Bolton, Herbert E. *Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century; Studies in Spanish Colonial History and Administration.* (Berkeley, 1915). This is a very scholarly, thorough treatment of the early Spanish missions of Texas.

Bolton, Herbert E., and Marshall, Thomas M. *The Colonization of North America*, 1492-1783. (New York, 1920.) A comprehensive text-book, covering the whole colonial history of North America, with emphasis on Spanish colonization. Very useful for reference.

Chapman, Charles E. *The Founding of Spanish California.* (New York, 1916). One of the most scholarly treatments of the spread of Spanish missions into California in the 18th century.

Chapman, Charles E. *A History of California: the Spanish Period.* (New York, 1921). Contains much the same material as the above, but in more condensed form.

Cleland, Robert G. *Pathfinders.* (Los Angeles, 1929). This work is of a distinctly popular nature, and deals in part with the Spanish explorations in the Southwest.

Denis, A. J. *Spanish Alta California.* (New York, 1927) A not particularly original, but still convenient, summary of the founding of the California missions.

Eldredge, Zoeth S. *The Beginnings of San Francisco, from the expedition of Anza, 1774, to the city charter of April 15, 1850.* (2 v., San Francisco, 1912). Although now superseded by Dr. Bolton's *Anza's California Expeditions,* this old work may still be found of some value.

Engelhardt, Padre Zephyrin. *Missions and Missionaries of California.* (4 v., San Francisco, 1908.) This comprehensive work covers both the peninsular and Alta California missions, and will be found most valuable as a reference. The same author has long been at work upon individual treatises dealing with each of the California missions, which are appearing in single volumes from year to year.

Farish, T. E. *History of Arizona.* (8 v., Phoenix, 1915). Although not very original, Farish's work is perhaps the most comprehensive history of Arizona yet published.

Forrest, Earl R. *Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest.* (Cleveland, 1929.) This work is by no means reliable as to its text, for it contains many errors of statement. But it has an excellent collection of photographs of the old missions.

Hallenbeck, C. *Spanish Missions of the Old Southwest.* (Garden City, N. Y., 1926). Like the preceding, this work is most useful for its handsome photographs.

Lowery, Woodbury. *Spanish Settlements with the Present Boundaries of the United States, 1551-1561.* (New York, 1911.) Should be used to supplement Hodge and Lewis, cited above.

Lumholtz, Carl. *New Trails in Mexico.* (New York, 1912) A fine first-hand description of the old missions of Sonora, as they existed twenty years ago. Has a splendid map of the old mission frontier country.

Lummis, Charles F. *The Spanish Pioneers and the California Missions.* (Chicago, 1929). A popular and very readable account of Spain in America, with special reference to the Southwest.

North, Arthur W. *The Mother of California.* (San Francisco and New York, 1908). Not very reliable, but the only attempt at a complete history of Lower California, including the missions of that region.

Priestley, Herbert I. *The coming of the White Man,* 1492-1848. (New York, 1929). The first few chapters of this book contain a readable interpretative history of New Spain and the Spanish Southwest, with emphasis on social and economic factors.

Priestley, Herbert I. *Jose de Galvez, Visitor-General of New Spain,* 1765-1771. (Berkeley, 1916.) A scholarly biography of the man who conceived the last push of the Spanish missionary frontier northward into California. The work contains graphic pictures of 18th-century Sonora and Arizona.

Richman, Irving B. *California under Spain and Mexico,* 1535-1847. (Boston and New New York, 1911). A detailed work which contains a good summary of the deeds of Padre Kino and deals with other missionaries of the Southwest.

Sanchez, Nellie V. de G. *Spanish Arcadia.* (Los Angeles, 1929). A popular description of mission and ranch life in Spanish California.

A FEW ARTICLES AND DOCUMENTS IN PERIODICALS.

Bolton, Herbert E., "The Mission as a Frontier Institution in the Spanish American Colonies," *American Historical Review,* Volume XXIII, No. 2.

Chapman, Charles E., "The Jesuits in Baja California, (1647-1768)," *Catholic Historical Review,* Volume VI , No. 1.

Hammond, George P., "Pimeria Alta after Kino's Time," *New Mexico Historical Review, Volume IV,* No. 3.

Wyllys, Rufus K., "Padre Luis Velarde's *Relacion* of Pimeria Alta." *New Mexico Historical Review,* Volume VI, No. 2.

THE ARMY AND THE APACHE

An Open Letter

4933 Jurupa Ave., Riverside, Calif.
October 14, 1931

The Editor,
The Arizona Historical Review.

Dear Madam:

In the Arizona Historical Review for April, July and October, 1931, appear articles—under the caption of "Apache Misrule"—by Mr. John P. Clum, whose purpose seems to be to glorify the Apache, and censure the army.

With considerable hesitancy, it is desired in the paragraphs following to controvert some of the substance matter of these articles. I say with considerable hesitancy, because of a dislike to enter into a difference (which this letter will in all likelihood start) where little, if anything, is to be gained at this late day, so long after the events Mr. Clum writes of. But, on the other hand, in the interest of authentic history; and since I lived in Arizona and knew many of the people Mr. Clum writes about, in his "Apache Misrule," who would not subscribe to much of what he says, I feel that something ought to be said in disapproval of his articles.

Not only do Mr. Clum's articles make statements to glorify the Apaches, and censure the army, but the Los Angeles Times, through Mr. Harry Carr and Mr. Lee Shippey, prompted by Mr. Clum, frequently publishes like articles.

My motives—in showing that the Apache was ever, until conquered by the army, a cruel, blood-thirsty savage; and that the army did its work in Arizona, as it has always performed its duty, without fear or favor—no doubt will be questioned by the gentlemen above; and perhaps some others who hold themselves as philanthropists and peace at any price disciples. They may ask what I know about Arizona, the Apache and the army?

I was born in the Territory, and lived there during much of the Apache troubles. My service in the army amounts to thirty years on the active list, and almost twelve on the retired.

It is true that at the time of the Cibicu affair (of which Mr. Clum makes much adverse comment) I was but twelve years old; but it is also true that after I entered the army much of my service was with the officers (known to me as a boy) Clum criticises; and from talking with them, and reading what some of them wrote, I have formed conclusions which do not agree with Mr. Clum's articles. It might be added that during my active service in the army considerable of it was in Arizona.

When arguing any case it is fair and proper to show every incorrect and inaccurate statement made by the party, or parties, argued against—it is my purpose to do that in this letter.

Mr. Clum says, page 58 of the April, 1931, issue of the *Arizona Historical Review*, "During the summer of 1881 Agent Tiffany committed a 'stupid and stupendous' administrative blunder." This "stupid and stupendous" blunder was not trusting the Indian police, and calling on the military to arrest the fanatical medicine-man, Nock-e-da-klinny. How will an unbiased person reconcile what Mr. Clum says with what Genl. Carter—a fine officer and scholarly man, who was at the Cibicu as a lieutenant, and there decorated for bravery—states in his "History of the Sixth Cavalry?" I will quote:

"Nockay-det-Klinny had been promising to raise the dead and drive out the whites for some time, and was growing rich on the credulity of his fellow-tribesmen. Genl. Carr was sent from Ft. Lowell to Ft. Apache to handle a most delicate situation. Nockay-det-Klinny was summoned several times to appear before Agent Tiffany at San Carlos, but ignored all orders, and retired to his camp on Cibicu creek, 40 miles from Ft. Apache. Tiffany requested Carr to arrest the medicine man.

"On the 29th of August, 1881, Genl. Carr paraded his little force of 79 soldiers and 23 Indian scouts and marched to Cibicu creek. When near the Indian camp the well-known chief Sanchez, rode out

and met the officers with whom he shook hands; then deliberately rode along the column and counted Carr's men. While Sanchez was thus engaged Apaches were noted to approach the command from behind bushes and rocks. Genl. Carr directed Capt. Hentig to warn them away, and as the latter entered on this duty, he was shot and killed by a young Apache buck which precipitated a hand-to-hand encounter in which the troops fought two to one, the scouts having joined Nockay-det-Klinny's reserves. In the melee Genl. Carr shouted, "Kill the medicine-man!" which was done by a young buglar. The Indians were driven off, but not until Capt. Hentig and six soldiers had been killed."

Certainly Genl. Carter's account above indicates no stupidity on the part of Agent Tiffany. How was he (Tiffany) to know that the Indian police had not had their minds poisoned against the whites, by the preaching of the medicine-man, as the scouts had theirs, as shown by Genl. Carter? Again, what did Mr. Clum know about what was going on at the agency in 1881, when he left the Indian Service in 1877? Mr. Clum is over zealous for the good name of the Apache, at least it would look that way to an unbiased person.

These articles of Mr. Clum's, plus those of Mr. Carr and Mr. Shippey, are somewhat on the order of the book "Massacre" by Robt. Gessner, who attempts to show that the affair at Wounded Knee, S. D., Dec. 29th, 1890, was an uncalled for and merciless slaughter of the Indians. The book is a series of misstatements, falsehoods, and utterly uncalled for attacks on the soldiers—a maliciously false representation of the conduct of our army. The truth is that the soldiers were attacked by the Indians (as they were at the Cibicu). I was in this campaign and know whereof I speak.

Gessner says: "It is my duty as an American citizen —it is every citizen's duty—to launch myself into the positive struggle of placing the living Indian on the respectable, human plane of a self-sufficing, culture-effusing American." That is correct, but not at the expense of the good name of the army. There are too many of these self-constituted defenders of the Indian, who know noth-

ing about him, or the conditions under which the army performed thankless tasks for the protection of the settler, who always asked for troops when his life and property were in danger. Why do these defenders of the Indians wait so long after what they write of has passed before they write their articles and books? That in itself should make a reader suspect an ulterior motive, rather than regard for the Indian and censure for the army.

Such books as "Massacre," and articles as "Apache Misrule" accomplish no good, even if their authors think they are called upon to defend the Indian. From living all my life in an army environment I deny most emphatically that our army ever knowingly acted unfairly with the Indians. Nor does it institute any propaganda of heroics. It is called upon to do a duty and it does it.

Mr. Clum criticises Col. Carr for having Lieut. Cruse take the arms from the scouts on August 14, fifteen days before the affair at the Cibicu, and then says that Genl. McDowell quotes his (Carr's) telegram (referring to the disarmament of the scouts) in his report, and "makes the following caustic comment:" "The temper of his Indian scouts being such as to make it his duty to disarm them, thus causing them to feel they were distrusted; the belief in their disposition to treachery being general, and that they could only be relied on till the next pay-day; it was injudicious, as events have shown, in Colonel Carr to take them, with arms in their hands, to aid him in the arrest of one of their leaders."

While the criticism of Genl. McDowell is well founded, Carr accomplished what he was sent to do; and, in the general argument as to whether or not he blundered, commendatory criticism would seem to be more appropriate than "caustic comment." The more is this so when considering Col. Carr's record: He was graduated from West Point in 1850; had a most gallant record in the Civil war, and against Indians prior to, and after that struggle. He was severely wounded by the Mescalero Apaches in 1854, and was thrice wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark-

ansas, March 6-8, 1862. He was a Brigadier General of Volunteers in the Civil war while a Captain in the regular establishment. He led the expedition to Summit Springs, Colorado, July 11, 1869, against the celebrated Cheyenne chief, Tall Bull; and after a long, difficult march, to keep the Indians from knowing that he was coming, charged their village and utterly routed them. For this, as I remember, he was thanked by the legislature of Colorado. He was in command of the Sixth Cavalry in the Sioux war of 1890-91, and all under him—including myself—at that time had every confidence in him as a leader. His "blunder" at the Cibicu did not keep President Harrison from making him a Brigadier General when he was retired for age February 15, 1893. He died in Washington, Dec. 2, 1910.

Genl. Carr was a peppery and courageous man, and, had he lived to see Mr. Clum's articles, I am quite sure would have replied in a vigorous and convincing manner to much that he (Clum) has said of the Cibicu affair. And here it can be said that it is unfortunate that most, if not all, of the officers who were at the Cibicu are now dead, or else some might reply to Mr. Clum's articles, and give an entirely different version than the one presented by him at this late day.

When one wishes to present his case as he would have it appear to others, it is easy to criticise adversely, but in so doing one must be prepared for a boomerang.

Mr. Clum says: "Thus it is plain that if Agent Tiffany had sent the dependable Agency police to arrest Nock-e-da-klinny, the opportunity would not have been created for Colonel Carr to make his very grievous blunder." The Agency police may have been dependable in 1874, '75, '76 and '77, when Mr. Clum was at San Carlos. But on what does he base his assertion that they were dependable in 1881, at the time a fanatic was stirring up their relatives and friends; and when he (Clum) was not at San Carlos, and could have known nothing, at first hand, of the conditions there then?

He criticises Genl. O. B. Willcox for having additional troops sent into Arizona; that the "military arm" had been "set in motion." Reply to that is that there never were troops enough in Arizona to efficiently cope with the Apache; not because of the expertness of the Indian as a soldier, but because of the vastness of the country to be scouted over, and the favorable terrain for the Indians. Proof of this is shown in fifty-one engagements or skirmishes officially recorded (the names and dates of these fights, with the troops engaged, can be given if called for) between Indians and troops in Arizona from Jan. 4, 1874, to Aug. 15, 1882. In addition there were a great number of skirmishes in the neighboring Territory of New Mexico. I fear Mr. Clum has not fully represented the conditions as they were in Arizona in his time there. Forty-three of the above fifty-one engagements took place between Jan. 4, 1874, and Aug. 29, 1877, the years Mr. Clum was with the Indian Service, yet from reading his articles one would think the army was not needed in Arizona in his time, and that his Indian police were sufficient to hold hostile Apaches in check.

Not satisfied with lambasting Col. Carr and Genl. Willcox, Mr. Clum goes after Genl. Sherman, the commander of the army. Such wholesale censure of prominent officers, favorably known to many old time Arizonans, holds water only with modern blind philanthropists, and those who think they could have done better with the Indians than the army did in Arizona. And here it might be said that army officers were often appointed as Indian Agents. They were noted for their knowledge of the Indians, the country they live in, and conditions generally pertaining to their wards on reservations. There were no better or more efficient agents than Capt. Frank D. Baldwin, at Anadarko, I. T., Capt. Jesse M. Lee at Pine Ridge, S. D., and Capt. Constant Williams at Ft. Defiance, in the Navajo reservation. All these gentlemen I knew and served under, and in the Indian country, at one time or another, all rose to be general officers. These are

only a few of the army men appointed as agents, so the reader may judge for himself as to whether or not Mr. Clum's articles against the army in Indian matters are warranted. In fact, it has often been stated by the Indians themselves that they preferred an army officer agent to a civilian. The army man had no axe to grind—simply did his duty.

Clum's views have brought him disciples, among others, Mr. Harry Carr and Mr. Lee Shippey of the Los Angeles Times. With respect to the latter the following may be said:

Mr. Carr's attempts, in his Lancer column of the Times, to cast discredit on the army and praise the Apache, are like his attempts at quoting Southwestern history and use of the Spanish language—often erroneous.

Carr says, in effect, that the Apaches out-marched out-manoeuvred, and out-fought the troops. On this Mr. Carr follows in spirit the lead of his preceptor, Mr. Clum, though the latter in his articles makes no such assertions, nor is there any intimation that such is the truth. On the contrary, Mr. Clum blames the army for killing Indians, by innuendo, if not by actual statements, which is one way of saying that the Apaches were whipped—which means out-marched, out-manoeuvred and out-fought. The last result—the pacification of the Apaches by the army—shows the white man to be the better soldier. It is to be granted that the Apache was a hard nut to crack, but never, as Mr. Carr has stated, that he was the best soldier in the world—or words to that effect.

This statement of Mr. Carr's is like the one he once made in his Lancer column—that Sandino, in Nicaragua, had more brains than the 2000 U. S. marines in Nicaragua. I happen to be familiar with Sandino's "Operations," since in 1928 I was a member of the American Electoral Mission to Nicaragua, and there learned that he was looked upon, by both the Conservative and Liberal parties, as a renegade, with no standing whatever; and that he was always along the Honduran border and could step over

into Honduras when, on occasions, with much superior numbers he attacked small detachments of marines, who usually put him to route.

About Oct. 7 or 8, Mr. Shippey came out in the Los Angeles Times with a garbled story, which was an interview with Mr. Clum. Mr. Shippey said, among other things, that the Indian police of San Carlos were mustered into Arizona's militia, and protected the citizens of Arizona from hostile Apaches.

The letters below will answer Mr. Shippey's claim that any Apache police from San Carlos were ever in the Arizona militia:

"4933 Jurupa Ave., Riverside, Calif., Oct. 17, 1931.

"Mr. Lee Shippey,
"Los Angeles Times,
"Los Angeles, Calif.

"Dear Sir:

"Referring to your recent Lee Side O' L. A. article (an interview with Mr. John P. Clum), in which you stated his (Mr. Clum's) Apache police were mustered into the militia of Arizona, etc. I am sending you two letters which are self-explanatory.

"Very respectfully,

"C. C. SMITH,
"Col. U. S. Army, Retired."

"4933 Jurupa Avenue, Riverside, Calif., Oct. 12, 1931.

"The Adjutant General, State of Arizona,
"Phoenix, Arizona.

"General:

"Will you kindly let me know if a company of Apache police, from San Carlos, was ever mustered into Arizona militia, and, if so, did they ever operate as troops, under orders from your office, in the protection of citizens from attack by hostile Apaches? Thanking you, I am,

"Very respectfully,

"C. C. SMITH,
"Col. U. S. A. Retired."

"STATE OF ARIZONA
"Military Department
"Office of the Adjutant General
Phoenix, Arizona 15, 1931.

"SUBJECT:
"Apache Indians in State Service.
"To: Colonel C. C. Smith,
"U. S. Army, Retired.

"My dear Colonel:

"Replying to your inquiry of 12th. inst., as to whether or not there were ever any Apache Indians from San Carlos mustered into Arizona Militia, would say that there is no record in this office to that effect and I do not believe there were any from San Carlos ever in State Service.

"We do have retained Muster Rolls in this office for the Pima Indians who were mustered into the old 1st. Arizona Infantry during the Civil War and are now drawing pensions from the Federal Government.

"I just called Colonel McClintock and he says that he is sure there were never any Apache Indians in the National Guard.

"Yours sincerely,
" OSCAR F. TEMPLE,
"Adjutant General of Arizona."

My vehement defense of the army; and condemnation of the old day Apache, in this letter, is because of such long standing and contrary vehement statements by those who take the opposite, and to my notion, unjust view.

As for the Apaches of today, I would be inconsiderate and unjust if I did not give them due credit for their present good behavior, but this has nothing to do with the savage and cruel Apache of my boyhood days in Arizona.

You have published Mr. Clum's articles (which have inspired Mr. Carr and Mr. Shippey to write in the same vein). Now, in justice to the other side of the question, I beg you to publish this letter; and just as it is written, even though it may be lacking in literary niceties.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Very respectfully,
C. C. SMITH,
Col. U. S. Army, Retired.

BOOK REVIEWS

WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHALL. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1931. Pp. 392.

The new book "Wyatt Earp—Frontier Marshall," by Stuart N. Lake, is the most satisfactory story of the old West that has been published. The biography of this famous peace officer is presented in a vivid, but sincere and dignified manner, and includes a wealth of most valuable, as well as entertaining information regarding general conditions associated with the development of the frontier—particularly in that period when the picturesque buffalo hunters held sway over the vast plans of the middle-wist.

I knew Wyatt Earp for nearly a half-century—from 1880 until his death in 1929. I visited him frequently during his final illness, and spoke to him the night before he died. As a last expression of friendship, I was permitted to serve as one of his pall-bearers.

I know the very trying conditions under which Wyatt was called upon to uphold the law in and about Tombstone. Situations demanded a quick, keen brain, unerring judgment, nerves of steel and absolute fearlessness—a test for the best. Wyatt Earp met these tests with equanimity. Wyatt never feared anyone who would face him in the open.

I have often said that one of our greatest assets in the peaceful enforcement of law and order in Tombstone was the personality of Wyatt Earp. The desperado-outlaw element had a wholesome respect for his courage and prowess, and when any of those blustering, pseudo "bad men" come face to face with Wyatt they obligingly quit before shooting began. The result was "peace without victory." The single exception to this rule was the street battle with outlaws on October 26, 1881.

Wyatt Earp played an important and strenuous part in shaping the orderly stride of Empire on its westward course. He well deserves the candid story of his spectacular and colorful career which Mr. Lake has written with such patient care and arduous labor.

I have no doubt that this fine tribute to Wyatt Earp will be eagerly sought and widely read, and that the story will grow in popularity and interest with the passing years—thus securing for this foremost frontier marshal the public recognition and appreciation that his heroic services on behalf of the public welfare have so well merited.

JOHN P. CLUM,

Founder and Editor of The Tombstone Epitaph, (Tombstone, Arizona, 1880); First Mayor of the City of Tombstone, 1881.

BROTHERS IN THE WEST. By Robert Raynolds. Harper and Brothers, New York and London, 1931. Pp. 299. $2.50.

Although widely advertised as the winner of the Harper Prize Novel Contest for 1931-1932, it is difficult to see why this literary effusion should attain the honor of being classed with its more worthy predecessors.

Undoubtedly it possesses certain merits of style and diction. As to plot, however, its quality is questionable. A rambling, unrelated series of incidents is loosely tied together by discussions of sex. Fortunately, this is a "first" novel. One may hope for better ones in the future from the author.

The two stalwart, lusty brothers, red-bearded Charles and dark David, typify the western frontiersman of the middle nineteenth century. Gradually their magnetic personalities attract to their service a band of devoted followers. Their wanderings and adventures, amorous and otherwise, form the central theme of the novel.

"They remembered themselves, but not where they were born or who might have been their parents. Even as children they had moved through wild countries with wandering folk, and as younger men than now had set out together, following the stars of chance. They hadn't any special ambitions and no long-lasting desires. They had toiled through desert heat, parched and weary; they had stood on the low dunes of the Gulf of Mexico; they had panned gold in California creeks; they had lived with Navajos in their country; they had followed adventures through the ragged Mexican sierras, and many a long trail had found them afoot; they had grown to be plain big men, used to the wilderness, to day and night, and any sort of weather; they had been hungry and thirsty together; they had been drunk and ribald together; they had enjoyed women and left them; they had kept each other warm lying body to body under a buffalo robe on high plateaus. In all things, they were brothers together."

This quotation indicates the general style and plot sequence of the novel. Here and there, pictures stand vividly out from the medley of rough frontier life and horse-play: the pioneer Smith family and its fate; a Mexican hacienda; an abandoned mission and its padre; a wide expanse of blazing desert; a spacious mountain meadow. Such pictures do much to relieve the sordidness upon which the author loves to dwell.

Perhaps, indeed, the best quality of the book lies in its glowing descriptive passages. Raynolds, clearly, knows his West and his Mexico. As he reproduces them with pitiless realism, one willingly follows the picturesque trail of the brothers through the West, for the sake of seeing another picture just beyond each distant mesa.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

LIFE IN MEXICO: During a Residence of Two Years in that Country. By Mme. Calderon de la Barca. With an Introduction by Henry Baerlein. New York, E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1931. Pp. xxxviii, 542. $3.00.

This new edition of an old classic of the nineteenth century is sponsored, according to the publishers, by the Junior League of Mexico City. Although it is reprinted from the original plates, apparently, the work now appears in a much more attractive format, and one more suited to modern readers than was the case with the original, in the old *Everyman's Classics* series.

I first read Madame Calderon de la Barca's collected letters while residing in Mexico, and as a guide-book to social customs and mannerisms of the Mexican pepole, the work proved as freshly stimulating as it must have been when it was first published in complete form in London in 1843. In the passage of nearly a century, it has lost none of its applicability to Mexican life.

Consisting of fifty-four letters, the collection ranges in the topics discussed and described, from "Mexico in the Morning" to a description of the evil genius of Mexico, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, or as he later had himself styled, "His Supreme Highness." Here and there appears a touch which connects the sojourn of Madame Calderon de la Barca with our own history, such as a brief glimpse of the unfortunate prisoners taken in the Texan Santa Fe expedition of 1841, and a comment on the success of the brilliant actress, Fanny Elssler, who swept audiences off their feet in the United States of the forties. But the book should be read solely for a vivid portrayal of Mexico, the little-changing.

The publishers are to be praised for such a neat, readable reprint of this famous and substantial classic.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

THE GREAT PLAINS. By Walter Prescott Webb, Associate Professor of History, the University of Texas. New York and Chicago, Ginn and Company, 1931. Pp. xvi, 525, maps and illustrations. $3.80.

For those who desire to read a truly brilliant study and interpretation of the plains and mountain country of the Southwest, no better work could be recommended than Professor Webb's THE GREAT PLAINS. Here is the cream of history, of geography, put succinctly into a scholarly and fascinating discussion of the region which has produced the real West. Nearly every page contains shrewd comments upon and analyses of, the factors that have made the West and its society.

So all-inclusive is the work that it would be difficult to say which of its features are most outstanding and noteworthy. Logical-

ly, the subject is introduced by a definition of the Great Plains, as "the High Plains in the center, the Prairie Plains on the east, and the arid mountainous section on the west." Such a broad definition (with which not all students may agree), includes, of course, the Rocky Mountain plateau. The author devotes much space and detail to a discussion of geographic factors and the flora and fauna of the region affecting human life. Equally detailed and revealing is the treatment of the Plains Indians, with an unusually good appreciation of the significance of their becoming horsemen.

Two excellent historical chapters, on the Spanish and American "approaches" to the Great Plains, form neat summaries of the coming of the white man, Latin and Anglo-American, to the area. Why "the Spaniards never did more than nibble around the margins of the Great Plains;" why the myth of "the Great American Desert" arose; why the six-shooter solved the problems of the Texan frontier; and why the South and its economic system were checked by the Great Plains,—all these questions are thoroughly handled in these two chapters.

From a treatment of early Spanish and American pioneers, Professor Webb turns to economic history. His discussion of the Cattle Kingdom and its trails, its expansion and its folkways, is in itself better than nearly any one of a host of entire volumes on the subject. Fully as important is his handling of the vital matters of railroads, fencing (which section contains the best short history of barbed-wire), the problems of water and farming on the Great Plains, and the various homestead laws applying to the region west of the 98th meridian.

The work closes with two chapters on the literature of and about the Great Plains, and the significance of the Plains in American life. Herein are discussed such topics as "Why is the West considered Spectacular and Romantic?;" "Why was the West considered Lawless?;" and "Why is the West politically Radical?" All of these queries, and several others, are most satisfactorily answered.

The chief criticism which occurs to the reviewer is that Professor Webb is unduly influenced by his own Texan environment. Perhaps a fuller treatment of the northern Great Plains and of the Rocky Mountain West would give the volume a wider appeal. He is, however, correct in his assumption that what was true of the Texan plains is in some degree typical of other areas in the Great Plains.

It is safe to predict that some time will elapse before there will appear a better interpretation of the whole range of Southwestern history than is this fine volume. It easily supersedes all previous discussions of the Cattle Kingdom and the homesteader, and as a whole should maintain a permanent place high in the annals of the Southwest.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

ANZA'S CALIFORNIA EXPEDITIONS. Edited by Herbert Eugene Bolton, Professor of American History and Director of the Bancroft Library, University of California. University of California Press, Berkeley, California, 1930. 5 vols. (I, pp. xxi, 529; II, pp. xii, 473; III. pp. xviii, 436; IV, pp. x, 552; v. pp. xviii, 426.) Illustrations and maps. $25.00.

Here, in five handsome volumes, are the complete records of one of the greatest epics in the history of the Southwest. This truly profound work, the product of twenty years of patient, scholarly research, provides all students and lovers of Southwestern history with the materials necessary to understand one of its imperishable episodes. Students, librarians and readers who profess an interest in the chronicles of Arizona and California cannot well do without this splendid collection of first-hand accounts of the last great colonial "push" of Spain into North America.

By its general scheme, the work is divided into two main portions, an introductory volume and four volumes of documentary material. Volume I, *An Outpost of Empire,* is a synthetic and vivid account of the two expeditions of Juan Bautista de Anza, 1774-1776, from the Arizona-Sonora frontier to northern California. Part One of this volume, entitled, "The Setting for the Drama," successfully places the founding of San Francisco in its proper relation to the history of the Spanish New World. Part Two, "Opening a Land Route to California," is the narrative of Anza's first or exploring journey from Tubac down to Caborca and thence over the Camino del Diablo to the Colorado and the coast, and on to San Francisco Bay, thus carrying out and extending the explorations of Padre Eusebio Kino in the seventeenth century. Part Three, "The San Francisco Colony," deals with the heroic trek of Anza's 240 colonists from Culiacan to Monterey in 1776, and with the actual founding of San Francisco in that year. Part Four, "Anza and Palma in Mexico," describes the return of Anza and Garces to the Pimeria and to Mexico. Salvador Palma, who accompanied Anza on his return to Mexico City, was the vigorous and yet mystical Yuma chieftain who figures so picturesquely in the whole story as the friend of the Spaniards.

Volume I, serving as an introduction to the other four volumes of documents, is the editor's own interpretation and summary of the documentary records which compose the bulk of the entire work. It is written in a clear, simple, direct style, and with a rare enthusiasm born of long study in the archives of Mexico and careful personal retracing of the routes of Anza. Beautifully illustrated with photographs, reproductions, and ten detailed maps of the Anza trails, compiled by the editor, it is in itself a worthy addition to any library.

Professor Bolton's metaphor of the dog and its tail helps to place the Anza expeditions in the history of the Spanish Borderlands, and will appeal both to those who are most interested in the role of Spain

in our Southwest, and to those who appreciate the history of Spanish America in its larger sense: "The real Spanish America, the dog, lay between the Rio Grande and Buenos Aires. The part of the animal lying north of the Rio Grande was only the tail." Such a thought-provoking statement helps us to see the Spanish viewpoint toward our Southwest.

Volume II, *Opening a Land Route to California*, contains a group of diaries relating to the first Anza expedition, of 1774. Anza's diary A is his complete diary ("Diario de la Ruta, i Operaciones . . "), covering the same ground, but not identical with his other two diaries of the expedition (B, Tubac to San Gabriel; and C, return diary), and is taken from the original in the archives of Mexico. It is followed by Anza's diaries B and C. Then come the 1774 diaries of Fray Juan Diaz; Fray Francisco Garces' diaries of 1774 and his "Brief Account" of the expedition; and Fray Francisco Palou's diary of the expedition to San Francisco Bay. The volume is illustrated by photographs and facsimile reproductions of diary pages.

The third volume, *The San Francisco Colony*, consists of Anza's and Fray Pedro Font's diaries of the second expedition, 1775-1776, and Fray Thomas Eixarch's diary of his winter spent at Yuma and in Sonora, 1775-1776, in preparing the Yuma Indians for the planting of a mission among them. In addition, there are two accounts of the founding of San Francisco in 1776, written by Fray Francisco Palou and Lieutenant Josef Joachin Moraga, both participants in the event. The illustrations are similar to those of Volume II in character. An interesting preface relates Dr. Bolton's personal retracing of the Anza routes, a labor which is also described in the footnotes of Volumes II-IV.

Next to the Anza diaries in point of historical interest, and more entertainingly written, is the complete "Diary of an Expedition to Monterey by way of the Colorado River," by Padre Fray Pedro Font, the incomparable diarist of Southwestern history, which records the entire journey from Horcasitas to San Francisco Bay and return, 1775-1776. Taken from the original manuscript in the library of Brown University, it is now published as Volume IV of this collection. Most fascinating of all the diaries, it is an outstanding item among them. Here are to be found the gossip of the trail, the peoples encountered, the personnel of the expedition, and many a dry, humorous comment. A reading of Font's diary, with its photographs and reproductions, bring back most vividly the days and deeds of those hardy pioneers who were rounding out a frontier of the Spanish Empire in the same years which saw a North American frontier of the British Empire convulsed by revolution. Font's diary is the prize of the entire collection.

The last volume of the work consists of correspondence and lesser documents relating to the expeditions. Herein are found letters

dating from 1769 to 1777. Many of these letters are from Anza; others were written by Bucareli, viceroy of New Spain and promoter of the California colony as an offset to the advancing threat of Russia; still others by Fray Junipero Serra and other officials and friars concerned with the founding of the California missions. There are numerous facsimile reproductions of the letters. As side-lights on the motives and methods of these empire-builders, the specimens of their correspondence form an admirable supplement to the diaries of the preceding three volumes. And the intelligence and culture which they reflect, quite shake our Anglo-Saxon self-esteem.

Regarded as a whole, one can but praise this excellent group of historical records. Only four of the total of 123 documents have been published before, and these in scattered periodicals. Here is a complete and authentic collection of all of them. The format is simple and attractive, the printing clear, and it is evident that expense was not spared in the effort to make this production a fine specimen of the book-maker's art. Minor errors in printing are so few as to be too trivial to mention. Each volume is fully indexed, and has complete explanatory footnotes, while the editorial preface of each forms an illuminative introduction to the contents.

It should be noted that this work is not the result of mere office speculations by a pedant. It is, on the contrary, the product of diligent out-of-door expeditions, retracing every mile of Anza's journeys through our deserts and mountains. As a demonstration of the unity of Southwestern history, and particularly of the close connection of the annals of Spain, Spanish America, Arizona and California, it should prove to be a contribution of permanent and most enduring value.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

ARIZONA PIONEERS' HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Through the courtesy of the State Historian, Mrs. Effie R. Keen, the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society will hence forward be given a page in the Arizona Historical Review by which to keep in touch with its members throughout the State.

Call to meeting: In compliance with the constitution the annual meeting of the society will be held Dec. 29, 1931 (anniversary of Arizona's admission as a Territory) at 2:30 in its headquarters at the Stadium of the University of Arizona.

It might not be amiss in this first issue to tell something of the organization:

The first meeting of the Arizona Pioneers' Society was held in Tucson, January 31, 1884, at the call of Chas. D. Poston, father of Arizona. The Society was incorporated March 4, 1884, and its name changed to Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society in 1897.

Qualification for membership: Originally any male citizen who came to Arizona before 1870; since 1897, any citizen who has been in Arizona thirty years.

Aims: Social, charitable, and historical.

Historical collection: The Society owns 3500 pieces of literature on Arizona and the Southwest, and many original manuscripts. Other matter, both current and old, is constantly being added.

Material sought: 1. State and Government reports—the revised code of Arizona specifies that we are to have a complete set of all State publications. 2. History and yearbooks of social, fraternal and industrial organizations. 3. City histories, directories, charters, reports, and documents. 4. Newspapers—back files. 5. Magazine excerpts. 6. Diaries, letters and letter presses. 7. Maps, pictures, books, and relics.

Care of material: Offices of the Society are housed in a fire-proof building, and cover about 2500 square feet of floor space. Equipment includes steel files, book cases, map draws and other equipment for caring for material.

Among pictures recently presented to the society by pioneer Morris Goldwater is one of the Steamship Mohave with a picnic party on board, taken in 1876.

Mrs. Chas. Thomas has presented to the society a bronze money box from the old Spanish mission San Jose de Tucson.

Edward Vail is running in the Citizen a series of letters written by his brother Walter, who came to Arizona in 1874.

ARIZONA MUSEUM NOTES

By ELIZABETH S. OLDAKER

On the evening of November twentieth, Dr. Byron C. Cummings of the State Museum at the University of Arizona, presented a former pupil, a native of Phoenix, Mr. Karl Ruppert, who gave an interesting lecture on "Mayan Civilization." Mr. Ruppert has been, for the past seven years, with the Carnegie Institute Field Expedition in Yucatan, and in charge of the excavations carried on by that institution at Chichen Itza. His lecture was illustrated with numerous slides showing the remarkabale architectural structures which have recently been unearthed in that section.

Mr. Ruppert has just completed the excavation and restoration of the "Caracol" or observatory at Chichen Itza. The round structure rests on a large platform, which in turn rests on a huge pyramid structure with a grand staircase leading up to it. One of the unique features of Mayan building according to Mr. Rupert is the presence of more ancient and primitive buildings beneath present massive structures. Mayan builders never evolved the true arch, and it has been a mystery to archaeologists how, without any metal tools of any kind, they were able to do the beautiful stonework and remarkable carving which they did.

Mr. Rupert also showed pictures of modern Mayans, descendants of the ancient people. He also exhibited and left in the museum for visitors to see, a number of articles used today; a hammock, a modern woman's dress, rebosa, native embroidery, etc.

The Arizona Artists's Guild held an exhibition of local artists work at the museum, in December. The exhibition opened December 12 and continued through the holidays.

MRS. ELIZABETH JANE GUIRADO

Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Guirado, sister of Edward Schieffelin, founder of Tombstone, died at 80 in a Los Angeles hospital during October, 1931. She had lived in California 51 years, and her husband was a nephew of Pio Pico, last of the Spanish governors of that state. She rode in one of the old wagons in the Helldorado parade of 1929.

B. HEYMAN

B. Heyman, November 1, 1931, in San Francisco. Founder of the old furniture house, Dorris-Heyman Co. of Phoenix, Mr. Heyman came to Arizona from Virginia City, where he had been a furniture dealer in the prosperous days of that gold camp in the '80's. He first went to Tombstone, then larger than Phoenix. Upon the decline of Tombstone, he established his firm in Phoenix in 1885. He continued his business to within five years of his recent death. He is survived by his daughter, wife of a San Francisco physician, and Mrs. A. Goldberg of Phoenix, a sister-in-law. Mr. Heyman was a member of the first board of the capitol site commission and at various times of the old Phoenix city council.

J. F. KEARNEY

J. F. Kearney, aged 86, at the Pioneer's Home, Prescott, November 13, 1931. Like B. Heyman, he was at Virginia City before coming to Arizona by mule-back from Los Angeles. He was associated with many of the famous early mining men of the state.

EDWIN FRANCIS JONES

Edwin Francis Jones, 78, at Tucson, Oct. 15, 1931. Born in Alabama in 1853, he came to Arizona in 1906 after a distinguished legal career which impaired his health. Here he lived to become again noted in his profession.

W. W. PACE

W. W. Pace, 74, at his home in Thatcher, Sept. 8, 1931. Born in Idaho, he married in Utah in 1879, going to Arizona the following year by way of Lee's Ferry, the great gate from the Mormon country to the south. His first visit to Graham county was with a posse trailing horse-thieves. He was one of the earliest cattle ranchers there, served in both territorial and state legislatures, was prominent in the affairs of the Latter Day Saints, serving as a missionary to England.

ELIAS A. SAWYER

Elias A. Sawyer, 73, at Phoenix, September 4, 1931. Following the mining camps, he went from Leadville to New Mexico, to Tombstone in 1880. He was first mayor of Winslow, going there in 1885 and engaging in a mercantile business. He was also a prominent rancher, mining man, Indian trader, and state and county official in various capacities.

MARY O'NEAL DIAL

Mary O'Neal Dial, 80, at Safford, in the last days of August, 1931. Born in Missouri in 1850, she came across the plains with a colony of 20 families. In 1887 they reached Arizona. They passed the bodies of people murdered by Apaches. She lived the stringent life of a pioneer woman, often taking her children into the brush for days and watching raiding Apaches drink from her well. Many a time she rode horseback through the dark and the cold and danger to nurse and succor some frontier friend.

MRS. JOHN J. FILLEMAN

Mrs. John J. Filleman, at Clifton, Oct. 9, 1931, 67, a daughter of George Chisholm, for whom the famous Chisholm trail was named.

STANLEY C. BAGG

Stanley C. Bagg, at Santa Barbara, Calif., Oct. 1, 1931, veteran Arizona editor and mining man. He came to Arizona in 1879, founded the Tombstone Prospector, and consorted with the figures of the town's El Dorado days.

JOHN CALVIN JONES

John Calvin Jones, 81, at Douglas, in September, 1931. Born in Georgia he came across the plains before the civil war. He was a scout with Buffalo Bill, Al Seiber, and Tom Horn.

Other pioneers to go are: Mrs. Susan Monihon, 58, at Phoenix, Nov. 1, 1931; Louis Ezekiels, 73, in Tucson, Sept. 22, 1931; Joe W. Stinson, 70, in Tucson, Sept. 20, 1931; A. Y. Smith, 62, at Pearce, Oct. 13, 1931; David John Davis, 53, in Duncan Valley, Sept. 21, 1931; William G. Dickinson, 63, at Flagstaff, Sept. 10, 1931; E. H. Martin, 62, in Phoenix, Nov. 5, 1931; Ira L. Moore, 68, in Glendale, Nov. 10, 1931; George A. McDonald, 61, in Phoenix, Oct. 22, 1931.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Arizona Historical Review published quarterly at Phoenix, Arizona, for October 1, 1931.

State of Arizona)
)ss.
County of Maricopa)

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Effie R. Keen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Publisher of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Effie R. Keen, Phoenix, Arizona;
Editor, Effie R. Keen, Phoenix, Arizona;
Managing Editor, Sidney Kartus, Cave Creek, Arizona;
Business Manager, Sidney Kartus, Cave Creek, Arizona.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The State of Arizona, State House, Phoenix, Arizona.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) There are none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, oor other securities than as so stated by him.

EFFIE R. KEEN,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1931.

ANNA THOMAN

(My Commission expires, January 22, 1933).

4780 6